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STUDIES RE-STUDIED

Historical Sketches

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

BY

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS' ETC.

London

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1885

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PREFACE.

THESE 'Studies Re-Studied' are framed much on the same lines as the author's previous work, 'Stories from the State Papers,' with this exception, that instead of the published Calendars of State Papers having been consulted, reference has alone been made to the original documents themselves. Hence much of the matter contained in these pages has never before seen the light.

The sketches here collected were originally contributed to the different magazines—the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Gentleman's*, &c.—and the author has to express his best thanks for permission to reprint them. In their present garb the Articles throughout have been carefully revised, and in several instances re-written.

A. C. E.

LONDON:
April 1885.

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STUDIES RE-STUDIED

A BAS LES JUIFS!

Amazing race! deprived of land and laws,
A general language and a public cause;
With a religion none can now obey,
With a reproach that none can take away:
A people still, whose common ties are gone;
Who, mixed with every race, are lost in none.

SOME thirty years ago, when Lord John Russell, in his abortive Oaths Bill, was scheming to emancipate the Jews by a measure which would have relieved them of their disabilities by a side-wind, Mr. Disraeli rose up to oppose the motion. 'He considered,' he said, 'that such a proposal would work more harm than benefit to the Hebrew cause; there was no hurry in the matter; the Jews were an ancient people, and could wait; they had outlived all manners of persecution, and he felt sure the time was soon at hand when Christianity would acknowledge its debt of gratitude to the race of Israel, and free it from the civil restrictions under which it then laboured. Lord John Russell said he believed the Jews would be emancipated because he had faith in the progress of liberty; he (Mr. Disraeli) also believed

in the emancipation of the Jews, not because he only had faith in the development of liberty, but because he believed in the Being who had always so mightily protected the Hebrews.'

Thus spake the late leader of the Conservative party some three decades since, and his words have come true. In every country, save one or two where prejudice and intolerance bar the march of advancement, the Jews have been emancipated, and stand on a footing of political equality with all other citizens. No longer do harsh laws forbid them entering the different professions, and holding land or other property, nor are they obliged to segregate themselves from the rest of the world in a humble quarter, and to confine themselves only to those callings which the vice and avarice of man support and encourage. And the result of their freedom has soon proved that, amid all the sufferings of the past, the intellectual vitality of the Jews has not been deadened, their intellectual faculties have not been clouded. It has not been without reason that the late Lord Beaconsfield consistently maintained that the Hebrew belonged to a superior race, and that it was contrary to the laws of ethnology that a superior race should be suppressed by an inferior. The existence of the Jew is a miracle as astounding and as contrary to all the laws of nature as any that sacred writ or legend has recorded. A pure race which refuses to mix its blood either dies out from sheer exhaustion, or exists only at the price of intellectual debility. The pure races are extinct; the mixed races remain. The Hebrew is the only instance

of a race based upon inter-marriage which has neither become extinct nor idiotic; which has been oppressed, and yet has outlived its oppressors; and which, in spite of centuries of persecution and its attendant evils, has kept itself pure, and maintained its intellectual vitality.

If the Jew refused to be stamped out when oppressed, it stood to reason that when he was allowed free access to all conditions of life, and the arena of the world was thrown open to his energies and activity, he would speedily work his way to the front. A race that is conspicuous in adversity will soon become illustrious when bathing in the sunshine of prosperity. This result has now been attained. In every profession, in every department of science, in every trade, the Jew is not only successful, but his success is so assured as to make him tower above those who have admitted him within their circle. At the Bar he is among the soundest of counsel; in science he is among the most original of discoverers; in the sphere of journalism he is among the most brilliant and pungent of writers; music and commerce have always been his special world, and there he still wields the sceptre undisputed; indeed, he seldom tries after anything without becoming in the end victorious. Such success has naturally created jealousies and bitter heart-burnings. It was bad enough, many said, to place the Jew on a level with the rest of the competitors, but it became doubly worse, of course, when he not only entered for the race, but ran away with most of the prizes. Hence a

reaction has set in against this tolerance, which has found its fullest exponent, as was to be expected, in Germany and Russia. In the Fatherland the Jew commands the market on account of his numbers and his intellectual vigour; whilst in Russia by his frequent and tempting loans he holds the peasantry completely in his power. In other countries the Jew is only an element of the population, but in Germany and in the realms of the Czar, he constitutes a considerable portion of the wealth and capacity of the empire. An anti-Semitic agitation has consequently sprung up. A cry arose that Germany—the Germany which owes all her music and most of her philosophy to the despised race!—was being Judaised. A social onslaught, often supported by physical violence, was made upon the Jews. The Hebrew, first tabooed from club, from salons, from most of the hospitalities of the day, then began to be mobbed in the café he frequented, and rudely assaulted in his synagogue. The anti-Semitic feeling thus aroused spread further east, and Russia, excited by her heavily taxed and impecunious peasantry, was only too glad to follow the example of Germany and seek to free herself from that hated race which pandered to her laziness and held her farms in pawn. Thus arose the scenes with which Europe of late years has been only too familiar.

Until the dawn of the present century every nation has had more or less its periodical fits of anti-Semitic agitation; in some countries these intolerant ebullitions have lasted longer than in others, yet every people has occasionally yielded to the epidemic.

Our own conduct in the matter is not quite beyond reproach. We have baited the Jew in the 'good old days' as grievously and with as much gleeful energy as most of his persecutors, and if the treatment was not amusing to the victim, it was certainly very beneficial to the national exchequer. The history of Jewish oppression in England is a curious chapter in our annals, and one which, at this time, when the subject of anti-Semitic agitation has again cropped up, may be studied with profit. Let us, then, briefly run our eye over the records of the past, and see whether in this matter of Hebrew persecution we can throw the stone at Germany or Russia for the hostile and suicidal course she lately pursued and indeed is even now pursuing in certain of her outlying districts.

The date when the Jews first pitched their tents upon our shores is one of those statements so wrapped up in the fog of history that recent research has been unable to lift the mist surrounding it. Whether the Jews visited Britain with the Phœnicians or not, it is yet certain that many of them were living here after, and even before, the arrival of the Romans. At one time a cordial alliance existed between the Hebrew and the Roman, and many Jews served as soldiers in the Roman army. It is therefore probable that when the hosts of Cæsar landed upon our coast, the Jews were among the invaders, and many, finding the country to their liking, remained behind and took up their abode here. A curious discovery supports this assertion. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, whilst some men were digging at the

foundation of a house in Mart Lane (the place where the Romans used to barter their goods, now called Mark Lane), a strange Roman brick, the key-stone to the arch of a granary vault, was turned up. On one side the brick had a bas-relief representing Samson driving the foxes into a field of corn. 'How the story,' comments Leland, 'of Samson should be known to the Romans, much less to the Britons, so early after the propagation of the Gospel, seems to be a great doubt, except it should be said that some Jews, after the final destruction of Jerusalem, should wander into Britain; and London being even in Cæsar's time a port or trading city, they might settle here, and in the arch of their granary record the famous story of their delivery from their captivity under the Philistines.' By many antiquaries and ethnologists it is supposed that the Welsh are the descendants of those Jews who at this time found a home in the Principality. Certainly the physical attributes of the Welsh—their dark hair, olive complexion, and often beaky noses—favour this theory, whilst their language possesses numerous words of Hebrew origin, not to say anything of the corruption of purely Judaic patronymics, such as Levi's-son into Lewis, David's-son into Davis, and Jonah's-son into Jones. In the early English period of our history mention is frequently made of the manner in which the Jews in this country were to be treated, thus plainly proving their existence in England at that date. Archbishop Ecbright, for instance, lays down the law that 'no Christian presume to Judaise or be

present at Jewish feasts.' Bede sneers at the British monks for keeping Easter after their own fashion, because it agrees once in seven years with the manner in which the Jews observe the feast of Passover. A charter granted by the King of the Mercians to Croyland Abbey proves that Jews were not only in England, but were owners of considerable landed property, and even endowed Christian monasteries. By the laws of Edward the Confessor it was enacted that 'the Jews, wheresoever they be, remain under the king's care and protection; nor shall any one of them put himself under the protection of any rich man without the king's licence, for the Jews and all they have belong to the king; and if any person shall detain them or their money, the king may claim them if he please as his own.'[1]

After the Conquest the information we have of the Jews is, however, much more full and connected. Historians and chroniclers make a point of describing the manners and customs of the Hebrews, the extent of their possessions, the persecutions they endured, the odium under which they laboured, and the wealth they were called upon periodically to disgorge. A law-giver on whist says, 'When in doubt, play trumps;' and it would appear to have been the maxim of our early sovereigns that when they were in doubt how to supply the wants of an exhausted exchequer, they had only to rob the Jews. After the

[1] The well-known work *Anglia Judaica*, of Dr. Tovey, published in the early part of the last century, upon the Jews in England, is the one great authority upon this subject.

battle of Hastings, William invited several of the Norman Jews to settle in England, and accordingly we find them taking up their abode in the different quarters they especially selected. At first their condition was not unhappy. The Conqueror, imitating the Confessor, decreed that 'the Jews settled in this kingdom should be under the king's protection; that they should not subject themselves to any other without his leave; it is declared that they and all theirs belong to the king; and if any should detain any of their goods, the king might challenge them as his own.' A love of culture and the gift of imparting education have ever been the characteristics of the wandering Israelite who has not been forced to work in a humble capacity for his bread. At Oxford, during this period, the Jews were the owners of the principal houses, which they let to students. Their schools were named, after their Hebrew proprietors, Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall; whilst the parishes of St. Martin, St. Edward, and St. Aldgate were called, from the number of their Jewish residents, the Old and New Jewry. William Rufus was a monarch without any prejudices, who appeared to think that one religion was as good as another, and that Christianity was far from being the one and only true creed its professors asserted. He determined, therefore, to investigate the claims of Judaism. He summoned a council, composed of Christian bishops and Jewish rabbis, and swore by St. Luke's face that if the Jews gained the victory he would embrace Judaism. Like most theological contests, the debate

ended in each side declaring that it had defeated the other. The king was, however, not satisfied with this disputed triumph, and considered that the Jews had had the best of the argument. He became all the more prejudiced in their favour, and consequently was never more happy than when snubbing his clerical subjects. The Jews, therefore, began to regard him as their protector, and the old chronicler Holinshed relates a curious story of the interference of Rufus when appealed to by certain Norman Jews.

'The king being at Rouen on a time,' he writes, 'there came to him divers Jews who inhabited that city, complaining that divers of that nation had renounced their Jewish religion and were become Christians; wherefore they besought him that for a certain sum of money, which they offered to give, it might please him to constrain them to abjure Christianity and to turn to the Jewish law again. He was content to satisfy their desires, and so receiving their money called them before him; and what with threats and putting them otherwise in fear, he compelled divers of them to forsake Christ and to turn to their old errors. Hereupon the father of one Stephen, a Jew converted to the Christian faith, being sore troubled for that his son was turned a Christian (and hearing what the king had done in like matters), presented unto him sixty marks of silver conditionally that he should enforce his son to return to the Jewish religion; whereupon the young man was brought before the king, unto whom the king said: "Sirrah, thy father here complaineth that

without his licence thou art become a Christian; if this be true, I command thee to return again to the religion of thy nation without any more ado." To whom the young man answered: "Your Grace (as I guess) doth but jest." Wherewith the king, being moved, said: "What! thou dunghill knave, should I jest with thee? Get thee hence quickly and fulfil my commandment, or by St. Luke's face I shall cause thine eyes to be plucked out of thine head." The young man, nothing abashed thereat, with a constant voice, answered: "Truly, I will not do it; but know for certain that if you were a good Christian, you would never have uttered any such words; for it is the part of a Christian to reduce them again to Christ which are departed from Him, and not to separate them from Him which are joined to Him by faith." The king, herewith confounded, commanded the Jew to get him out of his sight. But the father, perceiving that the king could not persuade his son to forsake the Christian faith, required to have his money again. To whom the king said he had done so much as he promised to do; that was, to persuade him so far as he might. At length, when he would have had the king deal further in the matter, the king, to stop his mouth, tendered back to him the half of his money and kept the other himself. All which,' concludes the chronicler, 'increased the suspicion men had of his infidelity.'

Under our first Henry the Jews had become so numerous and prosperous a people that their influence upon the English nation was feared not a little.

Priests and monks went from town to town preaching against the Hebrew faith, and branding its followers as the most detestable of infidels. We learn that the Abbot of Croyland despatched certain of the monks from Cottenham Abbey to Cambridge 'to preach against the Jews;' whilst others were sent to the Jewish stronghold of Stamford on the same errand, 'where they so exceedingly prospered in their ministry and strengthened the Christian faith against Jewish depravity.' The Jew, in his turn, now revenged himself upon his assailants by ridiculing the legends and superstitions of the Roman Church. St. Frideswide at Oxford was a favourite shrine at which Christian invalids were much given to abase themselves, and to pray to be healed of their complaints. To this intercessory saint many wonderful cures were attributed. 'Hereupon,' we are told by the chronicler, 'a certain Jew of Oxford, called Emu Crescat, the son of Mossey, the Jew of Wallingford, was so impudent as to laugh at her votaries and tell them that he could cure their infirmities as well as the saint herself, and therefore hoped they would make him the same offerings. To prove which he would sometimes crook his fingers, and then pretend he had miraculously made them straight again. At other times he would halt like a cripple, and then in a few minutes skip and dance about, bidding the crowd observe how suddenly he had cured himself. Wherefore (the most devout amongst them wishing some exemplary judgment might befall him) St. Frideswide, no longer able to suffer his insolence,

caused him suddenly to run mad and hang himself, which he did with his own girdle in his father's kitchen. And so,' ends the chronicler, 'he was, according to custom, conveyed in a cart to London, all the dogs of the city following his detestable corpse and yelping in a most frightful manner.'

The death of Henry ushered in the reign of Jewish oppression and persecution pure and simple. The English Jews were now a wealthy and considerable body. Under our first three sovereigns they had been to a certain extent let alone; they had been loyal and industrious subjects, and had ministered much to the prosperity of the country of their adoption; they worshipped in their synagogues in peace, bought land and amassed riches; their lines had fallen in pleasant places, and they concluded that the future would be as the past had been. Unhappy delusion! The prosperity of the Jews, as is now the case in Germany, excited the jealousy of the inhabitants among whom they had settled. To the hard-up monarch and the needy baron the wealth of the Jews —an alien people and the followers of a detested creed—was looked upon as almost a personal insult. Animated by the teaching of an avaricious and hostile clergy, the Jews were forced gradually to part with their gold and lands; they were heavily fined for deeds of which they were guiltless; they were grievously taxed; and their lands were annexed by wealthy ecclesiastical corporations.

And now it was that, towards the close of the reign of Stephen, we learn that the accusation, which was

afterwards so freely hurled at the head of the Hebrew, of crucifying Christian children, was first made—an accusation which, as Dr. Tovey pointedly remarks, was never brought forward 'but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money.' A Jew of Norwich was charged with crucifying an infant, and speedily punished with death. This cry, once raised, was too popular not to spread rapidly and obtain credence; even at the present day, in certain parts of Russia, Poland, and the once Danubian principalities, it is implicity believed. Various reasons have been alleged for this unjust calumny against a people who, whatever faults they possess, have never been notorious for cruelty and inhumanity. Some have stated, as the cause for this alleged crime, that Christian blood was necessary for the preparation of the unleavened cakes at Easter; others, that it was indispensable for the celebration of the Passover; whilst a third party have declared that it was obligatory upon the Jews to use the blood of Christians to anoint their dying brethren, or to fulfil a certain portion in their marriage ceremony, or to tone down the peculiar odour with which it is said they are afflicted—and other similar reasons based entirely upon a lively imagination. Still, whatever were the causes which led to this accusation, certain it is that in the dark and middle ages of our history this special crime was freely laid at the door of the Jews. Singular inconsistency! The Jews were said to hate the Christians, and yet Christians charged them with attributing the most important results to the efficacy

of Christian blood! At Bury St. Edmunds, in the reign of our second Henry, the Jews were accused of crucifying a boy named Robert. The mutilated body was buried with much pomp; a shrine was erected over the remains, and pilgrims asserted that the most wondrous miracles took place after visiting the spot. Mediæval history is full of such stories. To turn an ordinary Christian into a saint, it was only necessary for him to have been murdered, or said to have been murdered, by the Jews. He was forthwith entombed, enshrined, and canonised. It was a very simple receipt for conversion.

The religious fervour excited by the crusades now went terribly hard with the 'scattered nation.' The enemies of Christ were branded as sorcerers; they were heavily assessed to pay the expenses of the various expeditions; and at frequent intervals a raid was made upon their houses, which were plundered and then burnt to the ground. In London, in Dunstable, in Norwich, York, and Lynn, the anti-Semitic agitation gave full rein to its intolerance. At the time of the coronation of Richard, our lion-hearted sovereign, York—which, next to London, was the favourite city of the English Israelites—was the scene of an exciting attack. A cry was raised by the mob, 'Destroy the enemies of Christ!' It was received with acclamation, and soon the houses of the richest Jews were in flames, and many of the community cruelly massacred. A thousand Hebrews, however, with their wives and children, had managed to escape to the castle, in which they shut themselves

and defied the hate of their besiegers. For a time all went well; then, when the imprisoned Jews saw it was impossible to resist much longer the power of their assailants, a grave council was held, and one of their rabbis thus addressed the audience: 'Ye men of Israel,' he cried, 'the God of our fathers, to whom none can say, What doest thou? commands us at this time to die for His law; and behold! death is ever before our eyes, and there is nothing left us to consider but how to undergo it in the most reputable and easy manner. If we fall into the hands of our enemies (which I think there is no possibility of escaping), our deaths will not only be cruel but ignominious. They will not only torment us, but despitefully use us. My advice, therefore, is that we voluntarily surrender those lives to our Creator which He seems to call for, and not wait for any other executioners than ourselves. The fact is both rational and lawful; nor do we want examples from amongst our illustrious ancestors to prove it so; they have frequently proceeded in the like manner upon the same occasions.'

A few dissentient murmurs greeted these words. 'Let those,' said the rabbi, 'who do not wish to follow my advice take their departure.' A timid minority obeyed and went forth from the castle; but the rest resolved to defeat the malice of their persecutors, and calmly set about their work of massacre and suicide. Goods and chattels were at once either burnt or buried. The castle was fired at every point where the conflagration was likely to spread with rapidity. Then

each man took his knife, cut the throats of his wife and children, and afterwards plunged the murderous weapon into his own heart. The last to survive was the rabbi, who, when he saw the victims of his advice lying dead around him, and that no one was spared to fall into the hands of the Christian, quietly stretched himself on the ground and put an end to his own life. Those who, instead of embracing this awful alternative, had preferred to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the besiegers, were massacred to a man, and a general slaughter of the Jews in York took place. The number of those who were killed on this occasion has been estimated at fifteen hundred. When the news of the massacre reached London, the king at once issued orders for the offenders to be punished. The chief criminals were hanged and quartered, a heavy fine was imposed upon the city, and the governor and sheriff were suspended from their offices. The Jews were too wealthy a bank to be thus despoiled; his Majesty had no objection, when it suited him (and he was often in that frame of mind), to avail himself of their deposits, but he would not permit his subjects to follow his example and make a run upon so solvent and open a treasury.

In order to ascertain exactly the financial position of the Jews, Richard now established the well-known Exchequer of the Jews, over which justices who were sometimes Jews and sometimes Christians presided, and who protected not only the Jewish revenues under their care, but also decided as judges in civil actions where a Jew was one of the litigants. By this

court it was enacted that 'all effects belonging to Jews should be registered;' that 'the concealment of any particular should be forfeiture of body and whole estate;' that all Jewish contracts were to be made 'in the presence of two assigned lawyers who were Jews and two that were Christians and two public notaries;' and that 'every Jew was to take an oath upon his roll that he would truly and faithfully register all his estates, both real and personal, as above directed; and discover every Jew whom he should know guilty of any concealment, as likewise all forgers or falsifiers of charters and clippers of money.'

These contracts (in Hebrew *shtar*) were written in Hebrew, Latin, or the quaint French of the Middle Ages. They are still preserved in the Record Office, and can be consulted by the curious. They are, however, very difficult to decipher, and, to my own personal knowledge, many a Jewish 'starr' (a corruption of *shtar*) has puzzled more than one erudite Hebrew scholar. Of the contents of the 'starrs,' written, as they who ought to know tell me, in very curious Hebrew, I am perfectly ignorant, but it is probable, from the one example given by Selden, that they do not much differ from those Latin starrs to be found entered upon certain of our rolls. I copy out one, written in as crabbed and contracted a form as ever irritated the nervous system of a palæographer.[1] It is in Latin, the contractions being extended, and runs as follows: '*Sciant universi quod ego, Willielmus Filius Alani de Whitelay, debeo Joscy de Kancia,*

[1] *See* Exchequer Miscellanea Queen's Remembrancer, Hen. iii.

Judæo Eboracensi, quatuor marcas argenti, reddendas ad octabos Sancti Martini anno gratiæ m. c. c. tricesimo sexto; et si tunc non reddidero dabo ei pro libra, qualibet septimana duos denarios de lucro quamdiu istud debitum per gratiam ejus tenuero. Et ideo invadiam ei omnes terras meas, redditus, et catalla mea, donec dictum catallum et lucrum persolvero. Et hac affidavi et sigillo meo confirmavi. Datum x die Decembris.' Translated it reads thus: 'Know all men that I, William, son of Alan of Whitelay, owe to Joscy of Kent, a Jew of York, four marks of silver, to be paid at the octaves of St. Martin in the year of grace 1236. And if I do not repay it, then I will give to him twopence a week per pound of profit[1] as long as I keep that debt by his favour. And therefore I will pledge to him all my lands, rents and chattels until I have repaid the aforesaid sum and profit. And I have attested this and confirmed it with my seal. Dated Dec. 10.'

By an ordinance of Richard I., preserved by the chronicler Hoveden, these 'starrs,' when entered upon transcript rolls, were commanded to be deposited in chests, under three keys, in certain places—the king's Exchequer at Westminster was the most important of these places—and no 'starr' was considered valid unless found in one of these specially-ordained reposi-

[1] According to Dr. Tovey, 'the Jews were allowed to take twopence a week interest on the loan of a pound.' The impecunious undergraduates at Oxford had petitioned the King that they should not be made to pay more than twopence a week interest per pound borrowed from the Jews, and had their petition granted. (*See* Close Roll 32, Hen. iii. Membrane 9.)

tories. The room at the Exchequer where the chests containing these 'starrs' were kept, was, in all probability, called the 'starr' chamber; but on the expulsion of the Jews from the kingdom, this room was used by the King's Council, sitting in their judicial capacity. Hence the name, it is said, of the Star Chamber.

The establishment of this Court of Exchequer of the Jews precisely suited the anti-Semitic tastes of that tender monarch King John, of Jew-baiting memory. This gentle sovereign saw that the Jews were wealthy, were unpopular, and required only a little judicious pressure to part with whatever they possessed, provided they were permitted to escape the stake, the gaol, or the gallows. He resolved, therefore, to make this plutocratic people serve his own ends. From the contents of the chests in the Star Chamber his Majesty knew exactly what land and gold the Jews held, and, with the transcript rolls in his hand, it was no difficult matter for him to select any particular Hebrew he intended to victimise. Therefore, like a cool sportsman, he cleverly stalked his game, and (until it was too late for flight or resistance) he never let the quarry anticipate what the object was that he had in view. The Jews were far too useful a community to be driven out of the kingdom, so King John began his little devices by allaying all their apprehensions and by warmly ingratiating himself in their favour.

He issued a special charter confirming 'to Jacob the Jew of London, presbyter of the Jews, the juris-

diction of all the Jews throughout all England;' and granted the said presbyter a charter of safe conduct throughout his dominions. He permitted all Jews to possess lands, to have perfect freedom of action, to settle their disputes according to Hebrew law, and in all quarrels with Christians to have the suit tried before a special judge and by a Jewish jury. This tolerance had the desired effect. The Jews toiled and prospered in England, and invited their co-religionists from Normandy and other parts of the Continent to cross the Channel and settle 'in the heavenly isle,' where they knew neither persecution nor sorrow. The invitation was accepted and complied with. At the end of a few years the game was so plentiful, and had been so well preserved, that it was needless to wait longer for sport. The Jews were now to know, like pheasants in the winter, why they had been petted and pampered in the past. First, a heavy tax of 66,000 marks was laid upon all Israelites indiscriminately; those who refused to pay were first imprisoned, but if they still continued contumacious were tortured. Then every Jew was compelled to state how much wealth he possessed, and where it was deposited. As we all know, one recalcitrant member of this persecuted race declined to give the desired information or to pay over the sum at which he had been assessed. For his disobedience he was sentenced to lose a tooth daily until he repented of his contumacy. The dentist of the period, however, declining to allay the sufferings of nature by any of the appliances of art, was somewhat too much for the victim, who, after a week's

resistance, arrived at the conclusion that it was better to part with his riches than his molars.

Every Jew now became a mine which the king worked more or less according to the royal hopes of obtaining ore. If his Majesty wanted money to carry on his wars with France, or with Ireland, or with Wales, or with his discontented barons, he simply looked up his registers in the Star Chamber, and, having satisfied his curiosity, gave orders that Aaron of York, or Hamon of Hereford, or Mossey of Stamford, or any of the rest of the tribe, should be freely laid under contribution. If an impoverished courtier wanted a tenement, the house of a Jew was calmly seized and forthwith occupied by the courtly pauper. If a favourite had been going the pace, and had no little 'paper' flying about among the Hebrew money-lenders, King John, who regarded all debts to the Jews as debts to the Crown, coolly gave his fast young friend a full release from all claims for which he might be liable. If this predatory sovereign wanted stones, or bricks, or timber, to build a wall or an enclosure, he pulled down the houses of a few Jews until he had obtained sufficient of the required material. If a princess royal was about to be married, the Jews gave the presents and then paid the expenses of the ceremony. If a princess royal was buried, the Jew was called upon to contribute handsomely to the funeral rite. Nor did the king hesitate to lay his hand upon the Jewish cemeteries. Some three hundred years ago, when Ludgate was being rebuilt, a large stone fell out of the excavated wall, on which

was written this inscription in Hebrew, 'The tombstone of Rabbi Moses, the son of the Rabbi Isaac, the wise and learned.' As a set-off against the excesses which this royal monster committed against the Jews, there is but one kindly act to record. In 1213, one Richard, the prior of Bermondsey, built a house in honour of St. Thomas for the reception of converted Jews. The erection was called the 'Hospital of Converts,' and on its site stands now the Rolls Chapel, Chancery Lane. 'The subsequent history of the house is well known,' writes Mr. Martin, 'that it was annexed by Edward III. and Richard II. to the Mastership of the Rolls, being still liable to a claim from those for whose benefit the property was originally set apart. In the account of Thomas Cromwell, when Master of the Rolls, a payment of three halfpence a day to three "converses" is an annual item; and even as late as the reign of James II. a like pension was claimed and paid.'[1]

In the ensuing reign, Stephen Langton, his Grace of Canterbury, carried on the fell work of persecution with much vigour, and exhibited several curious examples of 'the sweetness of the Christian character.' A series of general prohibitions as to the conduct of the Jews proceeded from his archiepiscopal pen. No Jew was to quit the country under any pretence without special permission. All Christians were forbidden to buy anything of the Jews, to sell them any of the necessaries of life, or to have any

[1] *Registrum Epistolarum Fratris Johannis Peckham*, by C. T. Martin, B.A., F.S.A. Preface.

communication with them, as, on account of their infidelity and usury, by the laws of the Church all Hebrews were excommunicated. No Christian was to serve a Jew in a menial capacity. The Jews were 'not to be permitted to build any more synagogues, but were to be looked upon as debtors to the churches of the parishes wherein they resided as to tithes and offerings.' And, finally, there came this hateful sumptuary clause: 'To prevent the mixture of Jewish men and women with Christians of each sex, we charge, by authority of the General Council, that the Jews of both sexes wear a linen cloth, two inches broad and four fingers long, of a different colour from their own clothes, on their upper garment before their breast, and that they be compelled to do this by ecclesiastical censure; and let them not presume to enter into any church.'

Shortly after these restrictions had been published, an Armenian bishop came on a visit to London for the purpose of inspecting some curious relics. His Reverence was interviewed by various of the courtiers, when, the conversation turning upon the manners and customs of the Jews in his country, the bishop assured his hearers that the famous Wandering Jew was then actually living in Armenia, that he had seen him himself, and had even spoken to him. The old chronicler Matthew Paris thus recalls the circumstance: 'Several persons,' he writes, 'did examine this bishop of Armenia about the wonderful Jew, and the prelate gave them his word that he was then living in Armenia; and an officer of his retinue who

came along with him informed the examiners more particularly that this Jew had formerly been porter to Pontius Pilate, and was called Cataphilus; and that standing by when our Saviour was dragged out of the judgment hall, he smote Him upon the back; at which Jesus, being offended, turned about and said to him, "The Son of Man will go, but thou shalt stay till He come again." That afterwards he was converted to the Christian faith, baptized, and called Joseph, living to be an hundred years old. But then growing sick and impotent, he fell one day into a swoon, upon coming out of which he found himself young again, and as vigorous as a man of thirty, the age he was of when Christ was crucified. The same officer assured them that his master was intimately acquainted with this strange person, and dined with him not long before he came into England; that he himself had seen him several times; that he was a man of great seriousness and gravity, never laughing when any questions were put to him concerning ancient history, such as the resurrection of the dead bodies that came out of their sepulchres at the time of the crucifixion, the apostles' creed, and other circumstances relating to those holy persons; that he was very fearful of Christ's coming to judge the world, for then he said he was to die; and that he trembled whenever he called to mind the grievous crime of smiting the Son of God, yet hoped for salvation, because it was a sin of ignorance.'

The history of persecution, after the first chapter has been told, is apt to become monotonous. Cruelty

and oppression soon exhaust their original ideas, and then the narrative of misery is composed of tiresome and sickening repetitions. This was the case with the Jews during the dark days of their early settlement in England. When we have said that they were falsely accused of crimes they never committed, but were graciously permitted to ransom themselves from the hands of justice by the payment of large sums of money; when we have said that they were heavily taxed on all occasions, or else imprisoned or tortured or banished from the places they had solicited, we have little more to add, but must, as reign after reign presents itself, fall back upon the same category of woes, and content ourselves with the reproduction of the past. So grievous, indeed, was the condition of the English Jews, that towards the close of the reign of Henry III. they had resolved to quit the shores of England. Not only, however, was their application for permission to leave refused, but their richer representatives were summoned to appear before the council, and threatened with terrible punishment if they did not at once hand over to the king and his advisers a large portion of their wealth.

Hereupon one Elias, the bishop of the Jews, had the courage to rise and thus address his tormentors. 'O noble lords, we see undoubtedly that our lord the king purposeth to destroy us from under heaven. We entreat, for God's sake, that he give us licence and safe conduct to depart out of his kingdom, that we may seek a mansion in some other land, and under a prince who bears some bowels of mercy, and some stability of

truth and faithfulness ; and we will depart, never to return again, leaving our household stuff and houses behind us. But how can he spare us miserable Jews, who destroys his own natural English? He hath people, yea, his own merchants, I say not usurers, who by usurious contracts accumulate infinite heaps of money. Let the king rely upon them, and gape after their emoluments. Verily, they have supplanted us, which the king, however, dissembles to know; extracting from us those things we cannot give him, although he would pull out our eyes or cut our throats, when we have stripped ourselves to the skin for him.' To this appeal the Earl of Cornwall replied that he bore the Jews no ill-will, but he was unable to comply with their request; no country would receive them, and they would thus only fly to greater hardships. Refusal, he said, in this instance was the kindest mercy. We are not surprised to hear that for his opposition on this occasion Elias was deprived of his office.

The same year in which this application to the council was made, an event was said to have occurred which added not a little to the hatred the English then so freely entertained towards the Jews. The circumstance has so often been exaggerated by the imagination in song and story, that we may as well read it as it is gravely given us in the chronicle of Matthew Paris. Frequent as were the accusations of the crucifixion of children by the Jews, this is the first occasion on which the historian has taken the pains to furnish us with the details of the whole proceeding. To many they will be new.

'About the feast of Peter and Paul,' writes Matthew Paris, 'the Jews of Lincoln stole a child called Hugo, being eight years old; and when as they had nourished him, in a certain most secret chamber, with milk and other childish aliments, they sent to almost all the cities of England wherein the Jews lived, that, in contempt and reproach of Jesus Christ, they should be present at their sacrifice at Lincoln; for they had, as they said, a certain child hid to be crucified. Whereupon many assembled at Lincoln. And coming together, they appointed one Lincoln Jew for the judge, as it were for Pilate. By whose judgment, by the consent of all, the child is afflicted with sundry torments. He is whipped even unto blood and lividness, crowned with thorns, wearied with spittings and strikings; and moreover he is pricked by them all with poniards, made to drink gall, derided with reproaches and blasphemies, and frequently called by them, with grinding teeth, Jesus, the false prophet. And after they had derided him in divers manners, they crucified him, and pierced him with a spear to the heart. And when the child had given up the ghost, they took down his body from the cross, and took the bowels out of the corpse, for what end is unknown; but it was said it was to exercise magical arts.

'The mother of the child diligently sought for her absent son for some days, and it was told her by neighbours, that the last time they saw her child whom she sought, he was playing with the children of the Jews of his age, and entered into the house of a certain Jew. Whereupon the woman suddenly

entered into that house, and saw the body of her child cast into a certain pit. And having warily called the bailiffs of the city together, the body was found and drawn forth, and there was made a wonderful spectacle among the people. But the woman, mother of the child, complaining and crying out, provoked all the citizens there assembled together to tears and sighs. There was then present at the place John de Lexinton, a circumspect and discreet man, and moreover elegantly learned, who said, "We have sometimes heard that the Jews have not feared to attempt such things in reproach of Jesus Christ, our crucified Lord." And one Jew being apprehended—to wit, he into whose house the child entered playing, and therefore more suspected than the rest—he saith unto him, "O wretch, knowest thou not that speedy destruction abides thee? All the gold of England will not suffice for thy deliverance or redemption. Notwithstanding, I will tell thee, although unworthy, by what means thou mayest preserve thy life and members, that thou mayest not be dismembered. I will save both to thee, if thou dost not fear to discover to me whatsoever things are done in this case, without falsehood." Whereupon the Jew, whose name was Copin, believing he had thus found out a way of escape, answered, saying, "Sir John, if thou makest thy words good by thy deeds, I will reveal wonderful things to thee." And the industry of Sir John animating and exciting him thereto, the Jew said, "Those things are true which the Christians say. The Jews almost every year crucify one child, to the injury and contumely

of Jesus; but it is not found out every year, for they do this secretly, and in hidden and most secret places. But this child whom they call Hugo, our Jews have most unmercifully crucified, and when he was dead, and they desired to hide him, being dead, he could not be buried in the earth nor hid. For the corpse of the innocent was reputed unprofitable for divination, for he was unbowelled for that end. And when in the morning it was thought to be buried, the earth brought it forth and vomited it out, and the body sometimes appeared inhuman, whereupon the Jews abhorred it. At last it was cast headlong into a deep pit; neither as yet could it be kept secret, for the importunate mother, diligently searching all things, at last showed to the bailiffs the body she had found." But Sir John, notwithstanding this, kept the Jew bound in chains.

'When these things were known to the canons of the church of Lincoln, they requested the body to be given to them, which was granted; and when it had been sufficiently viewed by an infinite company of people, it was honourably buried in the church of Lincoln, as the corpse of a most precious martyr. The Jews kept the child alive for ten days, that being fed for so many days with milk, he might living suffer many sorts of torments. When the king returned from the northern parts of England, and was certified of the premises, he reprehended Sir John that he had promised life and members to so flagitious a person, which he could not give; for that blasphemer and homicide was worthy the punishment of

many sorts of death. And when as unavoidable judgment was ready to be executed upon this offender, he said, " My death is now approaching, neither can my Lord John preserve me, who am ready to perish. I now relate the truth to you all. Almost all the Jews of England consented to the death of this child, whereof the Jews are accused; and almost out of every city in England wherein the Jews inhabit, certain chosen persons were called together to the immolation of that child, as to a Paschal sacrifice." And when as he had spoken these things, together with other dotages, being tied to an horse's tail and drawn to the gallows, he was presented to the æreal Cacodæmons in body and soul; and ninety-one other Jews, partakers of this wickedness, being carried in carts to London, were there committed to prison. Who if so be they were casually bewailed by any Christians, yet they were deplored by the Caursini' (the pope's usurers), ' their co-rivals, with dry eyes. Afterwards, by the inquisition of the king's justices, it was discovered and found that the Jews of England, by common counsel, had slain the innocent child, punished for many days and crucified. But after this, the mother of the said child constantly prosecuting her appeal before the king against them for that iniquity, and such a death, God, the Lord of revenges, rendered them a condign retribution, according to their merits; for on St. Clement's day, eighty-eight of the richest and greatest Jews of the city of London were drawn and hanged up in the air upon new gibbets, especially prepared for that pur-

pose; and more than twenty-three others were reserved in the Tower of London to the like judgment.'

Chaucer in the last stanza of his 'Prioress' Tale' alludes to this deed:

> Oh young Hugh of Lincoln slain also
> With cursed Jews, as it is notable,
> For it n' is but a little while ago.

The animosity which this alleged deed excited was now to be made use of by the advisers of that neediest of monarchs, our third Henry. An edict was issued, confirming and extending the harsh decrees of Stephen Langton. No Jew was to associate with a Christian woman, or a Christian man with a Jewess. No new schools for the education of Hebrew youth were to be erected. In their synagogues all Jews were to pray in a low voice according to the rites of their religion, so that Christians might not be disturbed by their petitions. Every Jew was to be answerable to the rector of his parish for parochial dues chargeable on his house. No Christian woman was to suckle or nurse the child of a Jew, because, it was said, the Jews insulted Christianity by compelling Christian nurses to throw away their milk for three days after receiving the Sacrament; nor was any Christian to serve a Jew, eat with him, or live in his house. No Jew was to eat meat in Lent or to speak contemptuously of the Christian faith. Every Jew was to be compelled to wear a badge on his breast, and 'should not enter into any church or chapel, except in passing to and fro, and then should not stay there to the dishonour

of Christ.' No Jew was to hinder his brother from embracing the Christian religion. No Jew was to take up his abode in a new town, but was to continue to reside where he was wont formerly to live, unless he had the king's special licence to change his quarters. This edict, which would even satisfy that bitterest of modern Jew-baiters, Herr Henrici of Pomerania, was passed in the thirty-seventh year of Henry III. All who offended against its clauses had their property seized.

But the end was now approaching. As the days came nearer and nearer for the issue of the stern order expelling the Jews, their sufferings increased in intensity. Whenever the royal treasury was exhausted, a raid was made upon the Jewish quarters in the different towns they inhabited, and wealthy Israelites, like Aaron of York and Hamon of Hereford, were made to bleed freely. When a monastery was in want of a church, the monks waited till a magnificent synagogue had been built, and then obtained permission from the king to seize it and convert it into a Catholic temple. The Jews, from painful experience, had been accustomed to taxation, but on the accession of Edward I. the tax was extended to all Jewish children. Subject to severe restrictions, and not permitted to hold land, the Jews had been for many years the money-lenders of the kingdom ; a statute was now passed forbidding them to practice usury. To turn them from the error of their ways, they were compelled—as they were compelled at the beginning of this century at Rome—

to listen to sermons delivered by certain Dominican friars upon the enormities of the Hebrew faith, and an order was issued commanding that any Jew who openly reviled the divinity of Christ was to be put to death.

The prejudices of our first Edward were, however, strongly anti-Semitic, and his Majesty soon became tired of listening to Jewish grievances and of attempting to convert a bad Jew into a still worse Christian. He detested the whole tribe, and the barons and the clergy did their útmost to encourage his dislike. It was said that the Jews were bad citizens, that they sucked the wealth of the country by their usurious practices, that they clipped and sweated the coin, and that England would be well quit of such a wretched race. The cry, once raised, was most popular. Every Englishman owed money to the Jews, and the simplest way of liquidating the debt was to expel the creditors and thus wipe out the whole account. The Commons agreed to grant a fifteenth part of their goods and the clergy a tenth part of their movables, provided the Jews were forthwith ordered out of the kingdom. The tempting offer was not to be resisted. Edward was sadly in want of money, and his three daughters were on the eve of marriage; to obtain funds for the necessary dowry was a matter of difficulty. His advisers knew how deeply they were beholden to the Jews, and begged the impecunious monarch to avail himself of the present temper of the nation, and eject the tribe of Israel from the country, at the same time enriching himself by seizing their

property. Such advice did not fall on deaf ears. In the year of grace 1290 an order was issued commanding all Jews, before the feast of All Saints next, to leave the inhospitable shores of England and never again to return. As a matter of favour, they were permitted to take certain of their movables and such money as would defray the expenses of their journey —the rest of their goods and coin was calmly and most acceptably taken possession of by the king.

Thus robbed and despoiled, and with all their loans unpaid, some sixteen thousand Jews quitted the country, not again to return till nearly four centuries had passed over the heads of their race. For this cruelty and intolerance in the past England has, within the present century, made ample reparation. As is well-known, the Jews, upon the application of one Manasseh Ben Israel, were permitted to re-enter our realm by Oliver Cromwell, who in his statecraft and warlike policy had much in common with the teaching of the Old Testament. 'When the Jews desired to have a synagogue in London,' records Spence in his 'Anecdotes,' 'they offered him when Protector, 60,000*l.* Cromwell appointed a day for giving them an answer. He then sent for some of the most powerful among the clergy and some of the chief merchants of the city to be present at their meeting; it was in the long gallery at Whitehall. Sir Paul Rycaut, who was then a young man, pressed in among the crowd, and said he never heard a man speak so well in his life as Cromwell did on the occasion. When they were all met he ordered the

Jews to speak for themselves. After that he turned to the clergy, who inveighed much against the Jews, as a cruel and accursed people. Cromwell, in his answer to the clergy, called them the "Men of God," and desired to be informed by them whether it was not their opinion that the Jews were to be called, in the fulness of time, into the Church. He then desired to know whether it was not every Christian man's duty to forward that good end all he could. Then he flourished a good deal on religion prevailing in this nation, the only place in the world where religion was taught in its full purity. Was it not, he said, then our duty in particular, to encourage them to settle where they could be taught the truth, and not to exclude them from the light and leave them among false teachers, papists, and idolators? This silenced the clergy. He then turned to the merchants, who spoke of their falseness and meanness, and that they would get their trade from them. "And can you really be afraid," said he, "that this mean and despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?" Thus he went on till he had silenced them, and so was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews.'

Thus, thanks to Cromwell, the Jews were permitted to return to England and take up their abode within our shores. Yet this permission led to none of the advantages the persecuted race had fondly anticipated. Jews were not allowed to hold lands, to compete in the various professions, to deal with the

higher branches of trade, to fulfil the commonest duties of citizens—they were pariahs treated as pariahs, and almost the sole occupation permitted them was the grasping practice of usury. In the reign of 'Good Queen Anne' the Jews offered Godolphin half a million of money if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, so that they might settle there and possess full privileges of trade, but the bribe was refused. The minister saw that to grant such a request would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation —the clergy and the merchants. Under George II., Henry Pelham endeavoured to introduce a bill for permitting the naturalisation of the German Jews, who had come over in large numbers to England on the accession of the House of Hanover, a privilege hitherto denied them on account of their inability to receive the sacrament. Indeed, so great was the influence of Pelham, that the bill actually passed and received the royal assent, but the opposition to it was so hot and menacing that the measure had to be erased from the statute book early the ensuing session. Frequent as the question of toleration and emancipation, so far as the Jews were concerned, had been agitated in our social and political history, it was not until the present century had aged itself by several decades that the subject was finally set at rest. The Jew might hold crowns in pawn, but to possess the pettiest freehold was beyond him. His wealth might cause armies to march and fleets to sail, but a commission in 'the services' was closed to him. He

might be the principal agency through which a member was returned to Parliament, but to seat himself on the green benches of the House of Commons was an ambition he could never hope to realise. He might be the most powerful of citizens, yet he could never be admitted within the councils of a corporation. He could buy and sell; he could lend money; occasionally he practised medicine: to these matters his industry was confined, and it dared not stray outside. Slowly but gradually these restrictions came to be removed, till at last the Jew began to enjoy, in the arena of life, the same advantages as those who erewhile oppressed him.

A glance at the restrictions imposed upon the 'scattered nation' shows us how mercilessly in times not very long past we baited the Jew. In the first place he suffered, as did all other dissenters, from the general operation of the Test and Corporation Acts, which excluded him from all political, civil and municipal offices. Then by the clauses of a certain statute he was ordered to wear a special dress; it is true that after his return to England, in the days of Cromwell, this command was disobeyed, still the statute itself was not repealed until so late as 1846. Should his children embrace Christianity he was bound, by an Act of Queen Anne, however keen was his wish to disinherit them, to make the hated converts an allowance; nor was this Act repealed until 1846. Until the year 1828 only twelve Jews were permitted to carry on business in the city of London as brokers, and when a vacancy occurred the patent

was purchased for a large sum of money. Before the year 1832 no Jew was allowed to open a shop in London, since that was a privilege only to be enjoyed by a freeman; even a converted Jew was not admitted to the freedom of the city until 1828. The first Reform Bill gave Jews who had the necessary qualifications the right to vote, a privilege hitherto denied them. It was not till 1833 that a Jew was called to the Bar. Upon the passing of the first Reform Bill, Jews were raised to municipal offices; yet it was not till 1845 that an Act was introduced by Lord Lyndhurst, enabling them to *perform* the duties of their office. We can remember the measures brought in by Lord John Russell, and thrown out by the House of Lords, to grant political equality to Jews; until Acts in 1866 and 1868 were passed which prescribed an oath, in a form unobjectionable to Jews, to be used in both Houses of Parliament. Yet even now, though Jews have seated themselves in numbers upon the green benches of the House of Commons, no Jew by religion has ever sat as a legislator upon the red benches of the House of Lords. We could mention other restrictions, but enough has been stated to bear out our remarks. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones; therefore let us remember that when we reproach Russia or Germany, we ourselves have not in the past been entirely blameless in the matter of Jew-baiting.

A DELICATE MISSION.

Conolly: Dost like the task?
Captain Savage: Methinks the office somewhat delicate.

THE fates had decreed that our seventh Henry, of avaricious memory, should early in the year of 1503 be left a widower. His wife, the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV., after a union of some sixteen years, had passed to her rest, carried away by fever, consequent upon a severe chill. Her marriage had not been happy. Disliked by her consort, who could never forgive the Plantagenet blood in her veins, and how much the stability of his throne had been due to the alliance, bullied by her mother-in-law, the austere Countess of Richmond, and eternally nagged at by the mean and miserly Henry for an expenditure she was powerless to keep within the requisite limits, her days were spent in worry and depression. The prior of Santa Cruz, then on a visit to England, had been so struck by the beauty of character she displayed, that he wrote home, saying she was one of the noblest women it had ever been his fortune to meet, though, he significantly added, she had full need of all her virtues, for she 'suffers under great oppression, and leads a miserable, cheerless life.'

To her calculating husband Elizabeth had been, during the earlier years of his reign, a useful instrument; then, like other useful instruments, when no longer required, she had been put aside and neglected. It had been in her power to reconcile the haughty barons to the usurpation of the Tudor; idolised by the people, her presence at all pageants and ceremonies had strengthened the national loyalty, and crushed any lurking discontent; one of the old line, she, by her name and tact, had consolidated the position of the new man. Then, as years sped on, and Henry, by his policy of curbing the power of the factious nobles, by amassing his great wealth, and by recognising the rising puissance of the middle classes, had established his seat on the throne, he deemed it no longer necessary to court and bring forward the aid which had once been all-important. Certain it is that Elizabeth of York entered into the 'eternal silence' unmourned and unregretted by the man who, at one time, had been indebted for his hold over the English people entirely to the influence exercised by her name and lineage.

Yet Henry, grasping and scheming as was his nature, was, like humbler mortals, not without his good points. If an unfeeling husband, he was a devoted father, and the interests of his children, next to his sordid love of gold, were the dominant objects of his life. He applied himself closely to business, and was in the habit of investigating the most trivial affairs of state for his own information, thus leaving little to the rash or biassed control of his ministers.

He was religious, as the word was then understood —that is to say, he was punctual and devout in attending to the ceremonies of the Church. He was a lover of peace, for, as he wrote to Pope Julius, 'the effusion of blood was repugnant to his very nature.' He was decided, but not intolerant, in his opinions; nor was he, save where the one great vice of his character predominated, cruel or vindictive. Avarice—greedy, extortionate avarice—was his besetting sin, and he took every opportunity of gratifying his passion. He loved money, not for what it could command, but for itself alone. He hoarded it up in chests, counted it, handling it the while with the loathsome affection of the miser; and it was said that, whenever a gold coin entered his coffers, it was lost to circulation. On the few occasions that he had pecuniary relations with a foreign power, he was either intent upon doing his utmost to evade the bargain, or upon reducing the number of ducats he had to pay, or upon basely eating his words, if so be that he could succeed in keeping his sacred wealth untouched. He refused to refund to Spain, as he had solemnly promised, the portion of the Princess Katherine on her becoming a widow. He levied heavy fines on his nobles whenever his exactions were protected by some obsolete statute. He crippled trade by a ruinous taxation and the issue of a severe system of monopolies. 'It is my intention,' said he to a Spanish envoy, 'to keep my subjects low, because riches will only make them haughty.' We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that the foreign

diplomatist was not much impressed with the character of Henry. 'He professes many virtues,' he writes, 'but his love of money is too great.' [1]

His love of money was to reveal itself within a few weeks after the death of his wife in a very offensive fashion. Katherine of Arragon had been left a widow owing to the death of Arthur Prince of Wales. Her fortune was large, and Henry was most anxious that so handsome a dowry—especially as, under the conditions of the settlement, a part of it had to be repaid by him to Spain—should be retained in the Tudor family. As we know, from the miserable story of the divorce, the Princess of Wales was betrothed to the second son Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. Whilst these arrangements were proceeding, an event occurred which caused Henry VII. to take a still more personal and interested view of the matter. The sudden death of Elizabeth had rendered him a widower; he was free to marry again, and ask whom he willed; what was there to prevent him, he inquired, from entering the lists himself, and proposing for the hand of the Princess Katherine? It was true that the lady was his daughter-in-law, that she was young enough to be his daughter in reality, and that she had been the widow of his eldest son, and was even now engaged to his second son; but what availed these trifling impediments? The lady had the money. If he had been the neediest fortune-hunter, instead of one of the wealthiest men in Europe, Henry could not have

[1] *Spanish State Papers*, Ap. 11, 1503, edited by G. A. Bergenroth.

been more pressing in his suit and more solicitous for a favourable answer.

His hopes, however, were crushed in the bud. Ferdinand and Isabella, the parents of Katherine, declined to countenance the proposal, and bluntly told the avaricious monarch to turn his royal and pecuniary gaze elsewhere. 'Mention has been made to us,' wrote Queen Isabella of Spain, to her envoy at London,[1] 'touching the marriage of the King of England with the Princess of Wales, our daughter, saying that it is spoken of in England. But as this would be a very evil thing, one never before seen, and the mere mention of which offends the ears, we would not for anything in the world that it should take place. Therefore, if anything be said to you about it, speak of it as *a thing not to be endured.* You must likewise say very decidedly that on no account would we allow it, or even hear it mentioned, in order that by these means the King of England may lose all hope of bringing it to pass.' Her Majesty then proceeded to discuss business matters. There was a sum of 100,000 scudos which belonged to Katherine, having been settled upon her at her marriage by her parents, and which Henry had bound himself by a document, duly signed and delivered, to pay the widow upon the death of Prince Arthur of Wales. The King of England, however, stimulated by his uncontrollable avarice, had reconsidered the matter, and vowed that the portion demanded should not escape from his tenacious clutches. Isabella was naturally indignant at this

[1] *Spanish State Papers*, Ap. 11, 1503, edited by G. A. Bergenroth.

most unhandsome conduct. She could not believe that an English king 'could do a thing so contrary to virtue and to the dignity belonging to royalty.' 'For it would not be consonant,' she goes on to say, 'either with reason or with right, human or divine, but would, on the contrary, be a most barbarous and dishonest proceeding if the King of England, provided he could, were to keep by force that which the Princess of Wales took with her and which belongs to her. Likewise it would be an action the most opposed to virtue that was ever seen, if over and above the loss and affliction with which God has visited her, and in addition to the great trouble of mind which she had to suffer both on leaving us and on her return, the King of England were to deprive her of whatever consolation and compensation could be given her for her losses.' Like father like son. Cannot we remember how Henry VIII. tried to cheat his own sister Mary, on the death of her husband, Lewis of France, out of her portion, precisely after the same predatory fashion as his father before him had tried to defraud Katherine of Arragon?

The royal correspondent having thus delivered herself of her opinions as to the attempt of his Majesty of England to rob her daughter, again returned to the original subject which called forth the letter. On no account, she repeated, would she sanction the betrothal of Henry to her child; but in lieu thereof she recommended to the notice of the Tudor a highly-gifted dame, who, 'it seems to us, would suit him very well.' This was none other than her niece

Joan, the queen dowager of Naples, who, wrote Isabella, with a touch of irony to her ambassador, 'was particularly well calculated to console the English king in his deep affliction.' By such a union, she concluded, the friendship between England and Spain would be as much strengthened as if an alliance had been entered into with her own daughter.

To this suggestion Henry did not turn a deaf ear. He was anxious to marry, and he did not care particularly upon what dame he bestowed his royal hand, provided that the dowry which went with the object of his affections was substantial and unencumbered. Now, it was impossible to call in question the fortune of the queen dowager of Naples; she had been handsomely provided for by her late husband, the King of Naples, and, in addition to such provision, Ferdinand of Spain, who was anxious to strengthen his connection with England, promised to give her an additional 200,000 ducats should she marry Henry. The prospect of this double dowry was not to be lightly dismissed, and the inconsolable widower, after mature reflection, agreed so far to entertain the proposal as 'to make inquiries.' He was not entirely a free agent in the matter, for he had hampered himself somewhat with previous matrimonial negotiations. It is well, even for royalty, to be off with the old love before being on with the new; but Henry, conscious that he was a *parti*, was heating several irons at the same time in the fires round the altar of Cupid. He appears to have looked upon the

snub that he received from Spain as to his pretensions to the hand of Katherine of Arragon as final, for we hear no more of this suit; indeed, the marriage of the princess with her brother-in-law was soon afterwards entered into.

Still, if Katherine was not to be a consort of England, there was her sister, the wealthy, half crazy Juana of Castile, now the widow of Archduke Philip, in the market. Henry, with that readiness and perfect impartiality which characterised him in these love passages, at once came forward and advanced his claims. What he had said to Ferdinand about Katherine he now repeated as to his elder daughter Juana. He was deeply attached, he said, to her (and to the crown and revenues of Castile), all that he had heard of her had most favourably impressed him, and if the prospect of obtaining her hand should be held out to him he would be filled, to use his own expression, with 'rapturous joy.' He had been informed, he added parenthetically and as if it were a matter of trivial detail, that his beloved Juana was not quite right in her mind. He had no foolish prejudices; whether sane or insane, he promised 'to make so good a husband to her that it would be impossible to find a better.' If Juana were married to him, he predicted, she would be sure to recover her health; but even were such a result not to be obtained, it was really of no concern, for 'the English do not mind insanity.' He earnestly hoped that his proposal would not be rejected, for a refusal, he said, would crush him. At the same time, whilst the impressionable widower was

proffering this request, he was thinking of the Princess Margaret, the daughter of Maximilian, king of the Romans, and also balancing the advantages which might accrue from an alliance with the other Houses in Europe. If in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, Henry was resolved that his second marriage should indeed be based on sapience.

And now, as if his heart was not perplexed enough with matters matrimonial, there came this suggestion from south of the Pyrenees about the queen dowager of Naples. In the spirit of a man who is resolved never to lose an opportunity—for who knows what the future may disclose if all opportunities are availed of?—Henry set about 'to make inquiries.' As to the charms of Katherine, Juana, Margaret, and the rest, he was not in entire ignorance. If he had not seen and held converse with every one of those fair dames, he had at least heard about them from his envoys, had gazed on their portraits, and had received letters, if not from their very selves, at least from those who were near and dear to them; but of Joan of Naples he knew nothing. All he knew about her —nor was he the man to fail to appraise at its full value the information—was that her dowry was handsome; but whether the woman herself was tall or short, dark or fair, beautiful or the contrary, graceful or deformed, sulky or amiable, of these matters he had not the slightest knowledge. It is always desirable that 'those about to marry' should endeavour to obtain as much information as possible touching the nature and disposition of the fair object after which

they sigh; and I think it will be admitted by even the most exacting mind, that the inquiries set on foot by our seventh Henry on this occasion did not err on the side of lack of interrogation. Three of his trusty and well-beloved servants, to wit, Francis Marsin, James Braybroke, and John Stile, he took into his confidence, and commissioned them to proceed at once to Valencia, where the queen dowager of Naples was then living with her mother, and draw up a full report as to the establishment she kept, and then as to the charms of her person. The queries respecting the establishment were to be answered first. Most lovers would have been more solicitous as to the style of beauty the dame possessed than as to the style of her appointments; but not so Henry. Prudent and economical man that he was, he knew that a great heiress, accustomed to a luxurious and extravagant household, was not so much the wife for him as one who, though wealthy, was of a frugal mind and averse to pomp and display. With the one wife her fortune would be required to meet her expenses; with the other her taste for simplicity could be encouraged, and great would be the savings thereof. Therefore he was more curious as to the household than as to the inmate.

Obedient to their instructions, the envoys proceeded to Valencia, and at once set about to fulfil their master's behests. At five o'clock in the afternoon they presented themselves at the palace, and were 'brought through divers chambers' to the apartment of the young queen dowager. She was

sitting at an open window by the side of her mother, and surrounded by her court. The envoys were received with great kindness, though the manner of the august dames was somewhat austere, especially that of the old queen, she being accustomed to 'keep a noble sad rule' over her household. Their credentials presented, the three gentlemen had rooms assigned them in the palace, and every opportunity was afforded them, by invitation to banquets and other hospitalities, and by intimacies with the courtiers, of fully answering the queries which were the object of their mission. It was soon ascertained that the young queen maintained no great state, that she and her mother lived together, and that 'jointly they do keep their estates together.' Then the envoys reported upon the numbers which composed the royal household, upon the pageants held by the court, the expenditure of the civil list, and the revenues possessed by each queen. All the answers to the long list of interrogations touching the court and its disbursements were most satisfactory, and calculated to rejoice the heart of their avaricious master at home. The royal dames were economical, no lavish display was permitted; and, most important fact of all, the existence of the dowry was no myth. It was a most handsome sum, and the interest thereof always promptly paid.

Diplomacy then proceeded to deal with the second part of its mission. The envoys had told all they knew as to the household; they were now called upon to describe the fair star round whom that

household revolved. And here, if Henry had been an anatomist instead of a suitor, his inquiries as to the personal charms of the young queen dowager of Naples could not have been more particular and exhaustive. Let us go through the list.

'You are specially to mark,' said the instructions,[1] 'and note well the age and stature of the young queen, and the features of her body.' By this question the envoys were somewhat puzzled. They had ascertained that the age of the august dame was twenty-seven; but as to her height and figure they were unable to speak with certainty, from the fact that, whenever they had met the queen she was either enveloped in a 'great mantle of cloth,' or 'sitting on a pillow.' 'Wherefore,' reported the envoys, 'we could not be in certain of any such features of her body; but as far as that we can perceive and judge, that she is of no high stature, but of a middle stature' —a conclusion which they had arrived at by the high heels of the slippers she wore. Their next answer was more satisfactory. They were bidden 'specially to mark the favour of her visage, whether she be painted or not, and whether it be fat or lean, sharp or round, and whether her countenance be cheerful and amiable, frowning or melancholy, steadfast or light, or blushing' when spoken to. To this question reply was made that the queen did not paint, that her face was of 'a very good compass and amiable, and somewhat round and fat,' the expression cheerful, but in the presence of her mother demure, though when

[1] *State Papers*, Chapter House Documents, 19 Hen. VII.

chatting with her ladies animated, but never 'light nor bold-hardy in speech.' Her skin was 'very fair and clear as far as that we could perceive by her visage, neck, and hands, the which we saw and well perceived.' Her hair was brown; her eyes 'brown, somewhat greyish;' her brows 'of a brown hair, and very small, like a wire of hair;' her teeth 'fair and clean, and, as far as we could perceive, well set;' whilst her lips were round and thick. The height and breadth of her forehead they were unable to ascertain, owing to the 'kerchowes or tuckas,' which covered her head and came well over her brows; but she was 'nosed like her mother,' that organ, we learn, being 'a little rising in the midward and a little coming or bowing towards the end.' Her arms were 'round and not very small,' but she was 'right fair handed, and, according unto her personage, they be somewhat fully and soft, and fair and clean skinned, with the fingers 'right fair and small, and of a meetly length and breadth.'

Very particular—too particular for this decorous age—were the queries as to the neck and bust of the young queen. History, however, without being unduly indiscreet, may be permitted to say that she was plump, and that her bust being 'trussed somewhat high after the manner of the country,' caused her Majesty 'for to seem much the fullyer and her neck to be the shorter.' We are also informed, in answer to a very careful query, that her Majesty had not that drawback to a brunette, a 'moustouche,' no hair appearing about her lips nor mouth,

but she is very clear-skinned.' Having ascertained, as far as the nature of their mission permitted, that the young queen dowager of Naples was a plump little body, with brown eyes and a Roman nose, the envoys were now called upon by their exacting master to fulfil a duty of a most delicate, not to say disagreeable, character. They were to endeavour 'to speak with the young queen fasting, and that she may tell unto them some matter at length, and to approach as near to her mouth as they honestly may, to the intent that they may feel the condition of her breath, whether it be sweet or not.' This inquisitive effort our envoys essayed to make, but in vain. They could never interview the young sovereign unless when in a more or less replete condition; nor in spite of the permission which the 'honestly may' accorded, they could never approach sufficiently near to be on the scent, and therefore had to confess they 'could not attain to knowledge of that part of this article.' It is, however, gratifying to learn that, in the opinion of these gentlemen, the young woman, from her clear complexion and careful appearance, was 'like for to be of a sweet savour and well aired.' Many adjectives, participles, and substantives have been employed to describe the female form divine, but it is the first time, in the course of no little curious reading, that I have ever come across the phrase 'well aired' in connection with one of the fair sex.

The envoys conclude their investigations by informing the critical lover that the young widow is a 'good feeder,' that she eats well 'her meat twice on a

day,' and that she drinks 'most commonly water, and sometimes that water is boiled with cinnamon, and sometimes she drinketh ipocras, but not often.' Henry is also assured that the health of the object of his suit is most satisfactory. 'I have served the queen many years,' said her Majesty's special medical attendant to this worthy trio, 'being her grace a little child, hitherunto and ever she hath been in as much health as any gentlewoman that ever I had known, and of so noble a nature and complexion, having in her person no disconformity nor cause of sickness.'

But alas! all these investigations had been made in vain. Among those negotiations which have been set on foot and then have come to nought this 'delicate mission' must be enrolled. Henry VII., in spite of the flutterings he raised in many a royal circle throughout Europe, never re-married.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

> *Norfolk*: Men might say,
> Till this time pomp was single; but now married
> To one above itself. Each following day
> Became the next day's master, till the last
> Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
> All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
> Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
> Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
> Shew'd like a mine.

At last the day for the most brilliant pageant that modern history has ever been called upon to chronicle had been settled. After much penning of documents, and frequent deliberations that resulted in nought, it had been finally agreed upon that the memorable interview between Henry of England and Francis of France was to take place within the shadow of the castle of Guisnes, early in the month of June in the year of grace 1520. Never was the proverb that union is force more calculated to be of service to those who swayed the destinies of nations than in the second decade of the sixteenth century. Europe was at the mercy of three youthful sovereigns, any two of whom, by entering into an alliance offensive and defensive, could grievously spoil the third, and make the most marked alterations in the map of the continent.

And it was towards our island—the wealthy, prosperous England, under the rule of bluff King Hal—that the attention of foreign diplomacy was especially directed. To which ever side England promised her aid victory was assured. Francis the First knew that he had nothing to fear from his great rival if once the houses of Valois and Tudor acted in unison and vowed to uphold the same cause. Nor was the cold, calculating Charles the Fifth, in spite of the extensive empire which called him master, in ignorance of this fact. With the hostile forces of England and France arrayed against him, he was conscious that it would bode ill for the safety of his vast yet ill-welded-together dominion. At the first blast of the trumpet of war he was aware that Italy would seek to free herself from the Austrian yoke, that the Spaniard and Fleming would again be at daggers drawn, that Navarre would cast him off, whilst German and Burgundian would fall an easy prey to the foe. The union of the lilies of France with the leopards of England was, he said, equivalent to the dismemberment of half of his Imperial possessions.

Hence French and Imperial diplomatists were busy in scheming against each for the favour of England and in flattering English vanity. Henry the Eighth, deep, cautious, and inclined to face both ways, for a time played his hand with much cunning. He was friendly to Francis, he did not throw cold water upon the pretensions of the Dauphin to the hand of his daughter, the Princess Mary, and yet at the same time, so subtle was his tact, he failed to excite the

jealousy of Charles. In all his words and actions he was careful not to pledge himself to any decided course; he held the balance evenly between the two contending parties, and hesitated to throw the weight of his influence into the scale of either. For months he occupied this neutral position; then, worked upon by his powerful adviser the great Cardinal, who had always favoured a French alliance, he made a move which caused the heart of Francis to beat exultingly. He at last consented, after repeated promises and delays, to cross the Channel and hold an interview with his brother-sovereign, during which they might discuss many matters for the advantage of both countries. He drew up with his own hand a letter in which he addressed Francis in every term which cordiality could inspire. He despatched a special envoy to Paris with full instructions how to act and what to say. Francis was to be told that the King of England had always entertained for him the warmest friendship, that he desired nothing better than that an intimate union should exist between the two countries, and that he was most anxious to meet his royal brother face to face. The affection each bore to the other in his heart, said Henry, was the chief means 'to knit the assured knot of perseverant amity betwixt them above any other.' Nor was this all. 'For,' he continued, 'remembering the noble and excellent gifts, as well of nature touching their goodly statures and activeness, and of grace concerning their wondrous wisdoms and other princely virtues—as also of fortune, depending upon their substances and puissaunce given unto

them by Almighty God, and wherein more conformity is betwixt them than in or amongst all other Christian Princes, it is not to be marvelled if this agreeable consonance of semblable properties and affections do vehemently excite and stir them both, not only to love and tenderly favour each other, but also personally to visit, see and speak together, whereby that thing which as yet, standing upon reports, is covered with a shadow shall be brought to the light face to face, if it proceed; and finally make such impression of entire love in their hearts that the same shall be always permanent and never be dissolved, to the pleasure of God, their both comforts, and the weal of all Christendom.'[1]

The preparations for the interview were entrusted by both nations to Wolsey, the current of whose mind, as witnessed in his establishments at Hampton Court and York Place, set naturally towards pomp and pageantry, and who was skilled in all the lore of precedents and the severe etiquette so dear to chamberlains. Yet the task was far from an easy one. He had to draw up a list of the flower of the nobles and gentry from every shire who were to swell the retinue of the king. He had to arrange the escort which was to accompany his master to France, and also the escort which was 'to ride with the King of England at the embracing of the two kings,' when they met at Guisnes. He had to see that the chief officers of the royal household were 'in their best

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, Feb. 21, 1520. Edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A. 'Instructions to Sir Richard Wingfield.'

manner apparelled according to their estates and degrees.' He had to superintend the packing of 'the rich copes with the vestments given to the monastery of Westminster by the late king,' together with the 'best hangings, travers, jewels, images, altar cloths, &c.,' which were to be borrowed for the occasion and to be used for divine service across the Channel. It also fell within his province to pick out the king's guard, which was to consist of two hundred of 'the tallest and most elect persons with doublets, hosen and caps; each man is to have two coats, one of goldsmith's work with the king's cognizance, the base to be scarlet and the nether part to have a guard of cloth of gold; the other coat to be red with a rose on the breast, and the crown imperial.' The guard was to be armed with bows and arrows. Then it behoved him to keep a sharp eye upon the orders and movements of those who, subject to his suggestions, had to carry out the various details which were to make the interview a brilliant success. The chamberlain and the ministers of the wardrobe were to attend to the construction of the lists and galleries for the jousts 'half way between Guisnes and Arde,' and to decorate the king's house at Calais with 'Arras tapestry and other necessaries.' The cofferer was to provide the victuals. The warden of the Cinque Ports was to be entrusted with the shipping and had to transport all who were to take part in the interview to Calais. A special person, appointed by the king, was to provide 'hobbies, palfreys, hounds, greyhounds, horns, leashes, collars and other things for

presents.' To all these things, both on this and the other side of the Channel, Wolsey had to attend.[1]

At last these preliminary arrangements were completed, and the Cardinal had determined upon the privileged ones who were to form the retinue of the English king. His own name headed the list 'with 300 servants, of whom 12 shall be chaplains, and 50 gentlemen with 50 horses;' next came 'our Archbishop with 70 servants, 5 to be chaplains, and 10 gentlemen with 30 horses;' and then, in pompous parade, appeared dukes, marquises, earls, barons, bishops, knights, and gentry from every county, all with their chaplains and retainers, until the sum total of the goodly company was swelled to '3,997 persons, and 2,087 horses.' The queen had a like escort; '1,175 persons and 778 horses.'[2] A retinue equally splendid and imposing was also to attend upon the French sovereign.

The interview between the two monarchs was to take place upon the arid plain of Guisnes close to the French frontier, but within the English pale. It had been first arranged that Henry and his retinue were to have taken up their quarters within the walls of the castle of Guisnes, but a brief inspection of the ancient fortress showed how unsuited it was for such hospitality. The English commissioners who had crossed over to Calais to make all necessary arrangements wrote to Wolsey that 'the master mason has advertised them that two hundred masons and bricklayers

[1] *State Papers*, Henry VIII., No. 704. 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.

[2] *State Papers*, Henry VIII. March 26, 1520.

cannot manage the repairs—no facing will serve; the keep is too ruinous to mend.'[1] The castle was indeed little better than a ruin; the elements had made sad havoc with its outer walls, its battlements had crumbled away, huge cracks like the furrows of age wrinkled around its loopholes and lancet windows, whilst its moat was full of weeds and mire: it was evident at a glance that no building was less fitted to serve as the temporary home of a magnificent monarch. The castle was therefore abandoned, though measures were adopted so that Wolsey might take up his abode in it 'surely but not pleasantly.' Before the green in front of the dilapidated fortress, art and labour were striving their utmost to compensate for all deficiencies by erecting a summer palace of the most gorgeous proportions, to be furnished with everything that wealth could command and luxury suggest.

'The palace,' writes the late Mr. Brewer,[2] the careful and accomplished editor of the archives of this period, 'was an exact square of 328 feet. It was pierced on every side with oriel windows and clerestories curiously glazed, the mullions and posts of which were overlaid with gold. An embattled gate, ornamented on both sides with statues representing men in various attitudes of war, and flanked by an embattled tower, guarded the entrance. From this gate to the entrance of the palace arose in long ascent a sloping daïs or hallpace, along which were grouped "images of sore and terrible countenances" in armour of argentine or

[1] *State Papers*, Henry VIII., March 26, 1520.

[2] *Calendar of State Papers*, Henry VIII., vol. iii. Preface, p. lxx.

bright metal. At the entrance, under an embowered landing-place facing the great doors, stood antique figures girt with olive branches. The passages, the roofs of the galleries from place to place and from chamber to chamber, were covered with white silk fluted and embowed with silken hangings of divers colours and braided cloths, "which showed like bullions of fine burnished gold." The roofs of the chambers were studded with roses set in lozenges and diapered on a ground of fine gold. Panels enriched with antique carving and gilt bosses covered the spaces between the windows; whilst all along the corridors and from every window hung tapestry of silk and gold embroidered with figures. Chairs covered with cushions of Turkey work, cloths of estate of various shapes and sizes overlaid with golden tissue and rich embroidery ornamented the state apartments. The square on every side was decorated with equal richness and blazed with the same profusion of glass, gold, and ornamental hangings; and "every quarter of it, even the least, was a habitation fit for a prince," says Fleuranges, who had examined it with the critical eye of a rival and a Frenchman.'

Whilst these preparations were being carried out, the Emperor Charles V. was bent upon nullifying the results which might arise from the interview. It was not in his power to prevent the meeting of the Kings of England and France, but he was resolved that his great rival should not be allowed to have his own way entirely in the matter. He wrote to Wolsey that he was desirous of paying a visit to Canterbury, that he

had long wished to meet his brother of England, and that many years had passed since he had last seen his aunt, the Queen Katherine. He therefore proposed to land at Dover in the middle of May, and trusted that nothing would interfere with the execution of his plan. Katherine, who had never been in favour of the interview between Henry and Francis, pressed her husband to accord her nephew the favour he requested—a request all the more gratifying and extraordinary, she said, coming from an emperor to a king. Henry assented. At the time appointed he and Katherine quitted London and set out for the Kentish coast, there to meet his Imperial Majesty. At Canterbury they halted. The same evening of their arrival at the cathedral city Charles landed at Dover and was received by Wolsey.

'In his retinue,' writes the chronicler Hall, 'were many noble men and many fair ladies of his blood, as princes and princesses; and one lady as chief to be noted was the Princess Avinion. Great joy made the people of England to see the emperor, and more to see the benign manner and meekness of so high a prince.' Early the next morning Henry rode over to Dover to pay his homage to his illustrious visitor. The two sovereigns then took horse for Canterbury, 'the more to solemnise the feast of Pentecost; but specially to see the Queen of England, his aunt, was the intent of the emperor.' The visit lasted until the end of the month, when Charles embarked at Sandwich for Flanders. Of what occurred during this interview we have no record, but it is not

difficult to imagine what was the chief topic of discussion. Charles, we may reasonably suppose, was urging his own claims, and proving how much more England would have to gain by an alliance with the Empire than with France. If he did not come as a definite suitor for the hand of the Princess Mary, we may be sure that he took good care to disparage the pretensions of the Dauphin to that honour. Henry was left puzzled and undecided. He was fascinated by the dazzling prospect of an Imperial alliance, yet he did not wish to break with Francis. He would have preferred Charles as the husband of the Princess Mary, but then she was as good as engaged to the Dauphin! Was it wise to be off with the old love before he was sure of the new? There was an old English proverb, that between two stools was an unsafe position. Thus, vacillating and insincere, the king of England crossed the Channel to meet Francis.

Upon his arrival at the fairy structure specially erected to receive him, he had no reason to complain of any lack of splendour or supervision on the part of his master of the ceremonies. Wolsey had performed his task with admirable tact and accuracy. Not a hitch was apparent in any of the arrangements, whilst the scene which met the gaze of Henry as he looked out of the oriel windows of his 'crystal palace' was one of unparalleled magnificence and picturesque activity. Almost every twenty yards of the large open green which bordered the town of Guisnes on the south was covered with tents, many of them lurid with emblazonry, of all shapes and sizes, upon the crests of

which floated banners and pennons of every hue. Threading their way through the narrow lines which separated canvas from canvas were prancing barbs and sluggish mules, gaily decked with flowers and ribbons, laden with baggage and necessaries for the camp. Before each tent of knight and squire stood a sentry, the bright June sunshine causing his bill and lance to glisten like a flame of silver. The peasant women from Calais in their picturesque caps and wimples wandered about selling their fish and fruit to all who looked like purchasers, or, when business was slack, amused themselves by flirting with the lacqueys and mule drivers. Dotted about the plain were small troops of cavalry rehearsing their manœuvres or engaged in mimic combat. Here and there on vacant spots, more especially at the further limit of the green, little crowds were assembled watching some wrestling match or bout with quarter staves between certain lusty retainers, or else laughing at the antics of a bear brought over for exhibition by an itinerant speculator from the neighbouring Arde. All was movement, for to everybody everything was new, and curiosity had to be satisfied; and, thanks to the fountains, 'fed by secret conduits hid beneath the earth,' which spouted forth claret and hypocras into silver cups to quench the thirst of any who craved a drink, all was merriment. So splendid and luxurious was the garnishing of the tents, so dazzling the armour of the knights and nobles, so gorgeous the dresses of the heralds and pursuivants, so artistic the military display of horse and foot, of archers and yeomen of the guard, and so lavish

and profuse the gratifying of all that could minister to the wants and ostentation of man, that the quondam arid common in front of the crumbling castle of Guisnes had become transformed into a veritable 'field of cloth of gold.'

From one entry in the papers before us we can learn how generous the commissariat was to be on this festive occasion. The following is an estimate 'for the diets of the king and queen with other nobles at Calais and Guisnes for one month,' at the same time let us remember that a pound in those days was equal to twelve pounds of our present money: '700 quarters of wine at 12*s.* a quarter; 150 tuns French and Gascon wine at 110*s.* the tun; 6 butts sweet wine, 27*l.*; 550 tuns of beer at 20*s.*; 340 beeves at 40*s.*; 2,200 muttons at 5*s.*; 800 veals at 5*s.*; 80 hogs of grease at 8*s.*; salt and fresh fish, 300*l.*; spices, 440*l.*; diaper and linen cloth, 300*l.*; 4,000 lbs. wax, 200*l.*; white lights, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; poultry, 1,300*l.*; pewter vessels, 300*l.*; brazen pans, spits, &c., 200*l.*; 5,600 quarters of coal, 280*l.*; tall wood and billet, 200*l.*; the stable, 200*l.*; costs of purveyors, 140*l.*; hoys and crayers for conveyance of victuals, 73*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; 4 pipes ipocras, 80*l.*; rushes, 40*l.*; 200 cooks and 12 pastelers at 20*d.* a day; 40 labourers at 6*d.*; 12 brewers and 12 bakers at 8*d.*; carriage of victuals from Calais to Guisnes, 130*l.*'[1] There was therefore to be no stint in the palace; open house was to be kept, and all comers were to be entertained. The inferior officers

[1] *State Papers*, July 16, 1520. 'Expenses at Guisnes for the interview.'

of the household were almost as numerous as a regiment on full strength. Above two hundred attendants were employed in the kitchen alone.

No sooner had Henry set sail for Calais than Francis quitted Montreuil for Arde, a town close to the English pale, and within a short ride of Guisnes. Arde, we are told, was 'an old town long ago destroyed, of which the king had caused the fosses and castle to be repaired with diligence.' Determined upon not being annoyed by the roughs who always love to watch a pageant, Francis before leaving Montreuil issued a proclamation ordering that 'none should follow his train nearer than two leagues on pain of the halter, except those enrolled.' Consequently some ten thousand vagabonds were disappointed of the pleasure they had anticipated, and returned sulking to their own homes. Upon arriving at Arde, Francis, accompanied by his retinue, set out for his tents, which were pitched outside the walls of the town and sloped gradually down until they almost touched the English quarter. Two leagues separated the kings of England and France—two leagues which were simply one mass of billowy canvas and dazzling emblazonry. The scene from the French side, as was to be expected from a people pre-eminent for artistic taste, was the more imposing. 'As the French,' writes Mr. Brewer, 'had proposed that both parties should lodge in tents erected on the field, they had prepared numerous pavilions, fitted up with halls, galleries, and chambers ornamented within and without with gold and silver tissue. Amidst golden balls and quaint devices glittering in the sun, rose a gilt

figure of St. Michael, conspicuous for his blue mantle powdered with golden *fleurs de lys*, and crowning a royal pavilion of vast dimensions supported by a single mast. In his right hand he held a dart, in his left a shield emblazoned with the arms of France. Inside, the roof of the pavilion represented the canopy of heaven ornamented with stars and figures of the zodiac. The lodgings of the queen, of the Duchess d'Alençon, the king's favourite sister, and of other ladies and princes of the blood were covered with cloth of gold. The rest of the tents, to the number of three or four hundred, emblazoned with the arms of their owners, were pitched on the banks of a small river outside the city walls.' Among the fair visitors then under canvas on the slopes outside Arde was Ann Boleyn.

With the arrival of the two sovereigns the proceedings of the pageant commenced. Wolsey was the first to open the ball. Accompanied by a splendid retinue of princes and nobles, he rode his mule down the tented plain, to pay his royal master's respects to Francis. He was preceded by fifty gentlemen of the household, bareheaded and bonnet in hand, each with a great gold chain worn scarf-ways, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned with crimson velvet. Then followed his ushers, also fifty gentlemen, 'bareheaded and bearing gold maces as large as a man's head at one end.' After them, staggering beneath the weight of a magnificent cross of gold with a crucifix of precious stones, came the cardinal's cross-bearer, 'clothed in a long robe of crimson velvet; on his shoulders a fine hood with a short cornet of

crimson velvet lined below with fine embroidery and goldsmith's work.' Four lacqueys in doublets of cloth of gold, and with their magnificent plumed bonnets in their hands, now took up their places. Then appeared the central figure of all this pomp. Mounted on a barded mule, 'with headstall, studs, buckles, and stirrups of fine gold, and the trappings of crimson velvet,' sat Wolsey, his red hat with its large hanging tassels overshadowing his sallow shaven face. He was dressed in 'a robe of velvet upon figured crimson velvet, the rochet of fine linen overall.' Pride, temper, and arrogance were revealed in every feature of that masterful visage—in the well-cut hazel eyes full of intellect and passion which gleamed beneath the bushy pent-house of their marked eyebrows, in the angry lines that curled around the domineering mouth, in the hound-like looseness of the coarse yellow cheeks, in the massive jaw, and sharp, resolute chin. As he walked his mule slowly down the long line of spectators all bent their heads and did him reverence, but few dared look up and meet his hard, searching gaze. After him followed five or six bishops, with the grand prior of Jerusalem and other chiefs of the religious orders. The imposing procession was then brought up by a hundred archers of the king's guard, 'well mounted, with their bows bent and their quivers at their sides.'

In this state the cardinal approached the town of Arde; there he dismounted in front of the royal tent amid a salute which would have honoured majesty, and did homage in his master's name to Francis, who

received him bareheaded and with every tribute of deference and affection.[1] 'The pomp and splendour of Wolsey's retinue on this occasion,' writes Mr. Brewer, 'were often urged against the cardinal as a proof of his pride and presumption. It must be remembered, however, that he was acting as proctor and representative of two kings. As their accredited representative in the eyes of the most chivalrous and magnificent nation in the world, acknowledged universally even then as supreme in all matters of art, dress, decoration, or public pageantry, he might wish to show that his master, the king of France as well as of England, did not fall a whit behind the most splendid monarch of the age. For the time being Wolsey had by his genius raised his master to the first rank and foremost place among the potentates of Christendom. It was the purpose of this interview to show him to the world surrounded by all those accessories to which the imagination of nine-tenths of mankind at that time lent itself a willing prisoner. Railway scrip, or a supposed balance at a man's bankers, effects that object now.'

Next day this visit of ceremony was returned by the representatives of Francis, who were received by the English king in his summer palace, 'very honourably, amid great noise of artillery and music.' So boisterous was the hospitality of our nobles that they permitted no refusal, and, when necessary, even used force to compel the Frenchmen to accept the entertainment put before them. The lords of England,

[1] *State Papers*, June 11, 1520. 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

we are told, feasted the French lords in their tents marvellously, from the greatest to the least—'*et jusques à deschirer leurs robbes quand ils n'y voulaient entrer pour les festier.*'[1] These preliminaries settled, the day was fixed upon for the interview between the two sovereigns. Francis, in consequence of Henry having crossed the Channel, had agreed to be the first to pass the frontier and greet his royal brother. Early on the morning of Thursday, June 7, being the day of Fête Dieu, he quitted his tent amid the roar of the neighbouring guns, accompanied by his retinue of marshals of France, pensioners, archers, Swiss and yeomen of the guard, all clad in cloth of gold and silver. Before Francis rode the Constable 'in cloth of gold frieze set with jewels, and his horse barded with the same, bearing the naked sword chased with gold *fleurs de lys*.' Mounted upon 'a beautiful horse covered with goldsmith's work,' the French king, escorted on either side by the princes of the blood, wended his way slowly down the incline to the frontier, where between two hillocks was set up a gorgeous pavilion, bright with the varied emblazonry of England and France, in which the two sovereigns were to confer.

A shot fired from the fort at Arde gave the English warning that Francis had made his move. Henry was not slow to follow his rival's example, and with Wolsey by his side, rode his powerful stallion towards the pavilion. At the border-line between the English pale and the French territory

[1] *State Papers*, June 11, 1520. 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

the two monarchs halted, 'at about two casts of a bowl from each other.' For the moment a deep silence prevailed, and the escorts of the two nations were quick to compare the respective merits of the two chiefs. The Frenchman presented a marked contrast to his English brother. Slight of figure, somewhat effeminate in face, in spite of his long shapeless nose, with the languishing eyes of his house and the thin, downy moustache and pointed beard then worn by the most of his countrymen, Francis, splendidly mounted, faced the English camp. He was dressed in a mantle of cloth of gold, which fell over a short cassock of gold frieze, and profusely jewelled. Down the front and along the sleeves, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and 'ropes of pearls' were strewn in lavish array. Upon his head was a ruby velvet bonnet enriched with plums and brilliants.

The king of England was equally magnificently attired, though his stalwart proportions made him appear the less bedecked and bedizened. Henry, before gross sensuality and heavy feeding had done their work of expansion, was eminently a splendid specimen of the manly vigorous English race as it then existed. Above the middle height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, his face massive but not coarse, the brow wide and intellectual, the nose straight from the forehead, though too thick and short for perfect beauty, the full lips and cheek fringed by silky auburn hair, he was, as Hall writes, 'the most goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England.' His somewhat burly figure was

apparelled in cloth of silver damask, thickly ribbed with cloth of gold and studded with gems, whilst his charger was gaily caparisoned with trappings overlaid with gold and curiously wrought mosaic work.

At first as the sovereigns rode down the plain, accompanied by their respective escorts, mutual fears and jealousies had made their presence felt. Was it possible for Englishmen and Frenchmen to meet and to forget the long rivalry of the past? Suppose the arranged interview was but a ruse and a prelude to some evil scheme? The Frenchman watched the escort in attendance upon Henry, and trembled for the safety of the head of the house of Valois. The Englishman saw Francis surrounded by his archers and cavaliers, and was in like consternation for the head of the house of Tudor. 'Sire,' cried Lord Abergavenny, running up to Henry as his Majesty was about to spring in the saddle to ride down to the frontier, 'Sire, ye be my king and sovereign, wherefore, above all, I am bound to show you the truth and not to let for none. I have been in the French party and they be more in number—double so many as ye be.' Such craven and ungenerous fears were not to be tolerated. 'Sire,' cried Lord Shrewsbury, 'whatever my lord of Abergavenny sayeth, I myself have been there, and the Frenchmen be more in fear of you and your subjects than your subjects be of them. Wherefore, if I were worthy to give counsel, your Grace should march forward.' Then replied Henry, 'So we intend, my lord,' and seating himself

in his wide, heavy saddle, he pushed on till the frontier close by the valley of Arde was reached.

Thus the two met, each within his own territory yet but few yards separating them. The silence which respect had inspired as the two kings neared the limits of their dominions was but momentary, and was instantly succeeded by a burst of music. Then, as if each was in haste to make the first advances, Henry and Francis put spurs to their horses, and, bonnet in hand, galloped one towards the other. As they met they warmly grasped hands and three times embraced; then, on dismounting, they again embraced, and walked arm linked in arm towards the pavilion. No one accompanied the august pair into the tent save Wolsey and the Admiral of France, who followed in the rear of their masters. Whilst the interview was taking place strict ward was kept outside by the Constables of France and England, with their swords drawn and held at the salute. As the two kings, after a brief parley, emerged from the tent presentations were made; the French and English escorts fraternised; barrels of wine were brought forward and broached, and each toasted the other, repeating several times, 'Good friends, French and English.' The inferiors followed the example of their betters, and the first day of the meeting was passed in much revelry. When night cast its shadows there were many glad to seize the opportunity to sleep off the effects of debauch.

The next two days—the Friday and Saturday—were passed in the exchange of civilities between the

French and English, and in a careful examination of the spot where the tournament was to take place, and of the rules laid down by Wolsey and the Constable of France, with the assistance of the nobles and knights, as to the regulation of the combat. The jousts were to be held in a park on the high ground between Arde and Guisnes, which was enclosed and fenced round by a sunken ditch. Long galleries, hung with tapestry, were erected on each side of the lists for the use of the spectators, whilst 'a chamber well hung with tapestry and glazed' was specially fitted up as the box for the two queens. At each entry to the park were triumphal arches, and beneath them was stationed a guard of twelve French and twelve English archers, who, however, had orders not to refuse 'entry to any person honourably apparelled.' Planted at the foot of the lists was 'the tree of noblesse' bearing 'the noble thorn (the sign of Henry) entwined with raspberry' (*framboise*, the sign of Francis), on which was to be hung the shields of those about to engage in combat. The trunk of this artificial tree was swathed in cloth of gold and green damask, whilst its leaves were cut out of green silk, and the sham fruit it bore was made of silver and Venetian gold. Upon the hanging of the royal shields there arose the jealous question of precedence. Was the shield of Francis to be hung up first, or was that of Henry? The heralds were unable to decide so nice a point, and had to refer the matter to a higher authority. The Constable of France was called upon in the French interest, and the Marquis

of Dorset in that of England, to give judgment. The judges were nonplussed, until finally, we are told, 'the king of England caused the French king's arms to be placed on the right, and his own on the left, equally high.'[1]

It had been arranged that Henry and Francis, each supported by some eighteen gentlemen of the best blood of France and England, should hold against all comers. Strict rules were drawn up to prevent accidents and disputes. Sharp steel was not to be used, as in times past, 'in consequence of the numerous accidents to noblemen,' but only 'arms for strength, agility, and pastime,' such as blunt lances, or single-handed sharp swords with blunt points, but closing not allowed, unless the comer desire it.' If the judges decided that the challenger was worsted in any combat, he was to give 'a gold token to the lady in whose cause the comer fights.' If a challenger struck or killed the horse of his opponent, he was to be debarred from running again that day. Whoever struck against the saddle of his opponent was to be disallowed two broken lances. The courses were to be run 'between one hour after dinner and six o'clock in the evening,' and each challenger was entitled to run eight courses. Anyone disarmed so that he could not complete his courses was to be content with what he had done during the day. If the horse of a comer bolted from the lists but yet run the course, it was to be counted as a course. 'All Sundays

[1] *State Papers, Domestic,* 12 Hen. VIII. 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

and feasts of the French and English churches shall be observed by abstinence of running.'[1]

On Sunday afternoon Henry and Francis crossed over from their respective camps to do homage each to the consort of the other. The King of England as he rode to Arde was attired, we are informed by the court chronicler of the period, 'in a double mantle of cloth of gold made like a cloak, embroidered with jewels and goldsmith's work'; on his head he wore 'a beautiful cap of fine gold cloth,' and round his neck was a splendid collar blazing with gems, 'three of which were very conspicuous.' On arriving at the lodgings of the Queen of France, he was met at the entrance by the most beautiful of the ladies of the household dressed in cloth of gold. The weakness of Henry for the sex did not permit him to hurry over this part of the ceremony; he passed slowly along the line of fair dames—was Ann Boleyn among them?—and amused himself by critically inspecting its ranks. '*Il alloit tout à son aise pour les veoir à son plaisir*,' we are informed. At the end of the corridor he was met by the mother of Francis 'dressed as a widow,' who did him reverence and led him to the apartments of her daughter-in-law. The Queen of France, whose gown of gold frieze was one mass of gems and lace, rose from her chair of state to meet her illustrious visitor and extended her hand, which Henry, kneeling on one knee, reverently kissed. Then he sat beside her and talked with her and her ladies until dinner was announced. The banquet

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Henry VIII. 'L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy.'

was held in a chamber 'hung with cloth of gold from top to bottom,' but the mediæval reporter who can describe with no little effect the furniture of the apartment, the music that was played and the dresses that were worn, candidly confesses his incompetence to touch upon the viands that were eaten, and the magnificence of the plate upon which they were served. The table ran down the length of the room, and the dishes were only placed on one side of it, consequently no guest had a *vis-à-vis*. Henry sat at the head, next him was the Queen, then the Duchess of Alençon and Madame de Vendôme. Each of these distinguished personages had a service apart in vessels of gold. Among the *entremets* were dishes shaped as leopards and salamanders supporting the house of Valois, '*qui estoit une chose triomphante.*' At the third service largesse was cried by the herald, and then came music, songs, and dances to fill up the interval whilst digestion was waiting upon appetite. At five o'clock Henry took his leave, and as the fair ladies of the court came to see him off, he indulged in a little swagger for their benefit. We read that 'on mounting his horse he gave it the spur, and made it bound and curvet as valiantly as man could do.' Upon his road to Guisnes he met Francis returning to Arde; the two sovereigns embraced, and each asked the other 'What cheer?' We are told that the reception given by the Queen of England to Francis was in every way equal to that with which Henry had been entertained.[1]

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. 'L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy.'

The following day the jousts commenced, and were continued throughout the week, with the exception of Wednesday, when they had to be put off owing to an unusually high wind. On the Monday and Thursday the Kings of England and France with their aids held the lists against all comers. The skill and prowess of Henry were specially remarked. He wielded swords which the comparatively puny Francis essayed in vain to raise or to sweep in swift circles round his head, after the fashion of his brother monarch. When he spurred his charger forward to meet his antagonist, with lance couched low, and the erect yet easy seat which made him conspicuous in the field when he rode to hounds, the shock of the collision was almost always too severe for his challenger to encounter, and saddle after saddle was emptied before the powerful rush of his thrust. Next to Henry in the opinion of the crowd was the magnificent Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who vied hard with his master to carry off the honours of the tournament. 'The King of England and Suffolk,' we read, 'did marvels.' On the days when the sovereigns did not monopolise the lists the gay crowd were amused by the jousting matches between the French and English, by the combats at the barriers, by wrestling, and by the antics of the mummers which invariably wound up the sports of the day. At these entertainments the Queens of England and France were always present, 'with their ladies richly dressed in jewels and with many chariots, litters and hackneys covered with cloth of gold and silver, and em-

blazoned with their arms.' They looked down upon the lists below from their glazed gallery hung with tapestry, and were often observed to be engaged in conversation. The ladies in waiting endeavoured to follow the example of their mistresses, but the difficulties of language stood in the way, and much of their talk, we are informed, had to be carried on through the somewhat chilling medium of interpreters.[1]

At the commencement of the interview between the two sovereigns much suspicious fear was excited in the breasts of both nations as to the possibility of any treachery being practised. Francis never entered the English pale unless Henry was also within French territory. Each monarch was therefore the hostage of the other; if the English seized upon Francis, the French could capture Henry, and thus the success of an infamous ruse would be invalidated. But as the intimacy between the two monarchs ripened, this suspicion of the good faith of either side began to be regarded as unworthy and needlessly offensive. One morning Francis, with the chivalrous politeness of a Frenchman, and to prove that he had no fear of foul play, rode over to Guisnes whilst Henry was at breakfast, cordially embraced him, and laughingly cried, 'Here you see I am your prisoner!' After this exhibition of confidence all suspicion between the two peoples was finally set at rest. Henry crossed over to Arde when he so chose with or without

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. 'L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy.'

escort, and Francis adopted the same freedom. The French and English nobles, with their retainers, mingled unrestrainedly with each other, and only exhibited their antagonism when they met in the lists to run a tilt or to fight with their heavy two-handed swords at the barriers. During the whole time when the open plain between Guisnes and Arde was one mass of emblazoned canvas, nothing was more complete and harmonious than the *entente cordiale* which then existed between the two peoples. We do not read of a single quarrel, a single dispute, or of any differences of opinion calculated to disturb the graceful concord which characterised the occasion. On the contrary, Frenchman and Englishman vied with one another in the performance of acts of courtesy and good feeling. To the long rivalry of the past had succeeded, it would appear, unison and warm friendship.

On Sunday, June 24, the lists closed with a solemn mass sung by Wolsey in a chapel erected for the occasion on the field. It contained an altar and reliquaries, and at the side were two canopies of cloth of gold, with chairs for the legates of England and France and the cardinals of France, whilst the seats below were placed for the French bishops. Opposite sat the ambassadors of the Pope and the King of Spain. The English bishops stood round the altar, acting as deacons and subdeacons, with the exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sat apart near the French bishops. Here, as in the conflict of the lists, the spirit of courtesy prevailed. When the

Cardinal de Bourbon, according to the fashion of the time, brought the Gospel to the French king to kiss, Francis declined the honour and commanded the book to be offered first to the king of England, an act of precedence which, however, Henry was too well bred to avail himself of. At the *Agnus Dei* when the *Pax* was presented to the two queens, the same graceful hesitation was repeated. Each declined to kiss it first, and as neither would be turned from her purpose, the two dames, 'after many mutual respects, kissed each other instead.' At the close of the service a sermon in Latin was delivered by Pace, Wolsey's secretary, enlarging upon the blessings of peace; this ended, a great fire-work was shot up into the sky. 'There appeared in the air from Arde a great artificial salamander or dragon, four fathoms long and full of fire; many were frightened, thinking it a comet or some monster, as they could see nothing to which it was attached: it passed right over the chapel to Guisnes as fast as a footman can go, and as high as a bolt from a cross-bow.' Mass celebrated, a splendid banquet concluded the festivities of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' We learn that it was not the custom for royalty on these occasions to partake of the dishes placed before it; 'as the kings and queens always dined at home before coming to the banquets, and only conversed while admiring the service and the meats.' The good things had, however, not been provided in vain, for the chronicler is careful to record that 'the legates, cardinals, and prelates drank and ate *sans fiction*.' Once more the

two kings entered the lists, but this time only to exchange gifts, and to bid each other farewell. Henry wended his way back to Calais: Francis returned to Abbeville. 'They seemed to leave each other with regret,' adds our chronicler.[1]

So ended the pageant of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' It was, however, one of those historical hospitalities from which the results that had been anticipated were not obtained. The Emperor Charles had no intention of permitting England and France quietly to coalesce and put his empire in jeopardy. As he had endeavoured to nullify the effect of the interview before it had taken place by his presence at Dover, so now that the interview was an affair of the past, he hurried from Brussels to Gravelines. He saw Henry and again urged the advantages to be gained by an alliance with the empire, he irritated the ambition of the king of England by suggestions as to the spoiling of France and the regaining of lands which had once been part of the English dominions, and he again appeared in the guise of a suitor for the hand of the Princess Mary. Wolsey was his foe, but he knew how to overcome the antipathy of the proud ecclesiastic to a Spanish alliance. He pledged his imperial word that, should a vacancy arise in the papacy, he would exert all his interest to have the English cardinal raised to the tiara. The bribe was accepted, and Wolsey set himself to carry out his part of the bargain. And so within a brief

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. 'L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy.'

month of the festivities, the sports, and the good cheer which had recently enlivened the arid plain between Ardes and Guisnes, England had secretly agreed to throw over Francis and identify herself with the cause of Charles.[1] The sequel to the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold' is the battle of Pavia.

[1] *State Papers*, July 14, 1520. 'Heads of a Treaty between Charles V. and Henry VIII.'

THE REVOLT OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

In spite of all opposition and entreaties Mary, shortly after her accession to the throne, had resolved upon a marriage with her cousin Philip of Spain. It was in vain that the most trusted of her advisers implored her not to unite herself with the hated foreigner, but to share her crown with some English subject whose name and rank would appeal to and command the sympathies of her people. In vain France, through the delicate remonstrances of her polished envoy, De Noailles, hinted that such a match would inevitably tend to disturb the *entente cordiale* which then so happily existed between the courts of London and Paris. In vain the English nation, always moody and intolerant where its insular prejudices were concerned, loudly decried the alliance, and declared in sullen tones, boding future danger, that no Spaniard should meddle with their rule. Counsel and remonstrance were all futile to turn the stubborn middle-aged woman from her purpose, and the advisers of the crown, seeing that they were powerless to make her change her resolve, reluctantly gave their consent to the match. Mary had now arrived at a time of life when it was not probable that many offers of marriage from eligible suitors would fall to her lot.

Thin, worn, with the yellow complexion of her mother, and painfully conscious of the lack of attractions her sickly face and lean angular figure displayed, she, like most women *sur le retour*, tenaciously clung to the lover whom State policy compelled to kneel at her feet, and who, she felt sure, would be the last of his fascinating class that the matrimonial market could command for her acceptance.

The question had been narrowed to this issue: it was to be Philip or it was to be nobody. And so with the eager longings of an acrid and hysterical woman whose affections for years had been checked and pent up, she yielded all the treasures of her heart to the man whom political considerations had selected, and vowed that she would have none other. Then, like many women who late in life are about to link their fate with a husband younger than themselves, she idealised the man, and painted him in the glowing colours her fond imagination depicted. To those who knew him, Philip was a prince of a cold and calculating disposition, utterly wanting in principle, miserably mean where all expenditure was concerned, and, even in a lax age and among a loose people, was looked upon as notoriously immoral. To Mary he was, however, all that a loving woman could desire—a man of blameless life, a devoted son of the Church, endowed with talents which made his judgment conspicuous whenever it was exercised, brave, handsome, noble, generous. To Renard, the Spanish ambassador, who knew the full value of an alliance between England and Spain, and

who had essayed all his arts to promote the match, she said, placing in his hand a small vellum parcel, 'I have signed this parchment, by which I affiance myself in marriage to Philip, Prince of Spain, son of his Imperial Majesty Charles V. And I further give you, as representative of the Prince, my irrevocable promise that I will marry him and none else.'

If the course of true love seldom runs smooth, that of marriages of convenience rarely encounters much opposition from the immediate contracting parties. Philip, who was only anxious to avail himself of the revenues of England, would have married Mary had she been twice her age, and twice as plain. Once the ring placed upon her long, bony finger—how different from the beautiful hand of her sister Elizabeth!—and himself controller of the receipts of the exchequer, it would be a matter of no great difficulty to invent some excuse which, by placing the Pyrenees between himself and the charms of his sour-visaged bride, would allow him to exchange the gloom and opposition of the London he hated for the gaiety of his beloved Madrid. Therefore when the marriage settlements were being drawn up he gave his assent to all the conditions demanded of him, and empowered Renard to comply with such requests as the advisers of Mary suggested. The clauses to which the bride and bridegroom put their hands and seals were just and reasonable. The abstract of the agreement was as follows:[1]

[1] 'Abstract of the Treaty of Marriage.' *State Papers, Foreign.* Mary, Jan.–Mar. 1554. No. 123.

'1st. He to be intituled King during the matrimony, but she to have the disposition of all benefices, &c.

'2nd. She to be intituled to his dominions during the marriage.

'3rd. Her dowry, if she survives him, to be three score thousand pounds, after the value of forty groats, Flemish money.

'4th. The issue of her body, male or female, shall succeed in her kingdoms according to the laws of the same.

'5th. The Prince to leave to his eldest son, the Lord Charles [Don Carlos], and his heirs all his right; his land notwithstanding to be liable to the Queen's dowry. And for want of issue in the Lord Charles, then the eldest son of this matrimony should succeed also in all his grandfather's titles.

'6th. If the Lord Charles should have issue, yet the Low Countries and Burgundy are reserved for the heir of this marriage, and to the other children convenient portions to be allotted out of this kingdom.'

When the necessary preliminaries had been agreed upon the treaty was despatched to Brussels for ratification, and the conclusion of the proceedings was celebrated by high mass in the exquisite Norman chapel in the Tower. When the Host had been returned to its sacred repository Mary stood up, then walked to the altar and, kneeling down, declared before all assembled:

'I take God to witness that I have not consented

to wed the Prince of Spain from any desire of aggrandisement, or carnal affection ; but solely for the honour and profit of my kingdom, and the repose and tranquillity of my subjects. Nor shall my marriage prevent me from keeping inviolably the oath I have made to the crown on the day of my coronation.'

No sooner had the outside public ascertained that the marriage between Philip and Mary had been definitely settled than loud and ominous were the murmurs of the people. In every county and at every market-town the subject was angrily discussed, and it was evident from the comments on these occasions which fell from the lips of both speakers and bystanders, that there only wanted opportunity and organisation for the agitation to break out in open rebellion. These soon presented themselves. The leaders of the disaffected formed themselves into a confederacy, the object of which was to create a revolt throughout the country, depose the unpopular Mary, and place in her stead the popular Princess Elizabeth. The Earl of Courtenay, who was to wed Elizabeth, was to travel west, where his name and influence were all-potent, and rally the counties of Cornwall and Devonshire to the cause of Protestantism, and England for the English. The Duke of Suffolk, with his three brothers, Lord Thomas, Lord John, and Lord Leonard Grey, were to sow sedition in the midland counties. Sir James Crofts, who had been Deputy of Ireland, and was accustomed to the ways of agitation, was to stimulate revolt in the district of the Severn. Lastly, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of the

poet, a bold soldier, who had seen much service in the recent wars with France, but whose courage and ability were severely handicapped by his rash and headstrong disposition, was to raise Kent. These arrangements completed, the forces assembled at Exeter, Bristol, Warwick, and Maidstone were to march upon London, then as disaffected as the other parts of the country ; the citizens and soldiery would declare for the good cause, the Tower would fall an easy prey to the invaders, and Mary would either fly the realm, or of her own will transfer the crown to the head of her sister. 'It would be,' said Wyatt, 'a bloodless revolt.'

Such was the plan on paper. When it began to be put into execution obstacles occurred which, as is always the case, had not been anticipated. Courtenay was a craven, and at the last moment declined to go west to raise the standard of rebellion. Deprived of his inspiring presence, Devonshire and Cornwall, though sullen and seditious, yet refused to move or to take any active steps without orders from their acknowledged leader. The Duke of Suffolk had ridden down into Warwickshire, and had met with a reception which, if not enthusiastic, was at least encouraging ; but the midland farmers and their hinds were prudent men ; they would take part in a general insurrection when it once openly declared itself, but they would not be the first to revolt and lead the van of rebellion. Sir James Crofts, busy in Wales, met with the same difficulty. The only man who had boldly shown his hand, who had permitted no

timorous resistance, who had suffered no delay, and who was resolved if the country was only waiting for a leader to come himself to the front, was the impetuous Wyatt. Dealing with an excitable and impulsive people, he had unfurled his standard at Maidstone, and the inflammable Kentish men had come up from their farms in hundreds, crying, 'A Wyatt! a Wyatt!' 'Down with the Spaniard!' 'No oreigner!' and 'Long life to the Princess Elizabeth!' Quitting Maidstone with some two thousand men, Wyatt marched to Rochester, where, through his ranks being swelled by deserters from the royal cause, the Castle easily fell into his hands, and he at once made himself master of the Medway.

Meanwhile Mary had not been idle. Lack of courage had never been attributed to those in whose veins ran the hot, arrogant Tudor blood, and the Queen, whatever her faults, did not belie the bold race from which she sprang. Foiled in her attempt to obtain regular troops by her suspicious advisers, who did not know to what end she might apply the services of a trained soldiery, she appealed to the City of London, which answered her prayer by sending five hundred men, under the command of one Captain Bret, to her assistance. These levies were at once marched to Rochester by the Duke of Norfolk, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of his sovereign, and who had been appointed generalissimo of the forces to resist the rebels. On arriving at Gravesend the Duke resolved not to delay his attack, but forthwith to lay siege to Rochester Castle, and

deal out to its traitorous defenders the punishment they so richly deserved. Limbering up his artillery, he gave orders for the City bands to advance upon the bridge. No sooner had the word of command issued from his lips than Captain Bret drew his sword, and placing himself in front of the London volunteers, cried out, 'Masters, we go about to fight against our native countrymen of England and our friends in a quarrel unrightful and partly wicked, for they, considering the great and manifold mysteries which are like to fall upon us if we shall be under the rule of the proud Spaniards or strangers, are here assembled to make resistance of the coming in of him or his favourers; and for that they know right well that if we should be under their subjection they would, as slaves and villains, spoil us of our goods and lands, ravish our wives before our faces, and deflower our daughters in our presence, have now for the avoiding of so great mischiefs and inconveniences likely to light not only upon themselves but on every of us and the whole realm, taken upon them now, in time before his coming, this their enterprise, against which I think no English heart ought to say, much less by fighting to withstand them. Wherefore I and these [his troops] will spend our blood in the quarrel of this worthy captain Master Wyatt and other gentlemen here assembled.'[1]

At the conclusion of this speech loud were the cries of 'A Wyatt! a Wyatt!' and the Londoners

[1] *The Chronicle of Queen Jane*, edited by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A. Camden Society.

waved their caps in the air as a signal to the rebels in the Castle. Hereupon Wyatt, accompanied by several of his partisans, rode out on the bridge and cried aloud, 'So many as will come and tarry with us shall be welcome.' In reply to this invitation, 'all the Londoners, part of the guard, and more than three parts of the retinue, went into the camp of the Kentish men.' Norfolk had no alternative but to hurry back to London with the news of the desertion of his men. 'At this discomfiture,' we are told,[1] 'the duke lost eight pieces of brass, with all other munition and ordnance, and himself, with the Earl of Ormond and others, fled to London. You should have seen some of the guard come home, their coats turned, all ruined, without arrows or string in their bows, or swords, in very strange wise, which discomfiture, like as it was a heartsore and very displeasing to the Queen and Council, even so it was almost no less joyous to the Londoners and most part of all others.'

So unexpected an addition to his ranks encouraged Wyatt to further efforts. Cowling Castle, the seat of Lord Cobham, who was hesitating between the royal cause and rebellion, was stormed and taken, and its owner carried off prisoner. This feat accomplished, the rebels marched to Gravesend; there they halted the night, and on the following day reached Dartford.

The situation of Mary was now fraught with no little danger. She saw that she was practically deserted, and had to maintain her cause alone. Her

[1] *The Chronicle of Queen Jane.*

advisers, who had strenuously opposed her marriage, now coldly told her that the evils they had predicted had come to pass. They could do nothing to help her, for when a sovereign set the wishes of a nation at defiance, of what avail, they asked, was the help of a few individuals? It was useless again to appeal to the City, for it was evident that the Londoners sympathised with the revolt; she had no money, she had no troops. She had, they suggested, only two courses open before her. She could abandon all idea of the Spanish marriage, and thus reconcile herself with her subjects, or she could carry out her resolve to marry Philip of Spain, and have to look to Flemings and a Spanish soldiery to support her determination. If Wyatt marched upon London and the City declared in his favour, she would have to beat a hasty retreat, and her life even would be in jeopardy.

In reply, Mary, with all the tenacity of an enamoured elderly spinster, vowed that nothing would induce her to throw over the man of her choice. She would be dethroned first; aye, she would rather prefer death than such an ignoble repudiation. Still she thought a third course presented itself, and she hastened to avail herself of it. She was ignorant of what might be in store for her in the future, but in her present hour of difficulty she wanted time above all things. She wanted time to plan, to organise, to scheme for succour, and at all hazards she wanted time to hinder Wyatt from marching upon London. She summoned Sir Edward Hastings,

the Master of the Horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis to her presence, and bade them hasten with all speed to Dartford to hold an interview with Wyatt. She wished to know, she said, of what grievances he complained, and if it were in her power she would have them redressed. To prevent mistakes she drew up, in her own hand, full instructions as to the course to be adopted in dealing with Wyatt. They ran thus:

'First, they shall repair to the place where Wyatt with others be assembled. At their coming they shall say to the said Wyatt aloud, to him and such other gentlemen as be with him, in such wise as follows:

'First, that we do not a little marvel that they being born our subjects, and bound to the laws of this our realm, have, contrary to the same, enterprised to raise our people and levy war without our commission. We do understand that they pretend to be and continue our true subjects, and that they have assembled our people for the empechement of the marriage concluded between us and our dear cousin the Prince of Spain, alleging the same to tend to the prejudice of the commonwealth of this our realm.

'If this be the cause and none other, our counsellors shall reply that, albeit it were their and every good subject's part, rather by humble petition to make suit unto us for the obtaining of any their reasonable desires than by force of arms to stir our people against us, yet, forasmuch as we have hitherto always preferred the benefit of our commonwealth before any our own cause, and being first married to our realm do not mean by our second marriage anyways to hinder

or prejudice the state of our said realm, or the commonwealth of our subjects of the same, we will be content to appoint such personages as shall be fit for the purpose to commune with them upon their device and meaning. And if, thereupon, it shall by any probable reason appear unto us that the said marriage, which we take to be both honourable and beneficial to us and our said realm, be either not fit to go forwards or else to be otherwise provided for than is already ordered, we will not refuse to give ear unto any such reasonable motion in this part as may be to the benefit and surety of our said realm and loving subjects.

'Finally, because the said Wyatt and others with him may perchance pretend other reasons or arguments for the maintenance of this unnatural stir and commotion than may be well remembered by us, our pleasure is that our said counsellors, both in their answer to them and in their persuasion, use their accustomed wisdom and discretion, travelling by the best ways they may to dissuade and stay their further proceedings in this sort.'[1]

Wyatt was, however, too wary a soldier to be easily entrapped. He received the envoys of his sovereign with all courtesy, and patiently listened to the remarks they had to offer. Then he replied. He denied that he had acted the part of a traitor. He had gathered his men together in order to prevent the kingdom from being overrun with strangers, which would

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Mary, Jan. 1554. 'A memorial given to our trusty and well-beloved counsellors Sir Edward Hastings, Knight, Master of our Horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallys, Knight.'

inevitably happen if the Spanish match were to take place. Most gladly would he confer with the Council on the matter, but he would be trusted rather than trust. 'I will treat with whomsoever her Majesty desires,' he said, 'but in surety of good faith I must have delivered to me the custody of the Tower of London, and the person of the Queen; also three members of the Council must place themselves in my hands as hostages.'

The Spanish Ambassador informs us how these demands were received.

'The reply of Wyatt,' writes Renard[1] to the Emperor Charles V., anxiously watching the course of events from his palace at Brussels, 'was that he desired to be entrusted with the command of the Tower of London, and at the same time with the person of the Queen, in order to furnish her with better counsel than that which was supplied her by her present advisers. Three members of the Council were also to be placed in his hands as hostages, and as a pledge that the Protestant religion would be restored. These conditions were discussed by the Council, and the Queen was advised to appeal to the people. Last Thursday, at two o'clock of the afternoon, her Majesty, escorted by the members of her Council, her guards, and several gentlemen, among whom was Courtenay, came to the spot where the people were assembled [it was at the Guildhall]. There she declared to her subjects that the ends she had always put before her,

[1] *Transcripts.* At the Record Office. Brussels, Feb. 5, 1554, 'Renard to the Emperor.'

ever since her accession to the throne, had been to administer justice and to keep the country in unity, peace, and liberty. But the rebel Wyatt, under pretext that she has married his Highness of Spain, had taken up arms against her and created disaffection throughout the country. His reply, however, had clearly showed that he aimed at obtaining the crown and tyrannising over the people. As to her marriage,' continued Renard, indulging in one of the most unblushing of diplomatic lies, 'it had been entered into by the advice of her Council for the good and safety of the realm, and not to gratify any particular affection on her part. The rebel Wyatt was now nearing London, and she wished to know if her people would act as good subjects and maintain her cause and defend her against such a rebel. She was prepared to live and die amongst them, and to preserve their rights with all her force. The rebellion did not merely affect her but themselves—their fortunes, honour, and the safe keeping of their wives and children. Let them act as good subjects and she would act as a good Queen. Thus she spoke, and her words were so winning that all the people cried out with a loud voice that they would die in her service, and throwing up their caps in the air in token of their loyalty, groaned at Wyatt as a traitor.'

Mary had certainly proved herself a match for her foe. She had thrown herself upon the sympathies of her people, and the innate loyalty of the English had at once responded to her appeal. She was helpless and unprotected, her enemy was marching upon her

capital; surely, she said, her subjects would not now desert her! She was their lawful Queen, and would they allow a rebel to subdue the laws to his will and suffer rascals and forlorn persons to make general havoc and spoil? As to her contemplated marriage, she would summon a parliament, and the matter would be considered in all its bearings. She trusted, she cried, amid the cheers of the crowd, her people, and she was sure her confidence would not be misplaced.

Her hopes were realised. Men were freely enlisted to protect the crown; there was no lack of money; and the City again came forward with volunteers and supplies. At the same time Mary took every precaution to avoid hurting the feelings of her subjects. She avoided the society of Renard, and she advised several of the Spaniards who were attached to the embassy to quit the kingdom. Towards the beginning of the last year certain Ambassadors—Egmont, de Lalaing, de Courières, de Montmorency, and Philip Nigri—had been despatched by Charles V. as special envoys to treat of the approaching marriage. These high personages Mary now recommended to return to Flanders; their numbers, she wisely remarked, were too small to be of service in the hour of danger, yet large enough to irritate her subjects by their presence; she would only be content when they had exchanged the Thames for the Scheldt. Meanwhile she stationed before the doors of the Imperial envoys a guard of thirty men. Nor were these distinguished diplomatists loth to take their departure. They feared that if Wyatt were victorious, London, which was full of '*une infinité de*

bannis, hérétiques, homicides, et autres malfaiteurs de toutes nations y réfugiés,' would rise against the inhabitants and a general massacre ensue.[1] Finding some Flemish shipping at anchor below London Bridge, they went on board and were soon safely at rest in the port of Antwerp.

In spite, however, of the revived loyalty of the English people, the situation to Mary was still full of danger. Wyatt had quitted Dartford with two thousand men, and was marching straight upon London. Before he halted his troops upon the broken ground which intervenes between Woolwich and Blackheath, his ranks had been swelled by a large following drawn from the yeomen of Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex, who were anxious to come to close quarters with the hated Spaniard, and whose cries of 'A Wyatt! a Wyatt!' and 'Out with the foreigner!' were taken up by the sailors at Greenwich and re-echoed by the shipping up the river till they burst forth in ominous cheers and groans below London Bridge. Wyatt was now but six miles from Westminster, and it was feared that his nearer approach to the capital would be the signal for a general rising of the disaffected London citizens. The Queen was in the Tower, anxious, but calm and collected. Several members of the Council entered her apartment, and implored her before it was too late to take boat and fly. She sent for Renard and asked for his advice. He bade her, unless she wished to lose her crown, not to stir from London. Her departure would lead at once to a revolt in her

[1] *Transcripts*, Feb. 5, 1554.

capital, the Tower would be attacked and captured, the vile heretics would fall upon the priests, and Elizabeth would to a certainty be proclaimed queen. 'Things,' he said, 'must come to a worse pass before she resolved upon abandoning her position.'[1] Pembroke and Clinton, who commanded the Royal troops, were of the same opinion, and assured their sovereign that in the forthcoming struggle God would give her the victory. Their advice was accepted, and every precaution adopted to oppose the advance of the rebels. Pembroke and Clinton drew up their cavalry and infantry on the fields in front of St. James's, infantry were massed together at Finsbury, the guns of the Tower were loaded, and were prepared to open upon Southwark. Wyatt was proclaimed a traitor, and a large reward offered for his capture dead or alive. A free pardon was also granted to all who would desert his cause.

These measures failed to deter the Kentish leader from his purpose. As he came up on the Surrey side, intending to march his men over London Bridge, the guns from the White Tower opened fire upon him, but without effect. London Bridge was, however, impassable. At the approach of Wyatt orders had been issued by the mayor and sheriffs for the drawbridge, which was in the middle of the bridge, to be cut down, the bridge gates to be closed, and every man to shut in his shop (which in those days lined London Bridge on either side), to put on his harness,

[1] *Transcripts.* 'Renard to the Emperor,' Feb. 8, 1554.

and to stand at his door ready to resist any attack that might be made. 'Then,' writes the chronicler,[1] 'should ye have seen taking in wares of the stalls in most hasty manner; there was running up and down in every place for weapons and harness; aged men were astonished, many women wept for fear; children and maids ran into their houses shutting the doors for fear; much noise and tumult was everywhere; so terrible and fearful at the first was Wyatt and his army's coming to the most part of the citizens, who were seldom or never wont before to hear or have any such invasions to their city.'

Finding London Bridge an obstacle not to be surmounted, Wyatt marched his men up Kent Street, and so by St. George's Church entered Southwark without encountering any resistance. Here he was joined by several of the volunteers of Lord William Howard, who deserting the Royal cause went over to the side of the Kentish men. After three days spent in considering how to effect his entrance into London, Wyatt resolved to march towards Kingston Bridge, there cross the river, then retrace his steps and make his attack upon the capital. Before quitting Southwark he paid his soldiers their wages and issued a proclamation that if any of his men owed anything to any person in the borough he would see that it was paid. 'But,' we are told, 'there was none complained; the inhabitants said that there was never men behaved

[1] *The Chronicle of Queen Jane.*

themselves so honestly as his company did there for the time of their abode.' [1]

By nightfall Kingston Bridge was reached. The bridge had been broken by the Queen's party, and the timbers were blocking up the river. Several soldiers plunged into the stream, and by the aid of the floating rafters swam to the opposite side, loosened the boats that were moored there, and before morning Wyatt and his troops had been safely rowed across. Lacking victuals the rebel leader pressed forward the same day and reached Knightsbridge, where he halted for the night. His arrival was anticipated and defensive measures had at once been adopted. The cavalry were drawn up at St. James's, the infantry were under arms at Charing Cross, at Westminster there was a strong guard, whilst St. Paul's Churchyard was stored with armoury ready to be despatched, if wanted, either to the Tower or Charing Cross. Upon the first onset success favoured the arms of Wyatt. At Charing Cross the Royal troops were forced to fall back before the vigour of his charge, and the rebels passed Temple Bar and Fleet Street without opposition, until they were checked by the barriers at Ludgate. Here for the first time matters looked serious. Lord William Howard refused the rebels admittance, the citizens, on whom the Kentish men had so fondly relied, showed no signs of rising, and Wyatt, mortified and disheartened, sat him down at the Belle Sauvage gate to consider his position. He could not advance, yet in his rear were the Royal troops

[1] *The Chronicle of Queen Jane.*

now galloping along the narrow uneven roadway of the Strand in hot pursuit. What course was he to adopt? He resolved upon beating a retreat and cutting his way through the cavalry of Pembroke, in the hope that he might reach the open fields at Knightsbridge.

It was a terrible alternative, and before his men had fought their way back to Temple Bar he saw that escape was useless. He was surrounded by cavalry, and behind the troopers were the infantry that had marched up from Charing Cross. William Harvey, the herald at arms, came up to him and said: 'Master Wyatt, you were best by my counsel to yield. You see this day has gone against you, and in resisting you can get no good, but be the death of all these your soldiers, to your great peril of soul. Perchance you may find the Queen merciful, and the rather if you stint so great a bloodshed as is like here to be.' 'If I shall needs yield,' cried Wyatt, almost cowed by the situation in which he found himself—though his men were ready to fight to the death—'I will yield me to a gentleman.' But before the remark had well nigh issued from his lips he was seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley and taken prisoner. The capture of their chief led to a brief resistance by the Kentish men, but the rebels were soon overpowered and their ringleaders fell an easy prey to the captains of the Royal forces. 'Thus,' wrote Renard to his master, 'the Lord gave the victory to her Majesty, with only the loss of two men and three wounded, which is evidently a miracle.' On the side of the rebels some forty men were killed.

At five o'clock in the evening of the day which had been so fatal to his interests, Wyatt, with several of his companions, was brought by water to the Tower. As he passed under the frowning portals of Traitor's Gate he was greeted by Sir Philip Deny, who helped the prisoners to alight, with the words, 'Go, traitor! there was never such a traitor in England!' Wyatt fiercely turned upon his accuser. 'I am no traitor,' he said; 'I would thou should well know thou art more traitor than I; and it is not the part of an honest man to call me so.' Then he walked up the steps and was received by Sir John Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower. His reception foreshadowed the treatment that was to follow. 'Oh, thou villain and unhappy traitor!' cried Sir John, shaking his prisoner by the collar, and alluding to the fact that Wyatt had been implicated in the conspiracy to place Jane Grey on the throne but had been pardoned, 'how couldst thou find in thy heart to work such detestable treason to the Queen's majesty, who, being thy most gracious sovereign lady, gave thee thy life and living once already, although thou didst before this time bear arms in the field against her? And now to make such a great and most traitorous stir, giving her battle to her marvellous trouble and fright. And if it was not that the law must justly pass upon thee, I would strike thee through with my dagger.' To whom Wyatt, looking grimly upon the Lieutenant, thus curtly made answer, 'It is no mystery now.' He was then conducted to the dungeons below the Tower, and was confined, if report speaks

correctly, in the cell called 'Little Ease,' there to await the masked executioner and the heading-block.

With the leading rebels safely imprisoned the dangers of the revolt were passed, and Mary was more firmly placed upon her throne than ever. She at once wrote to the father of her future husband, the Emperor Charles, who had always taken a keen interest in her affairs, regretting the hasty departure of those envoys who had come purposely to treat of her marriage.

'Monseigneur,' she wrote,[1] 'I am exceedingly displeased that the rebels of my kingdom should have caused the departure of your ambassadors accredited to my court in such haste, and fear that they can give you but little news of what has lately passed. But as it has pleased God that the rebels were compelled to discover their traitorous designs before being ripe, and that now most of them are in prison or have fled the kingdom, I hope my affairs will be placed on a firmer footing, and that the alliance entered into with his Highness the Prince, my cousin, may be concluded. The swift punishment which has attended upon this rebellion will purge the realm of all such foes, as your Majesty will hear from my loyal and well-loved Lord Fitzwater, the bearer of this letter, who will inform you of the victory God has granted me, and why, owing to the hasty departure of your ambassadors, no reply has been returned to the letters they delivered me. He is also instructed to inform your Majesty with what pleasure your

[1] *Transcripts.* London, Feb. 11, 1554.

correspondence is received by me, and how great is my gratitude for the service and friendship displayed to me by you. To your ambassador resident here I am under deep obligations; his presence and counsel have been a great consolation to me in my late troubles. Praying the Creator to grant your Majesty a long life and perfect health,

'Your very humble daughter, sister, and cousin,

'MARY.'

And now, during the next few weeks, the axe of the headsman and the ropes of the gibbets were busy, launching all who were in any way connected with the late rebellion into eternity. 'At every corner,' said the French ambassador, 'the eye meets nothing but the vile sight of hanging men.' Wyatt had his execution deferred in the hope that certain precious State secrets might be drawn from his lips by the promise of pardon. Renard had throughout the rebellion been doing his utmost to poison the mind of Mary against her sister. He had assured the Queen that, so long as the Princess Elizabeth was at large, agitation and revolt would ever be making themselves felt. Certain suspicious circumstances had, too, supported his arguments. Elizabeth, during the recent rebellion, had been discovered to be in close communication with France—no friend to the cause of Mary. A letter written by Wyatt to her had also fallen into the hands of the Council; nay more, the rebel leader himself, unmanned by the terrors of the scaffold, had sought to purchase dear

life by implicating the Princess in the late conspiracy. He had revealed nothing very definite, it is true, in his forced confessions, but still enough to induce a jealous sovereign to issue orders for the confinement of the suspected person. Elizabeth was then at Ashbridge, and Sir Henry Bedingfield was instructed to bring her to Whitehall. On her arrival at the palace Mary refused to see her, and the unhappy girl underwent a rigorous examination at the hands of the Council. She admitted having entered into a private correspondence with France, but expressed the utmost abhorrence of Wyatt's proceedings, and vowed she knew nothing of them. She was ordered to be committed to the Tower. The day before that dread sentence was to be carried out—for a cell in the Tower was often the half-way house to that Tower Green upon which but three weeks since the Lady Jane Grey had met her doom—Elizabeth sat down before her guards in her vigilantly watched apartment, and wrote to her obdurate sister. The letter lies before me, penned in a round, bold, boyish hand, every stroke firm and distinct—a letter written without hesitation or alteration. However humble and piteous are its contents, there is no sign of timidity in the drawing up of this pleading epistle.

'If any ever did try this olde saying,' she wrote,[1] 'that a kinge's worde was more than another man's othe [oath], I most humbly beseche your Majestie to

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Mary, Mar. 16, 1554. [Endorsed by Lord Coke, 'Queen Elizabeth, my dear Sovereign's, letter to Queen Mary *in vinculis*.'] The letter is written without any stops, but, to assist the reader, I have punctuated it.

verefie it in me, and to remember your last promis, and my last demaunde, that I be not condemned without answer and due proof; wiche it semes that now I am. For that without cause provid, I am, by your counsel, from you commanded to go unto the Tower, a place more wonted for a false traitor than a tru subject, wiche thogth [though] I knowe I deserve it not, yet in the face of al this realme aperes that it is provid; wiche I pray God I may dy the shamefullist dethe that ever any died, afore I may mene [mean] any suche thinge. And to this present hower I protest afor God (who shal juge my trueth) whatsoever malice shal devis, that I never practised, conciled [concealed] nor consented to anythinge that migth [might] be prejudicial to your parson [person] any way, or daungerous to the State by any mene. And therefor I humbly beseche your Majestie to let me answer afore your selfe and not suffer me to trust your counselors; yea, and that afore I go to the Tower (if it be possible), if not, afor I be further condemned. Howbeit I trust assuredly your Highness wyl give me leve to do it afore I go; for that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on as now I shal be, yea, and without cause. Let consciens move your Highness to take some bettar way with me than to make me be condemned in all men's sigth [sight] afore my desert knowen.

'Also I must humbly beseche your Highness to pardon this my boldnes wiche innocencey procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindnis, wiche I trust wyl not se [see] me cast away without

desert, wiche, what it is, I wold desier no more of God but that you truly knewe; wiche thinge I thinke and beleve you shal never by report knowe unles by yourself you hire [hear]. I have harde [heard] in my time of many cast away for want of comminge to the presence of ther Prince; and in late days I harde my lord of Somerset say that if his brother had bin sufferd to speke with him he had never sufferd; but the perswasions wer made to him so gret [great] that he was brogth [brought] in belefe that he coulde not live safely if the Admiral lived, and that made him give his consent to his dethe.[1] Thogth [though] thes parsons ar not to be compared to your Majestie, yet I pray God as ivel [evil] perswasions perswade not one sistar again the other, and al for that she have harde false report and not harkene [hearkened] to the trueth knowen. Therefor ons [once] again kniling [kneeling] with humblenes of my hart, bicause I am not sufferd to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speke with your Highness, wiche I wolde not be so bold to desier if I knewe not my selfe most clere as I knowe my selfe most tru. And as for the traitor Wiat, he migth [might] paraventur [peradventure] writ me a lettar, but on my faithe I never receved any from him; and as for the copie of my lettar sent to the Frenche kinge I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or

[1] 'My lord of Somerset' was protector and lord treasurer in the reign of Edward VI., to whom he was maternal uncle; 'the admiral' was Lord Seymour of Sudleye, his younger brother, who was beheaded for aiming at the protectorate and for aspiring to the hand of Elizabeth.

lettar by any menes, and to this my truith I wil stande in to my dethe.

'I humbly crave but only one worde of answer from your selfe.

'Your Highness most faithful subject that hath bine from me the beginninge and wyl be to my end.

'ELIZABETH.'

To this letter no answer was vouchsafed. The next morning Elizabeth was lodged in the Tower. As the barge rested against the steps of Traitor's Gate for its unhappy passenger to alight, she cried to the soldiers who were on guard at the entrance of the Tower—'Good people, bear me witness! I come in as no traitor, but as true a woman to the Queen's majesty as any is now living; and thereon will I take death.' Her imprisonment was but of a few weeks' duration. The evidence proffered by Wyatt against her had been withdrawn by the terrified rebel as soon as his manhood had been restored him, and he fully acquitted her of any participation in the late insurrection. It was in vain that Renard, who was ever assuring Mary that as long as the head of Elizabeth was spared, treason and heresy would be rife within the kingdom, himself visited the dungeons of the Tower and promised the rebel that if he confessed matters sufficiently compromising to the Princess his life would be spared. Wyatt surlily replied that he had nothing to reveal, and that the Lady Elizabeth was guiltless of all connection with his rising. His life had been spared by the Council so long as it had been

hoped that damaging statements might be wrung from him; now that he had nothing to disclose, or was resolved upon disclosing nothing, there was no reason, ministers said, why the wretch should not be sent to share the same fate as his followers. The Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to have him carried to the Tower Hill, and there to see him beheaded on the ensuing Wednesday, April 11, 1554. Romance has asserted that Wyatt was put to the rack, and when in the Tower was confronted with Elizabeth, before whom, awed by her majestic air of indignation, he withdrew all his damaging charges. History possesses no evidence for either of these assertions.

At the appointed day Wyatt was led up the steps of his dungeon and, for the first time since his capture at Temple Bar, breathed the fresh air of heaven. He was dressed in the same clothes which he wore on his first passing under the spokes of Traitor's Gate—'a shirt with sleeves very fair, and thereon a velvet cassock and a yellow lace, with the windlass of his dag hanging thereon, and a pair of boots on his legs: on his head he had a fair hat of velvet with broad lace about it.' In his hands he held a book. At the garden pale, hard by the Lieutenant's lodgings, which separated Tower Green from the ominous Hill, he took leave of the secretary, one Master Bourne. 'I pray you, sir,' said the condemned, 'pray for me, and be a mean to the Queen for my poor wife and children; and if it might have pleased her Grace to have granted me my life, I would have trusted to have done her

such good service as should have well recompensed mine offence: but since not, I beseech God have mercy on me.' To the which Bourne made no answer. Supported by two attendants, Wyatt then walked towards the Hill, which, save the guarded place where stood the heading-block and the upright form of the masked executioner, was thronged with spectators. Not a cheer or a prayer, such is the fickleness of mob popularity, in his behalf rent the air; the only cry that arose was 'Long live Queen Mary!' Six weeks ago it was 'A Wyatt! a Wyatt!' 'Down with the bastard!' 'Away with the foreigner!' and the rest of it. But treason to be popular must at least be successful; at the first sign of failure, loyalty, or in other words self-interest, revives.

On ascending the scaffold Wyatt faced the crowd and spoke as follows: 'Good people, I am come presently here to die, being thereunto lawfully and worthily condemned, for I have sorely offended against God and the Queen's majesty, and am sorry therefore. I trust God hath forgiven and taken His mercy upon me. I beseech the Queen's majesty also of forgiveness.' 'She hath forgiven you already,' said Weston, the priest appointed to attend upon the prisoner at his last hour. 'Glad I am of it,' said Wyatt. 'And now,' he continued, 'let every man beware how he taketh anything in hand against the higher powers. Unless God be prosperable to his purpose it will never take good effect or success, and thereof ye may now learn of me. And I pray God I may be the last example in this place for that or any other like.

And whereas it is said abroad that I should accuse my Lady Elizabeth's grace, it is not so. Good people, I assure you I have confessed before the Queen's majesty's honourable Council all those that took part with me and were privy of the conspiracy; but as for my Lady Elizabeth, here I take it upon my death that she never knew of the conspiracy nor of my first rising; and, as touching any fault that is laid to her charge, I cannot accuse her. God I take in witness, and this is most true.'

Then, without more talk he turned him and put off his doublet and untrussed his points. Stripped to his shirt he knelt down on the straw, prayed silently for a brief space, then with his own hands doubled the handkerchief around his eyes and placed his head on the block. He gave the signal by lifting up his hands, and at one stroke his head was severed from his body. 'Then,' writes our chronicler, 'was he forthwith quartered upon the scaffold, and the next day his quarters set at divers places, and his head upon a stake upon the gallows beyond St. James's. Which his head, as is reported, remained not there ten days unstolen away.'

A few weeks after his execution Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and placed under the surveillance of Sir Henry Bedingfield at Woodstock.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

What a strange thing is man, and what a stranger
Is woman!—What a whirlpool is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed
Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind; whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;
The oldest thing on record, and yet new.

It would be difficult to find in the annals of history the reign of any one sovereign which has afforded more opportunities for the bias of the advocate, the malice of the chronicle-monger, and the enthusiasm of the admirer than that of Elizabeth, Queen of England. Not a single incident in the life of Queen Bess, not a letter that she wrote, not a counsel that she gave, not a friend she favoured, not an enemy she persecuted, but has been recorded, commented upon, distorted, and perhaps too well remembered. Sober historians have exhausted their industry to prove that she was one of the greatest of women and noblest of rulers; whilst other writers equally sober, and equally devoted to research for its own sake, have come to the conclusion that she was the most overrated of sovereigns, a vain, peevish, old fribble, and a true daughter of Anne Boleyn—in short, no better than she should be. Men learned in all the

subtleties of legal speculation and accustomed to weigh evidence have spent their days in accumulating materials which justify or condemn her conduct with regard to the ill-fated beauty of her time, the bride of Darnley. Economists and lovers of statistics have searched amid musty Exchequer documents and Household Books to inform us what was the annual expenditure of the great queen: how much she spent upon the little side dishes which tickled her somewhat capricious palate, how many wax candles she burnt, how much (not very much) she gave away in charity, what satins and velvets and lace she bought, what frocks she wore, and what was the extent of the imperial wardrobe at the time of her death. Dryasdusts have pored over the notes of forgotten contemporaries to draw up lists of the country houses she visited, the halting-places which arrested her progress, and the memorials of her stay which she planted.

We know how and with whom she flirted, whose ears she boxed, what stolen interviews she accorded, what letters she wrote and received; we know all about her vanity, her love of admiration, her trick of incessantly fishing for compliments, her miserable meannesses, and how very naughty was the language she often employed when in one of her fits of temper. Nothing about her has been too petty or too sacred to escape the inquisitiveness of modern research. And now a distinguished foreign man of letters comes upon the scene to tell a thrice-told tale of the projects which were set on foot by

that miserable creature the queen-mother of France, to tempt the warm yet self-contained daughter of bluff King Hal into marriage.[1]

It cannot be said that Count de la Ferrière has added much to the matter already possessed by the historical student. When a field has been well gleaned by early arrivals there is seldom anything of note left for a late comer. After the issue of the volumes of State Papers edited by the officials of the Record Office, the investigations of Mr. Froude, and the publication of the transcripts of various archives made by foreign Governments, it is scarcely possible for any recent writer upon the reign of Elizabeth to furnish us with many important discoveries. M. de la Ferrière has, however, done a useful work in bringing together in a small portable volume materials not easily accessible to the ordinary reader, touching a very interesting negotiation in our domestic history; and though his researches among original manuscripts have not been rewarded with the deserts his industry should command, he has still been able to throw here and there some new light upon the question which has engaged his labours. To this new light let us try to give additional lustre from our own reading upon the subject.

During the earlier years of Elizabeth upon the throne no subject more exercised the mind of the advisers of the Crown than that of the succession. If the Queen would but marry, and, in the ordinary

[1] *Les Projets de Mariage de la Reine Elisabeth*, par H. de la Ferrière. Calmann Lévy. Paris, 1882.

course of things, present the nation with an heir, all would be well; the pretensions of Mary Stuart would no longer be dangerous, and the intrigues of the Catholics would no longer have any basis to work upon. Yet Elizabeth, often wooed, often on the eve of consenting, refused to pledge herself irrevocably, and made every suitor who aspired after her hand the laughing-stock of the boudoirs and embassies of Europe. Passionately fond of admiration, she would lure a man on by smiles and promises to declare his intentions, and then would dismiss him coldly and harshly—only a few weeks afterwards perhaps to reopen negotiations, and raise the falsest of hopes once more in the breast of her confused lover. Yet with the exactingness of the finished coquette, who demands everything but will concede nothing, she considered every man upon whom she had once smiled as her own exclusive property; as one to whom every other woman must be as naught—did she not forbid the brilliant young Oxford after his marriage to have anything to do with his pretty wife?—and who must ever follow in her train. Why then did she refuse to marry any of the gallants who hovered about her court, and who would have been only too ready to obey her wishes? She gave as her answer that she would never consent to link her fate with one of her subjects. She might flirt with the weak Arundel, or the stately Pickering, or the graceful Hatton, or handsome young Tremaine, or the fascinating Leicester, or the bold Essex, but she knew too well what was due to the dignity of the crown she wore to

raise either of them to share her throne. This excuse might perhaps suffice if the aspirers after her hand were only to be found among her own subjects; but men of royal blood, who could boast a pedigree to which no Tudor ever pretended, men who were sovereigns in their own right, men who were the heirs-apparent to distinguished crowns, were also among the rejected, and fared no better than their humbler rivals. Why did she refuse these, the most eligible of all offers? The foreign suitors who came over to England to woo the fickle daughter of Anne Boleyn formed a goodly band, and the story of their Rejected Addresses is scarcely so well known as not to bear repetition.

The names of the more illustrious *partis* who head the list can soon be dismissed. The prayers of the Duke of Savoy, Elizabeth, when a young girl, speedily silenced, and declined to be persuaded into altering her mind. She refused Philip the Second since her conscience, she declared, would not permit her to marry her brother-in-law. A deliberation, which lasted but a week, was sufficient to dismiss the proposals of the Kings of Sweden and Denmark. Year after year she encouraged and discouraged the hopes of the poor Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Ferdinand; and then, tired of her slave, gave him his *congé*, and thought no more about him. Matters were perhaps a little more serious with the fascinating Duke de Nemours. Elizabeth admired his portrait, took it out of its case in public, lovingly gazing upon it, and then openly said to the Duke's envoy that she

should much like to see the original; and the original, flattered at the request—for who was a greater catch in Europe than this susceptible spinster?—made his preparations to cross the Channel, filled his wardrobe with the most gorgeous of cloaks and doublets, and commanded a splendid retinue to attend upon his steps. However, at the last moment the voyage was abandoned, for the fickle gallant was fascinated elsewhere: '*autres amours*,' says Brantôme, '*serroient le cœur du duc et le tenoient captif*.'

After these failures Catherine de Medicis, the infernal queen-mother of France, now resolved to employ her arts, and see if the wealthy crown of England could not be made to fall into the lap of one of her children. Her eldest son, Charles the Ninth, who as a mere boy had succeeded to the throne of France, was the first claimant. It was to be a marriage purely of convenience, and all considerations, save those of convenience, were to be disregarded. At this time Charles was a lad of fourteen, and Elizabeth a woman of over thirty. Sir Thomas Smith, one of the soundest and most vigilant of envoys, was then our representative at Paris. The queen-mother requested him to accord her an interview at her private apartments. The first move of Catherine was to ascertain how far Elizabeth herself was a free agent. She had heard, said the De Medicis, that the Queen of England was inclined to smile upon the handsome Leicester; was there any secret promise between the two as to a marriage in the future? There was certainly no such arrange-

ment, replied Smith; her Majesty of England entertained undoubtedly a high regard for the fascinating Dudley, but she would never demean herself by marrying a subject. Then if she did not marry a subject, said the practical queen-mother, she must marry, if she marry at all, a foreigner. She had refused Spain, she had refused Denmark and Sweden; did he think she would refuse France? Then she broached the subject; her son Charles, though it was true he was but a boy, yet he wore a crown, and nothing would give her greater pleasure than to embrace Elizabeth—'*la plus parfaite sœur qu'elle eût au monde*'—as her daughter-in-law. Was the proposition likely to be considered? It would receive every attention, politely replied Sir Thomas, and at last it was settled that the French ambassador in London should be informed of the proposal, and be officially charged with the conduct of the negotiation.

Paul de Foix, who owed his diplomatic post entirely to the favour of Catherine, no sooner received his instructions from the arch-matchmaker than he hastened at once to the palace and begged an audience of Elizabeth. The date of their interview, we are told, was February 14, 1565. The Queen received him in the public reception chamber, which was filled with the members of her council and the usual gallants who hovered about the court. Paul had no wish that the proposals he was instructed to make should be listened to by a curious and perhaps malicious world, and requested an interview, since he had something very particular to communicate, of a

more private character. The Queen took him into her own room, and there he handed her the despatch from Catherine in which it was proposed that she should be the bride of France. Elizabeth, we are informed, blushed, in spite of the somewhat hardening nature of her past experiences; then warmly thanked De Foix for the honour Catherine had conferred upon her, but regretted that she was not ten years younger. The offer, she feared, could not be entertained; the King of France was too young and she was too old; should she marry him, she would be an old woman when her husband was in the heyday of his manhood. What would her lot then be? Did she not know what it would be from the fate of her unhappy sister Mary? and sooner than be despised and abandoned, she would die. The Frenchman proceeded to reassure her that the marriage would not be unhappy; she could do what she willed with so young a husband; there was no reason why such marriage should not take place; it would cement the union between two great kingdoms; nor were there any grounds for supposing that in the due course of things the nuptials would not be attended with issue. His pleading prevailed, and Elizabeth said she would think over the matter: there was no harm in this reply since she had given it so often; and none knew better than she how empty, when she chose, could be its real meaning. On taking his departure De Foix hoped that the Queen would keep the proposal secret, and not let it get abroad. 'I know how to preserve silence when necessary,' said Elizabeth, giving the

Frenchman her hand to kiss; 'the life I led during my sister Mary's time taught me at least that.'

Still, in spite of her past experience, she did not keep her word. No sooner had Paul de Foix quitted her apartment than she summoned Cecil, her adviser in chief, and laid the whole matter before him. The prudent minister was opposed to the step, and gave his reasons. The Queen was double the age of the King of France, and that was in itself a most formidable objection; the marriage might have a tendency to place England as a subordinate to France; finally, it would drag England into various European squabbles. France fighting with Spain for the acquisition of Italy, and with Germany for the possession of Metz, it was impossible for England when united to France not to be drawn into the struggle. He considered, summed up Cecil, such a marriage as of no possible service to England, and but of little service to France. He therefore counselled his Queen not to entertain it.

His advice was followed. A few days afterwards Paul was informed by Elizabeth that the marriage could not take place. Such a union, she said, would be disapproved of by her Parliament, and without the consent of her Parliament it was impossible for her to marry. The ambassador declined to be convinced by this excuse. He knew that if any sovereign was independent of her Parliament it was the woman before him, who acted according to her own impulses, and who had not scrupled, when in one of her 'little tempers,' to call her faithful Commons a parcel of 'ignorant

beasts.' It was the duty of Elizabeth, he explained, to sacrifice herself upon the altar of matrimony for the good of her subjects; and since she declined to marry an Englishman, upon whom, then, could her choice better fall than upon a King of France? 'There was a great difference,' pleaded De Foix, 'between the marriages of sovereigns and the marriages of private individuals. A private person could marry according to his or her wishes, but sovereigns ought to forget their own inclinations in order to assure the welfare of their subjects. Charles the Ninth was in the flower of his youth, and, indeed if any objection was to be raised to the match, it ought rather to come from him and those who acted on his side. The union was sure to be blessed with children. The eldest son would succeed to the throne of France, whilst the second would reign in England. France and England would thenceforth be closely united, and England need never fear in the future a French invasion. But even if there should be no issue to the marriage, there would be no necessity for Elizabeth to quit her kingdom; the King of France would be content to come over from time to time to visit her.' The Queen again gave her customary reply that she would think the matter over, and the interview ended.

Issuing from her apartments, Elizabeth encountered Guzman de Silva, the Spanish ambassador, walking up and down the corridor in deep meditation. 'I hear,' said his Excellency, bowing low, 'that your Majesty is about to marry the King of France.'

Elizabeth, as we know, had promised De Foix to keep the matter secret; but when was the preservation of secrecy within the province of woman? The temptation was too strong to be resisted. The Queen bent her head for a moment, and then looked up with a merry laugh. 'I must confess to you,' she said, 'because we are in Lent, and you are my friend. You are right; there *has* been a question of my marrying the King of France, just as there had been a question some time before of my marrying either the King of Sweden or of Denmark. All Europe, it appears, wishes to marry me, save your royal prince, who is the only one who does not persecute me.'

'Ah, madame!' broke in De Silva, 'the cause of that silence is easily explained. My master believes you will not marry; he offered your Majesty his own hand, and it was rejected; he,' sighed the ambassador reproachfully, 'the greatest prince in the world, and to whom your Majesty in times past was under so many obligations!'

'True,' replied Elizabeth, 'in those days I did not think of marriage—indeed, if I could only appoint my successor I would never think of it even now. My health has never been strong. but my subjects press me so upon the point that I cannot put the question on one side. A woman who is unmarried is so exposed to the designs of the world; some declaring that she is deformed, whilst others assert that her conduct is improper. It was said that I would not marry because I was attached to my lord of Leicester, and that I could not marry him as he had

a wife already. Well, now he is a widower, and yet I have no intention of marrying him. God knows I speak truly. But as to this marriage with France, what do you say? Would you counsel it?'

'I should say,' replied De Silva, 'that the road was neither good nor short, and that even on a broad road there are always certain bad steps.' Spain had no desire to see the balance of Europe disturbed by an alliance between England and France. This answer all the more confirmed Elizabeth in her resolve.

Meanwhile Catherine de Medicis did not abandon the negotiation. 'There are only three objections to this union,' she said to Sir Thomas Smith. 'The first is as to the age of the parties. My son is young, but if your Queen will put up with that I will in my turn put up with her age.' The boy-king was present, and he joined in the conversation. 'I wish your mistress,' he pouted, 'would be as content with my age as I am content with hers.' 'The second difficulty,' continued Catherine, 'would be the necessity for the Queen of England residing in France.' Sir Thomas admitted that such necessity, if it indeed was absolutely necessary, was in itself an overwhelming objection. 'But could not she,' asked the queen-mother, 'find among her advisers some one to govern as her lieutenant in her absence?' The English, remarked the ambassador, were not so easily ruled by subordinates; and besides, lieutenants, when in a position of authority, had an awkward habit of becoming insolent and oppressive. This development of the question failed to impress the queen-mother.

The third objection, she went on, was that the English might be discontented at such a marriage, and give rise to a partial revolt; but surely, argued Catherine, accustomed to the high-handed proceedings across the Channel, an alliance between England and France should be strong enough to suppress any agitation that might be created. Sir Thomas cautiously replied that he had received no instructions as to that point. Then he asked, turning to the boy, who throughout had been fully in favour of the union, 'Why does his Majesty himself wish it? If he were three or four years older, if he had seen the Queen and were really in love with her, then I could understand this eagerness on his part.' 'But I do love her!' cried the child-king, 'indeed I do, very much!' 'At your age,' drily replied Sir Thomas, 'one does not know what love is. A marriage such as is proposed must rest upon a solid basis, and cannot be entered into except after the most serious deliberation.' The ambassador, however, said he was authorised to state that though Elizabeth had expressed herself as opposed to the match, yet she would not think of any other offer whilst the proposal of France was under the consideration of her advisers. During the next few weeks, frequent were the interviews between Catherine and Sir Thomas and Cecil and De Foix; still nothing definite was arrived at. Elizabeth hesitated and postponed, saying one thing at one time and another thing at the next, until De Foix at last, thoroughly disgusted at the shuffling character of the whole negotiation, wrote home that the Queen would not

marry, and that the counsellors of Charles the Ninth had better turn their attention to an object more deserving of their regard than the fickle mistress of England. The advice was acted upon, and all pursuit of the match was dropped. Subsequently Elizabeth often inquired after her boy-lover, but on this occasion she never attempted to reopen the negotiations that had fallen through. 'The King of France,' she said, 'is both too great and too little.'

Five years now passed, and still Elizabeth could not make up her resolve to enter into the marriage state. She pretended to be jealous when she heard that the French king was engaged to Elizabeth of Austria; she flirted desperately with Leicester, promising to marry him, yet at the same time she did not show herself cruel to the Archduke Charles. Still, in her own mind it would appear as if she had secretly determined never to allow any one to share her crown. She would write love-letters, she would accord sweet interviews, she would coquet with those she favoured, and raise in their breasts the most ambitious of hopes, but she would definitely decide nothing. She flirted not because it might lead to marriage, but rather because it prevented marriage. In the multitude of lovers there was safety. 'I shall never believe in her marriage,' said an envoy, 'until the ring is on her finger and the bed-curtains drawn.' And now a fresh negotiation was set on foot to turn her from the arid path of spinsterhood. The crown of England was too splendid a prize not to be worth many a struggle to secure: Catherine de Medicis was

not to be deterred by one rebuff; she still hankered after Elizabeth, and keenly desired to admit her into the family of Valois. If the eldest son of the house had been unsuccessful, there was no reason why the second son, her beloved Duke of Anjou, should not be more fortunate. The queen-mother resolved to enter into fresh negotiations. As she had commissioned Paul de Foix in the case of Charles the Ninth, so now she instructed La Mothe-Fénelon, her representative in London, to open the proceedings in the cause of Monsieur, as the Duke of Anjou, since he was the heir-apparent to the throne of France, was called.

Elizabeth, when the delicate matter was broached to her, was not unwilling to entertain the idea; indeed, her Majesty of England was seldom unwilling to *think* of any man; she would think, and that was all; thought never developed into action, or led to any practical result. The Queen liked what she called a 'proper man,' one handsome in face, graceful in carriage, tall in stature, sound in limb, and who excelled in manly exercises. Among all the aspirants whom she had at one time or another encouraged, there was not a man—and from Courtenay to Essex the list is a crowded one—who was not pleasing to look upon. Now the Duke of Anjou was essentially a 'proper man.' 'He is taller than I am by an inch,' writes Walsingham to Leicester, who had been somewhat curious as to the appearance of his successor, 'rather pale, well made, and with long limbs. If all that one sees is as good as what one does not see, he

is healthy enough. At first sight he seems haughty, but on acquaintance he is courteous, and far more easy of access than either of his brothers. He has numerous friends, partly for his own sake and partly to humour his mother, with whom he is the favourite son.' Tall, with well-cut features, and the dark languishing eyes which made the women of the Valois race so bewitching, the young Duke was the most favoured of all the favoured gallants in the loosest court of Europe. He had begun life as a soldier, and had brilliantly distinguished himself in two battles; but he soon permitted himself—after his sword had been sheathed in his scabbard—to be corrupted by the idle and voluptuous life which then made Paris the most courted city on the Continent. His early manhood was passed in one succession of what are called 'conquests'—though when the citadel is ever ready to surrender, conquest is perhaps too strong a word to employ. He was a consummate dandy, and spent enormous sums upon his wardrobe; he was given to much jewellery, and his white, well-shaped hands, of which he was very proud, were covered with brilliants. His disposition was generous, and the presents he bestowed upon the frail beauties who attended upon Catherine de Medicis were said to be lavish in the extreme. 'If the Queen, your mistress,' said a great French seigneur to Walsingham, who had gone over to Paris to sound the queen-mother, 'is not content with Monseigneur, she should never marry, but at once take the oath of perpetual virginity.'

Elizabeth was, however, perfectly willing to be

contented—at least for a time. She carefully studied the portrait of the young Duke, considered him handsomer than the Duke de Nemours, and hoped that he would take boat and pay her a visit at Greenwich. Lord Buckhurst was despatched upon a special mission to Catherine to support Walsingham, and to give expression to the views of Elizabeth upon the matter. Her Majesty, he said, was desirous of entering into an alliance with France; she was honoured with the attentions of the Duke of Anjou, and it was her wish seriously to consider them. The queen-mother, who was perfectly aware of the weakness of the daughter of Anne Boleyn for tempting a man on by false promises to a certain point, and then quietly deserting him for a newer and therefore more fascinating rival, was resolved, now that her favourite son was concerned, to tolerate no feminine trickery in the matter. She replied that if she was sure that Elizabeth really intended marriage, and would not behave to the Duke of Anjou as she had behaved to the others who had pretended to her hand, both she and the King of France were in favour of the match; but she must be assured that there would be no evasion in the negotiations, no giving of promises and then withdrawal of them, as had been the case with the brother of Monsieur. Buckhurst thereupon declared that he had been especially charged to say that the Queen of England had resolved upon marriage, that she would not marry one of her subjects, and that she was desirous of uniting herself with one of the royal houses on the Continent. The Duke of Anjou, he urged,

pleased her, and the alliance was in every way a suitable one. Her other royal suitors—the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and the Archduke Charles—were poor, and belonged to countries at a great distance from England. The Duke of Anjou, on the contrary, was a near neighbour, and the dependent of a great king; in the present state of Europe an alliance between England and France was most desirable. Catherine, thus reassured, was of the same opinion; she entered into details with Buckhurst, and drew up a series of articles upon which the proposed marriage was to be based, which she requested the envoy on his return to England to place in the hands of Elizabeth. The interview then ended.

Similar proceedings were being carried on in London. La Mothe-Fénelon was frequently closeted with the Queen, and spoke so glowingly of the beauty of the Duke of Anjou, the charm of his manner, and the grace and vigour of his bearing, that the impulsive Elizabeth—for, like all fickle characters, she was very impulsive—could scarcely restrain herself when this prodigy was under discussion. She must see the Duke, she blurted forth; she knew he was most agreeable; all who had come in contact with him were fascinated by him; why could he not cross the Channel and pay her a visit at once? She wrote eagerly to Walsingham that she had made up her mind to marry, and to accept the hand of the Duke of Anjou if he now came forward; she, however, requested her representative to entrust the negotiation entirely to the queen-mother, who had had 'con-

siderable experience in cases of this sort, and would suggest all that was required in the matter.' Woman-like, however, she inserted what was the most important item in her epistle in the postscript. 'As regards religion,' wrote Elizabeth, 'on no account would she permit the Duke openly to profess the Catholic faith.'

It is remarkable how often people whose lives evince little of the control and teaching of the creed they profess, are resolute, whilst discarding the animating spirit of their religion, in maintaining its mechanism whole and intact. Elizabeth, who always displayed the utmost malevolence towards those she disliked, who did not scruple when she deemed it advisable to tell a downright lie, and who, in her various passages of love, acted with so marked and open an indiscretion as to appear in the eyes of many most culpable, at least consoled herself with the soothing reflection that she was a firm pillar of the Anglican Church, and a staunch upholder of the Book of Common Prayer. In like manner the Duke of Anjou, who was leading a life of notorious dissipation, and whose amours, even when he was supposed to be a claimant to the hand of the Queen of England, were the talk of Paris, was the most devoted of Catholics, and an intolerant foe of Protestantism of all shades. Between these two fervent followers of their faith a collision naturally ensued, when love began to occupy itself with business details. Elizabeth, as the queen of a Protestant country, and the hope of the Huguenots and the Low Countries, then

in revolt against Spain, would not permit the Duke, if he became her husband, to offend the feelings of her people by the open exercise of his religion. In his turn Monsieur avowed himself a true Catholic, and refused to worship in secret. 'I have no wish,' said Elizabeth, 'to see the Duke abandon his religion; for if he abandoned his faith he would not hesitate, when it suited his purpose, to desert me; but upon one matter I am resolved—mass must be celebrated in secret.' Whilst this question was being mooted Buckhurst arrived from Paris with the articles of marriage, drawn up by the queen-mother. They were brief and clear. The marriage was to be performed according to the ceremonies of the Church of Rome. The Duke of Anjou, both for himself and his household, was to have perfect liberty to openly profess and practise his religion. The marriage entered into, the Duke was to be styled King, and to administer the affairs of the kingdom conjointly with the Queen. He was to be crowned. He was to receive an annual sum of 60,000*l.* charged upon the revenues of England. Should the Queen die before him he was to retain the title of King, and continue to administer the affairs of the realm. A perpetual union was to be established between the two kingdoms.

These articles were strongly disapproved of both by Cecil and Elizabeth; if they were carried out, said the minister, they would create much scandal and perhaps turbulence throughout the kingdom. He advised his sovereign to reject them altogether. Cecil,

however, was not in love. The Queen was of the same opinion; so clever a woman could not have thought otherwise; but as her heart, or rather her fancy, was touched by all the accounts she had heard of the young Duke, she was unwilling to approach the subject with the resolve necessary to end the negotiation one way or the other. She hesitated, postponed, procrastinated. La Mothe was a frequent visitor in her apartments, and the wily ambassador knew well how to plead his cause. He flattered the Queen to the top of her bent, and encouraged on every occasion the interest she avowed she felt in the husband proposed to her. He spoke of how deeply enamoured the Duke was with her charms; how much he valued her intellectual superiority to other women; how fond he was of England and everything English, and the like—the Duke who was leading the life of the true Parisian *viveur*, and who was then indifferent to any other woman but Mdlle. Châteauneuf! Elizabeth, when her vanity was pampered, was very credulous and easily led. She permitted herself to be captivated. In the midst of some grave discussion or the drawing up of some important State paper she would suddenly break off the conversation and talk of the charms of her lover. 'Ah!' she cried, 'in another seven years I shall be an old woman, and Monsieur will then be handsomer than ever; at the present moment I may please him, but,' she sighed reflectively, 'in the future!' Then she would anxiously inquire whether the Duke had been told what a pretty little foot she had, how white and well rounded was

her arm, and how both artists and sculptors raved about her beautiful hands—he, whose hands were said to be so beautiful, could not, she observed, but admire hers. The ambassador gravely assured her that the Duke thought himself the most fortunate of men, and was eagerness itself to become the possessor of all such charms.

One of the equerries of the Duke, a Captain Larchant, had been sent over to Elizabeth with a *billet-doux* from her lover. The Queen read it with much delight, kept it as the most cherished of her relics, but declined to reply to it. La Mothe begged her to vouchsafe some answer to her anxious suitor. Elizabeth at first positively refused ; she was as coy as the shyest of maidens ; she should not know what to say, she modestly pleaded ; she was sure the pen would fall from her fingers if she even tried to write ; she had never written to any of the princes who had done her the honour of paying her court, and other similar excuses. The prayers of La Mothe, however, at last prevailed, and the Queen placed in the hands of Larchant the following epistle :

Monseigneur, combien que ma dignité excède ma personne et que mon royal rang me fait douter que mon royaume est plus recherché que moi-même, si est-ce que la réputation que j'ai entendue par mon ambassadeur et aussi par votre gentilhomme *que avez conçue de quelques grâces miennes*, me fait croire que la règle de notre affection se tirera par la force de choses plus excellentes qu'oncques ai connues en moi résider, et pourtant me fâche en pensant que mon

insuffisance ne pourroit satisfaire à une telle opinion que M. de Larchant m'a déclaré que déjà en avez conçue, espérant que vous n'aurez occasion de vous repentir de cet honneur que de jour en autre me faites.'

Still the religious question, the more it was considered, the more formidable it appeared. The Catholic party, both in France and Spain, were strongly opposed to the meditated union, branding Elizabeth as a heretic, and stigmatising her conduct in the past with the young men she affected as light in the extreme. One accusation particularly angered her Majesty, who, like all spinsters whose charms are somewhat on the wane, was especially sensitive to all personal remarks of a disparaging nature. She had been taunted by many an enemy in Edinburgh and Paris with her red hair, her freckles, the parrot-like prominence of her nose, her angularity of figure, and the rest; and the Queen, sharp in retort, had denounced her detractors in all the choicest terms of her fluent Tudor vocabulary. The malevolent wits of Paris now added to their list of unfounded charges by spreading a report that the flame of the Duke of Anjou was lame in one of her legs. Elizabeth, when this piece of spite reached her ears, carried to her no doubt by some candid friend, was almost hysterical with rage. She sent at once for La Mothe. 'I know the author of this report,' she cried; 'he is a man holding a high position at your court. He has had the baseness to declare openly that I have an affection in my leg which is incurable, and that it will be

a good excuse, when I am once married to the Duke of Anjou, to poison me off, so that my husband, when a widower, may marry Mary Stuart and become the master of this island.' La Mothe vowed upon his honour that he had never heard of this miserable story: he was inexpressibly grieved at the circulation of so offensive a calumny; and begged the Queen to give him the name of the slanderer, so that his sovereign might pass upon the culprit the punishment he so richly deserved. 'The moment is not opportune,' replied Elizabeth, 'for me to give you his name; but ascertain first whether what I have said is not true; then, if you wish it, I will tell you even more.' The barbed dart rankled long in her mind, and it was some time before Elizabeth was calm enough to forget the insult. Weeks afterwards she met La Mothe, and regretted that he had not been present at the ball given by Lord Northampton, as he could then have seen her dance, and have been able to assure the Duke of Anjou that there was no danger of his being united to a 'cripple,' whatever else she might be.

The match, however, was not to come off. If the Catholics on the Continent were opposed to this mixed marriage, the Protestants at home were in their turn equally hostile to it, unless the Duke of Anjou consented to the restrictions imposed upon him. These conditions Monsieur warmly declined even to consider. He was a Catholic, and he would worship as a Catholic, and after no other fashion. Elizabeth was equally obstinate, and it now seemed

as if both parties had had enough of these lingering negotiations, and wanted to be rid of each other. The queen-mother was also beginning to throw cold water upon the proceedings, since she thought she saw a prospect of obtaining a crown for each of her sons. The throne of Poland was vacant, and Catherine preferred that her cherished son should succeed to it, rather than lose his religion by sharing the English crown; especially as, if England was desirous of a union with France, there still remained the Duke of Alençon, the youngest son, to be proposed as the husband of Elizabeth. The Queen of England herself was also, with her usual fickleness, becoming less and less keen about her suitor; she would throw him over as she had the rest. 'I am persuaded,' wrote Leicester to Walsingham, 'that at the present moment the Queen has no inclination for marriage. The religious difficulty is but an excuse, and between ourselves she will be well pleased if the obstacles already in the way increased rather than diminished.'

Yet events did not precisely take the turn expected by Elizabeth. Fickle, insincere, and unscrupulous, she did not hesitate when it suited her suddenly to dismiss a lover, but it was a new experience for her in like manner to be abandoned. No one is more sensitive to the fangs than the habitual biter. Sir Thomas Smith was instructed to demand an audience of the queen-mother, in order that the negotiation should be definitely settled. 'The only obstacle,' said Catherine, thinking all the while of Warsaw, 'is as to religion. The Duke is so attached

to the Catholic faith that he would consider himself as damned already if he were not permitted to practise it. Upon that point he is decided, for I have no influence over my son.' 'Would he not be content,' asked Smith, 'to hear mass in a private chapel?' 'The Duke is *si dévot*,' replied Catherine, 'that he attends two or three masses a day, and fasts so rigorously as to make himself quite ill; indeed, I wish he were a Huguenot rather than thus to compromise his health. The practice of the Catholic faith in secret, such as your mistress agrees to sanction, would *not* content him. He is resolved upon professing his faith openly with all the ceremonies of the Catholic church in full display—priests in their robes, monks, pilgrimages, relics, and the rest.' 'It is impossible,' said Smith. 'But your Queen might ask the consent of her Parliament to this?' asked Catherine. 'It is impossible,' again replied Smith. Thereupon the interview ended, and negotiation as to the proposed alliance was not resumed.

The Queen of England was deeply mortified at the result. She had wished to impose her conditions upon her lover, and if he refused them to give him his *congé* before a mocking Europe: it was she, however, who now had to taste the bitterness of rejection. The Duke not only declined to accept her conditions, but rigorously imposed his own. Should she refuse them, the queen-mother was instructed to say that it was useless to proceed any further. For once the tables had been turned, and it was the lover who threw over the mistress. The self-love of Elizabeth was cruelly

hurt. 'We are not content,' wrote Cecil to Walsingham, 'with this business of the Duke of Anjou. France has unduly protracted the negotiations, and then terminated them not in a friendly spirit towards us. I do not say what I think of the discontent evinced by her Majesty upon a subject about which it is necessary for us to dissemble, since we cannot now afford to make enemies.'

Still it was the wish of the queen-mother that the crown of England should not go out of the Valois family. Catherine had engaged to gain the hand of Elizabeth for her eldest son, and had failed; she had then brought forward her cherished second son as a claimant, but subsequently had thought it more prudent to withdraw his pretensions; there was yet a third son, the Duke of Alençon, and he was now to be advanced to play his little part in this comedy of Rejected Addresses. England was in need of a stout ally; the realm was torn by internal divisions between Catholics and Protestants; Ireland was turbulent; there was war in Scotland; Spain had been alienated; a union with France was of the gravest necessity—the distress of England was an opportunity not to be lost sight of by Catherine de Medici. And yet the queen-mother was not sanguine. Her youngest son was very different both physically and morally from his brother of Anjou. Far below the middle height in stature, a face devoid of a single feature which could give it charm, a complexion like discoloured ivory, the Duke of Alençon was in every respect a pitiable object to be put forward as a claimant for the

hand of a woman who had never tolerated a suitor for one moment unless his personal appearance had been considerably in his favour. Nor did the moral character of the Duke compensate, as is so often the case, for any lack of physical advantages. Spiteful, opinionated, combative, and cleverly mischievous, he was never happy unless he was fomenting feuds and throwing the apple of discord among every community he affected. 'You wish to know what manner of man he is,' writes the Venetian ambassador: 'know then that his complexion is brownish and marked with the small-pox; his figure is small but well set up; his hair is black, and curls naturally; he wears it brushed up in front, which makes his face longer than it otherwise would be. He affects to be popular, but his promises of reform, of which he is lavish, are only used as a mask to conceal his unbounded love for turbulence and divisions.'

Such was the man who was now proposed to fascinate the hawked-about Elizabeth. When the match was seriously broached by Catherine to her ambassador, La Mothe looked grave. 'The Queen will think we wish to mock her,' said he, mindful of the difference between an Alençon and an Anjou. But when he found that Cecil was not so hostile to the suggestion as had been anticipated, he agreed to exert his influence to promote the negotiations when once they were entered into. Cecil was in favour of Alençon for three reasons: he wished an alliance with France; he considered that there would be no difficulty as to the religious question; and Alençon

being the third son, there was little chance of his succeeding to the throne of France, and thus bringing the two kingdoms into collision. The minister availed himself of the first opportunity to sound his royal mistress upon the subject. 'But he is a mere boy,' said Elizabeth; 'he is eighteen, and I am thirty-eight—all the difficulties one anticipated with the eldest brother would but be increased if I accepted the youngest.' Cecil was silent. 'Pray how tall is the Duke?' asked Elizabeth. 'About my height,' replied Cecil. 'You mean,' said the Queen snappishly, 'as tall as your little grandson.' Catherine de Medici was, however, not to be deterred from her ambition in obtaining a crown for each of her three sons by any remonstrance which came from so weak a quarter. She knew the full value of one of Elizabeth's nods where her vanity was concerned. A flattering portrait of the Duke of Alençon was sent to London from Paris. Elizabeth showed it to Leicester. 'He is not to be compared with the Duke of Anjou,' said she, 'still he is better looking than I had been led to believe. The marks of the small-pox, too, may disappear with time; but he is too young for me to marry.' Montmorency had been despatched by Catherine to plead the cause of the Valois boy. 'He is not too young,' said he; 'and how much better for one like your Majesty, who is accustomed to command and who loves to rule, not to be interfered with! A young husband would be the most obedient and docile of princes. There would be no dispute as to religious matters. The Duke was

no bigot; he would not obtrude his faith, but would be content to practise it quietly and without scandal; all his Highness desired was that he might find favour in the eyes of her Majesty, and be her accepted suitor.' For a whole month Elizabeth contented herself with hesitation and evasive replies; then she said that if her subjects desired it she would consider the matter; finally she ended by avowing to her advisers that it was her intention to marry, and dropping her voice said softly to the French ambassador that she wished to see the Duke very much.

No sooner had Alençon been made aware of this request than he hastened to make preparations to cross the Channel. A terrible event delayed his departure, and nearly crushed his hopes at the very outset.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew had taken place, and had filled the mind of every Protestant in Europe with horror and indignation. Elizabeth dressed herself in deep mourning, received the French ambassador in stern silence, and declared that after such an awful deed she would not ally herself with the house of Valois. It was only when she had been assured by Sir Thomas Smith that Alençon had been strongly opposed to the massacre, that he was friendly to the Huguenots, and that the course he had pursued had exposed him to the persecution of the French court, that the horror-stricken Queen relented, and agreed to reconsider the proposals for the marriage. Maisonfleur, an agent of the young Duke, was sent over to England to have an interview with Elizabeth, and

propitiate her in favour of her lover. Aware that the physical disadvantages under which Alençon laboured had created a deep impression upon the mind of the Queen, he began his mission by toning down the defects in the portrait of his master. 'I can assure you, madame,' he said, 'your Majesty has formed a wrong idea of the Duke. He is about my height, well-proportioned, and his face scarcely marred by the small-pox. In France, madame, we are in the habit of regarding all men who are neither lame nor hunchbacked as handsome. We do not consider it necessary for a man to be handsome. A woman should be beautiful to please her husband, but in a man courage and strength are all that we require.'

Elizabeth, who was now anxious to please her Parliament so as to obtain supplies, and who was willing to *agree* to marry anyone, allowed herself to be humoured in the matter, and spoke kindly of the lad, expressing a wish that he should cross the Channel and pay her a visit. Unfortunately the Duke was detained in France by the complications which had arisen between Catholics and Protestants, in which he had so engaged himself as to be regarded with aversion by his brother, Charles the Ninth; he was also laid aside by a sharp attack of fever. Maisonfleur pressed him to come to London, and not to permit any obstacle to stand in the way. The Queen was perfectly willing to marry him, he said, but if he delayed his departure she would very rightly think that he was trifling with her, and desirous of prolonging the negotiations. '*On vous appelle*,' he wrote, '*on vous*

écrite à vous hier, ô le plus fortuné prince de la terre, s'il sait bien user de la fortune!' Without first seeing the Duke, Elizabeth had declared that she would never give her consent to a marriage. 'If, after having seen him,' said the Queen, 'I should decline to accept him, I hope he will not be offended; but if he takes my refusal as an offence to himself, he had better not come.' Months passed, and still the Duke could not make out his journey to England. The feud between the two religious parties in France, the death of Charles IX., and the accession of the Duke of Anjou as Henry III., the aim of Alençon, who had two strings to his bow, to become the sovereign of the Low Countries, plots and counter-plots, all interfered with the progress of this marriage of convenience. At one time, indeed, it appeared as if the negotiations would fall through, and the mutable Elizabeth have to look elsewhere for the husband who was always to make her supremely blessed, but who appears invariably to have disappointed her hopes.

But early in the following year the delicate negotiations were resumed in downright earnest. There was to be no more dallying in the matter; a cordial alliance was to be entered into between England and France; and the marriage, if both the parties were still of the same mind, was no longer to be discussed, but to actually take place. Jean de Simier, the Master of the Robes to Henry III., was despatched to London to promote the delicate business, and to smooth over all difficulties. It is seldom advisable in cases of this description, when the union of two

hearts is about to be effected through a third person. that the agent should have it in his power to create invidious comparisons between himself and his principal; and the more especially where the fair one about to be wooed by proxy is keenly susceptible to all the charms of a splendid manhood. Simier was one of the handsomest men of his day, the most fascinating and polished of courtiers, and one whose *bonnes fortunes* were the envy of every gallant in Paris. He had no sooner presented his credentials at the English court than the inflammatory Elizabeth became completely subjugated by the manners and appearance of the captivating envoy. Leicester at once recognised in the charming Simier a formidable rival, and hated him accordingly. The Queen took no pains to hide the pleasure she derived from the society of the new ambassador; not a day passed without her sending for him; sometimes she would call for him in her barge, and they would take the air together on the Thames; she asked his advice on all matters, and it was often not until late in the evening that she dismissed him from her apartment. Such intimacy naturally did not pass without comment. 'M. de Simier is no stranger to me,' said Elizabeth when reproached with the levity of her conduct, 'but a faithful servant of my future husband, knowing all his secrets, and therefore best fitted to advise me and to train me for the position I am to occupy.'

Under the guidance of the envoy the conditions of the marriage proceeded swiftly and smoothly. The

Queen declared that she would marry the Duke; and acting upon the advise of Simier, Alençon hurried to Boulogne, crossed the Channel, and was met at Greenwich by her Majesty. The interview between the two passed off better than had been expected; Elizabeth was not disgusted, and the young man played the lover to perfection. He was constantly in her society, and when absent from her wrote letters 'burning enough,' said one of the envoys at the court, 'to set water on fire.' He was lavish of the promises and pledges which courtship generally engenders, and the Queen permitted herself to be fascinated. He was lodged in the next apartment to hers in the palace, and Elizabeth, with her usual disregard of the world's opinion, behaved to him very much as she had behaved to Simier, who, his mission now accomplished, had returned to Paris laden with gifts. Mary Stuart, well aware of the remarks her sweet cousin had passed upon the intimacy between herself and Rizzio, was not slow to retaliate. Those who wish to learn what was the opinion Mary of Scotland entertained of Elizabeth of England, have only to read the letters of the unhappy woman published by Prince Labanoff. They are couched in terms somewhat too plain for this more decorous age.[1]

[1] Here are two extracts from Labanoff, given by M. de la Ferrière. The first relates to Simier. 'Je prends Dieu à têmoin,' writes Mary to Elizabeth, 'que la comtesse de Shrewsbury m'a dit que vous aviez engagé votre honneur avec un étranger, allant le trouver dans la chambre d'une dame, là où vous le baisiez et usiez avec lui de privautés déshonnêtes, mais aussi lui révéliez les secrets du royaume, trahissant vos propres conseillers avec lui.'

The second relates to the Duke of Alençon: 'Vous vous êtes déportée

And now it seemed as if what had so often been discussed was actually to take place, and the Queen of England, the most susceptible but at the same time the most variable of spinsters, was about to marry. All the objections that had been raised as to money matters and as to the religious difficulty had been satisfactorily met, and there was nothing to interfere with the completion of the union. The Duke took his departure as the accepted suitor of the Queen of England, and the only question that had now to be settled was the assent of the Queen to the articles of the marriage treaty drawn up by Simier. But these, Elizabeth, when it came to the point, could not make up her mind to ratify. Her advisers were opposed to several of them, and she took advantage of their objections. She would not marry, and yet she would not let Alençon go; she wanted both to eat and to have her cake. She wrote affectionately to the Duke, she was devoted to him, but still she thought that it was perhaps better for them to be friends than that a closer tie should exist between them. This Platonic prospect failed to content Alençon; he was an adventurer, he was unpopular in France, it was necessary for him to carve out his own future. He wished to marry Elizabeth, and to sit on the throne as king-consort of England; but if he could not obtain a crown in England he would do his best to win one in the Low Countries. The Queen was informed by the advisers

avec lui de la même dissolution qu'avec Simier; une nuit vous l'avez rencontré à la porte de votre chambre, n'ayant que votre seule chemise et votre manteau de nuit, et l'avez laissé entrer, et il est demeuré avec vous près de trois heures.'

of Alençon that she would be allowed two months to consider her determination, and if at the expiration of that time she had not arrived at any conclusion, the negotiation would be at an end, and the Duke at liberty to look elsewhere. The two months passed, and Elizabeth, though pressed by Cecil to agree to the match, gave no answer, and the matter was considered to have dropped.

Early in the following year this most hesitating and undecided of women expressed a hint that, if Alençon was still desirous of becoming her husband, she would not say him nay. Marriage seemed to be the only solution of the difficulties which surrounded her. What with the Low Countries, the state of Scotland, the state of Ireland, the Catholic intrigues in her own kingdom, and the animosity of Spain towards her, a political alliance with France was now more than ever an absolute necessity; but France would enter into no treaty of amity without Alençon first being seated as king-consort on the throne of England. Again diplomacy busied itself with its negotiations and State papers; the war in the Low Countries was to be carried on chiefly at the expense of France; if Spain attacked England, France was to interfere; England, however, was to send certain troops and supplies into Flanders. These preliminaries arranged, Alençon again came to London. He was lodged at Whitehall, but afterwards had apartments assigned him at Greenwich where the Queen then was. The closest intimacy again ensued between the two; the warmest of love-letters passed between them, though

the couple saw each other daily, and every morning Elizabeth came into the young man's room to give him with her own fair hands a basin of soup. On the day of the anniversary of her coronation she was walking with the Duke arm-in-arm along the corridors of the palace. The French ambassador was announced, and craved an audience. As soon as he appeared Elizabeth stepped forward and said with a smile, 'You can write to your master that the Duke will be my husband.' Then taking a ring from her finger, she placed it on the hand of the Duke, and turning to her maids of honour said, 'I have a husband; you all of you can follow my example if you like.'

After this declaration it seemed impossible that the marriage ceremony could be long deferred. Elizabeth had hitherto given excuse after excuse for not fixing the day when the Duke was to be made the happiest of men; now it was her health, then it was the state of Europe, and then it was the opposition of her subjects; until there seemed good ground for the fears entertained by Simier. 'Je ne croirai au mariage,' he said, 'que lorsque les draps seront levés, les flambeaux éteints et mon maître dans le lit.' But after this open acknowledgment of the man who was to be her husband, further excuse and hesitation appeared impossible. Yet the very morning after that announcement this hysterical spinster came into the Duke's room and declared that it could not be; she had passed the night in tears; three more nights of such misery, she said, and she would be a dead

woman—indeed, she could not marry. The Duke threw the ring on the floor, cursing the fickleness of the whole sex, and vowed that he would at once take his departure. But Elizabeth, who would not marry him, did not think it beneath herself to put her arms around his neck, to kiss him and caress him, and implore him not to go. The Duke, thus petitioned, consented to remain for a time.

And for a time Alençon passed his days now in the hope and then in the despair common to the lover who is not accepted and yet not dismissed. The Queen flirted with him, smiled upon him, and presents still continued to be exchanged between the two. One morning whilst sitting with the Duke hand-in-hand, Elizabeth in her softest tones said she could never marry a Papist. Hereupon Alençon with the most charming impartiality offered to turn Protestant. Alas! sighed the Queen, she did not feel towards him as she had once felt. The Duke, who appears to have been the most long-suffering of men, now lost his temper, and reminded her of all he had gone through, what anguish of mind he had suffered, how he had lost the good opinion of the Catholic world; how deeply he loved her, and how he would rather die with her than quit England—indeed, he swore he would *not* quit England. 'It is very ill of you,' said the Queen, 'to threaten an old woman in her own kingdom: you are mad, and talk like a madman.' The Duke wept, and Elizabeth sat by his side alternately wiping his tears away with her handkerchief and caressing him as of old.

The state of affairs on the Continent now called upon Alençon to quit London hastily for Flanders. Spain had been victorious in the Low Countries, and the Flemings, who looked upon Alençon, now idling his time in England, as their protector, implored the aid of the Duke, offering him the ducal crown he had so long coveted. Alençon was tempted by the bait; between two stools he might fall; better the Low Countries as a certainty than England as an uncertainty. Elizabeth, now only too anxious to get him out of the kingdom, offered to help him with her fleet and forces, and even accompanied him on his road to Canterbury. There she took leave of him, promising in spite of the past that on his return she would still marry him. She was, however, not to be accorded another opportunity for trifling with her victim. At Château Thierry the Duke fell ill of a fever, and rapidly succumbed to its influence. He died June 11, 1584. Shortly before his death he drew up his will; no mention is made of the name of the Queen of England.

Upon hearing of the loss of the man to whom she had promised herself only to repudiate her promise, and then to promise herself again, Elizabeth thus wrote to Catherine de Medicis: 'Madame, your sorrow cannot exceed mine, even though you are his mother; for you there still remains another son, but for me there is no consolation save that which death can offer. Madame, if you could but look into my heart, there you would see the picture of a body without a soul. But I will not

trouble you more with my griefs, since you yourself have enough of your own.'

The mourning which Elizabeth wore on the day of the funeral of the Duke of Alençon was sent over from Paris by Catherine de Medicis.

LAST HOURS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

> God of His mercy give you
> Patience to endure and true repentance
> Of all your dear offences.

One of the charms of history is that, however familiar its periods are to us, or however conversant we are with the incidents in the lives of its distinguished characters, we are always ready to listen to any additional matter which research may present to us, even though such matter adds little to our actual knowledge. History is capable of assuming so many phases that the subject is apparently inexhaustible. The facts are often the same, but how varied is their interpretation! One writer blesses where another bans, advocates where another opposes, attributes vice where another recognises virtue, and condemns where another applauds. Take for instance the case of Mary Queen of Scots. We all know about her birth, her marriages, her rivalry with Elizabeth, her stormy reign in Scotland, Bothwell, John Knox, Fotheringay, and the rest. These are the salient facts of her life, the bricks and mortar of history; yet how differently they have been interpreted by a Froude or a Hosack—the one dragging her down to the lowest depths of disparagement, the other exalt-

ing her till her angelic head touches the skies. Fiend or saint, the unhappy Queen of Scots seems to have had the gift of inspiring those who fell under her influence either with hate or love, never with that impartiality which is the result of judgment well under control. Among the State Papers, which specially deal with the events of her life, is an account well worth transcribing, touching her last moments upon earth.[1] It is written by an avowed partisan; but Stuart and Catholic as are the sentiments of the writer, there is no reason to doubt that it is a faithful description of what actually occurred upon the scaffold at Fotheringay. I am not aware that it has ever before reached the light, as here given.

'A true report of the death of that rare and princely martyr Mary Stuart, late Queen of Scotland, executed for her conscience at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire, February 8, 1586.

'First, in the hall of the said castle was a stage raised of seven feet square every way and about five feet high; upon the same at the two upper corners were two stools set, one for the Earl of Shrewsbury, another for the Earl of Kent: directly between the said stools was placed a block of one foot high covered with black, and before that stood a little cushioned stool for the Queen to sit upon while her apparel was being taken off. Round about the stage stood the high sheriff of that shire with divers others appointed for the purpose. About nine of the clock in the morning came the sweet saint and martyr, led

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* 1587. Mary Queen of Scots.

like a lamb to the butchery, attired in a gown of black satin embroidered with a French kind of embroidery of black velvet; her hair seemly trussed up with a veil of white lawn which covered her head and all her other apparel down to her feet. Being come into the hall she stayed, and with a smiling countenance asked she why none of her own servants were suffered to be present at her death? He [Lord Shrewsbury] answered that the Queen his mistress had so commanded. "Alas!" quoth she, "far meaner persons than myself have not been denied so small a favour, and I hope the Queen's Majesty will not deal so hardly with me." "Madam," quoth Shrewsbury, "it is so appointed to avoid two inconveniences, the one for that it is likely your people will shriek and make some fearful noise in the time of your execution and so both trouble you and us, or else press with some disorder to get of your blood and keep it for a relique and minister offence that way." "My lord," answered she, "I pray you, for my better quietness of mind, let me have some of my servants about me, and I will give you my word that they shall not offend in any sort."

'Upon which promise two of her women and five of her men were sent for, who, coming in to the hall and seeing the place of execution prepared and their sovereign mistress expecting death, they began to cry out in most woful and pitiful sort; wherewith she held up her hand, willing them, for her sake, to forbear and be silent, for, quoth she, "I have passed my word to these lords that you shall be quiet and

not offend them." And presently there appeared in them a wonderful show of subjection and loyal obedience as to their natural prince, whom even at the instant of death they honoured with all reverence and duty; for, though their breasts were seen to rise and swell as if their wounded hearts would have burst asunder, yet did they to their double grief forbear their outward plaints to accomplish her pleasure. As soon as she was upon the stage there came unto her an heretic called Dr. Fletcher, now Dean of Peterborough, and told her a long circumstance, how the Queen, his sovereign lady, moved with an unspeakable care of her soul, had sent him to instruct and comfort her in the true word of God. At which speech she somewhat turned her face towards him, saying, "Mr. Doctor, I will have nothing to do with you or your doctrine," and forthwith kneeled down before the block and began her meditations in the most godly manner. Then the doctor entered also into a form of new-fashioned prayers; but she, the better to prevent the hearing of them, raised her voice and prayed so loudly as he could not be understood. The Earl of Shrewsbury then spoke to her, and told her that he would pray with her and for her. "My lord," quoth she, "if you will pray for me I thank you; but in so doing pray secretly by yourself, for we will not pray together."

'Her meditations ended, she rose up and kissed her two gentlewomen, and bowed her body towards her men, and charged them to remember her to her sweet son, to whom she sent her blessing with

promise to pray for him in Heaven; and, lastly, to salute her friends wheresoever, and so took her last farewell of her poor servants. Then came one Bull, the common hangman of London, with his bloody and unseemly varlet attending upon him, and began after their rough and rude manner to disrobe her; and while they were so doing the Queen looked upon the noblemen and smilingly said, "Now truly, my lords, I never had two such grooms waiting on me before." Thus being ready for the block, one of her women took forth a handkerchief of cambric, all wrought over with gold needlework, and tied it about her face, which done, Mr. Doctor willed her to die in the true faith of Christ. Quoth she, "I believe firmly to be saved by the blood and passion of Jesus Christ, and therein also I believe according to the faith of the ancient Catholic Church of Rome, and therefore I shed my blood." Then the bloody butcher struck at her neck, and lit upon the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely pierced her sacred skin, after which stroke she spake these words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul." At the second time he struck not her head quite off, and so giving a third blow, he finished her happy and blessed martyrdom to the comfort of all true Catholics, and to the shame and confusion of all heretics.'

The fell work of the executioner ended, the decapitated corpse was brought with all due pomp and ceremony to the vaults of the cathedral at Peterborough. 'There went,' writes an eye witness,[1]

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Mary Queen of Scots, Aug. 1, 1587. 'A

'from Peterborough Mr. Dethick, *alias* Garter principal king of arms and five heralds, accompanied with forty horse and men, to conduct the body of Mary, late Queen of Scots, from Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire to Peterborough.' To effect this object they had brought with them 'a royal coach drawn by four horses, and covered with black velvet richly set forth with escutcheons of the arms of Scotland, and little pennons round about it.' Upon the arrival at Fotheringay of this state carriage, which was now to fill the office of a hearse, 'the body of the Queen, being inclosed in lead and the same coffined in wood, was brought down and reverently put into the coach, at which time the heralds donned their coats of arms, and bareheaded, with torches' light, brought the same forth of the castle about ten o'clock of the night, and so conveyed it to Peterborough.' After a drive of four hours the gates of the cathedral were reached, when 'the body was received most reverently at the minster door of Peterborough by the bishop, dean, and chapter, and Clarencieux king of arms, and in the presence of the Scots which came with the same, it was laid in a vault prepared for the same in the choir of the said church on the south side opposite to the tomb of Queen Catherine, Dowager of Spain, the first wife to King Henry the Eighth. The occasion why the body was forthwith laid in the vault and not borne in the solemnity [of the procession] was because it was so extremely heavy by reason

Remembrance of the order and manner of the burial of Mary Queen of Scots.'

of the lead that the gentlemen could never endure to have carried it with leisure in the solemn proceeding, and besides it was feared that the sawder might rip, and being very hot weather might be found some annoyance.'

The following day, which was a Tuesday, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Countess of Bedford, dressed in the deepest black, appeared at the cathedral. She represented the Queen of England, and was to act as chief mourner. Attended upon by the great officers of State, the Countess was escorted to 'the presence chamber within the bishop's palace, which was hanged with black cloth, and there stood under a cloth of estate of purple velvet.' A procession was at once formed to the great hall, where the body, taken up from its resting-place of the preceding night, now reposed upon trestles. Six 'esquires in cloaks' here came forward, bent down and raised the coffin upon their shoulders, whilst four barons standing by its side held the corner of the pall. The procession then resumed its solemn march. Immediately behind all that was now mortal of Scotland's queen walked the Countess of Bedford, supported by the Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, her train being borne up by the Lady St. John, of Basing, assisted by the vice-chamberlain, Mr. John Manners. After the chief mourners followed the ladies of the court, with their respective retinues. Upon reaching the choir of the cathedral the coffin was 'set down within the royal hearse, which was twenty feet square and twenty-seven feet in height, covered over with black velvet

and richly set with escutcheons of arms and fringe of gold ; upon the body, which was covered with a pall of black velvet, lay a purple velvet cushion fringed and tasselled with gold, and upon the same a close crown of gold set with stones. After the body was thus placed, and every mourner according to their degree, the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln.' Of the nature of the discourse we have no account. At its close the offertory was made, and then the Bishop of Lincoln, accompanied by the Bishop and Dean of Peterborough, 'came to the vault, and over the body began to read the funeral service, which being said, every officer broke his staff over his head and threw the same into the vault to the body. And so everyone departed as they came, after their degrees, to the bishop's palace, where was prepared a most royal feast and a dole given unto the poor.' No sooner had James I. ascended the throne than a further removal was effected, and the body of Mary Queen of Scots was conducted to Westminster, and interred in the chapel of Henry the Seventh.

The Queen of Scotland now executed and buried, orders were issued by the Council that a careful inventory should be made of her goods and despatched to London for the inspection of Elizabeth. The instructions were carried out, and the document lies before me. Many of the entries are curious, and throw some light upon the dress and customs of the age. Among the wardrobe of the late Queen we find items such as follows : a cloak of black figured velvet 'furred with white wolves ;' a black satin cloak

'garded' with velvet; a cloak of wrought taffeta; a loose gown of black satin; a coat of brown velvet; two waistcoats of silk; a petticoat of red satin; a black velvet gown 'embroidered and laid about with pearls;' a petticoat of 'carnation silk duraunce, wrought and laid on with silver and blue silk; petticoats 'furred with lamb;' russet damask gowns 'furred with grey coney;' perfumed gloves, and taffeta hats.

In the rooms at Fotheringay, where Mary was accustomed to pass her leisure hours, we find that, among other things, she was mistress of 'two globes, one of heaven and the other of the earth;' 'two lutes and two lute-books, covered with velvet;' two pairs of virginals, and 'sewing silk of all colours.' Outside in the corridor stood 'the chair wherein she was wont to be carried, covered with velvet.' The contents of her jewel cases must have been of much value. Within their red velvet drawers, full of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, opals, 'counterfeit agate,' and pearl necklaces, were some objects of rare and curious interest. Among them we read of 'the pictures of the French king and queen set in a fair book of gold, enamelled blue, with a chain of gold to the same, also enamelled and garnished with stones;' a pair of bracelets of gold, 'set with agates, containing the history of the passion of Christ;' a little bottle of gold, 'containing a stone medicinable for the colic;' a little bottle of silver, 'containing a stone medicinable against poison;' a little gun 'with wheels seeming to be of gold;' a matins book, with clasps of gold,

set with diamonds, and covered with black velvet;' a little tree of gold, 'with a queen sitting on the top and a boy pulling down the branches;' a 'device of Æsop in gold;' a jewel made 'in the form of a rock, all set with diamonds and rubies,' which was said to have been given to the ill-starred woman in happier days by Elizabeth; a little bird of gold and enamelled green; a marten, 'the head and feet being of gold, and the neck set with diamonds and rubies;' and, finally, 'a little crown of thorns in gold enamelled, with a white sapphire at the end.' The collection of plate belonging to the Queen does not appear to have been either large or rich. The scanty inventory, however, tells us that among her silver and silver-gilt paraphernalia were a porridge dish, a little silver candlestick which used to hang at her bed, and four images, one being 'of Our Lady in coral.'

WESTWARD HO!

If ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life.

LATE in the afternoon of a wintry December day, in the year of grace 1603, the black barge, with the royal crown picked out in red upon its bows, which was specially employed to carry certain criminals condemned to imprisonment in the Tower, moored itself alongside the steps under Traitor's Gate. In the stern of the vessel sat a man, guarded on either side by armed warders in their low-crowned hats and red tunics slashed with black, who was to all appearances a personage of some note. He was dressed in a purple velvet cloak lined with black satin, which partially concealed his close-sleeved vest and trunk hose, with their brown stockings and ribboned shoes. The face, somewhat shaded by the broad grey hat surrounded by a thick handsome feather, was bronzed and bearded, the eyebrows arched, and the features clean cut—evidently a man well favoured by nature, yet also one to whom suffering and adventure were not unknown. Nor did his visage belie him. Few men had suffered more, or led a life of greater peril and privation, than he who was now called upon to pay the penalty of what had been alleged as his mis-

deeds. From his dress and air of distinction it was at once seen that the prisoner was no ordinary captive; indeed, he was none other than the great Sir Walter Raleigh, adventurer, soldier, dandy, writer, philosopher, and courtier, who had been tried at Winchester, found guilty of treason, and sentenced to durance vile in the Tower. After a five days' journey across country, he had been met at Whitehall Stairs by the ominous barge, and was being conveyed in close custody to the Tower and its damp rat-infested cells.

A few words in explanation of this situation. Sprung from a good old Devonshire stock, which could trace its line in unbroken succession from the days of King John, Walter Raleigh—his home at Hayes, hard by dull and stifling Budleigh Salterton, is still pointed out to the tourist—at an early age showed how restless and full of enterprise was his untamed disposition. Scarcely had his name been entered in the college books of Oriel than he suddenly threw off the toga of the undergraduate, and quitting Oxford crossed the Channel to win his spurs as a soldier in the civil wars of France. A staunch Protestant and holding the Papist as an intriguing knave, he enrolled himself under the banner of the Huguenots, and was present at the battle of Jarnac when the Prince of Condé was slain, and also took part in the retreat at Moncontour. After five years' service in upholding the cause of the 'White Scarf' Raleigh carried his sword over to Ireland, and there, amid the wilds of Munster, waged a bitter guerilla war against

the foreign legion of Spaniards and Italians who, under Lord Desmond and his men, had risen in open revolt against English authority. Reckless, fierce, nay even cruel, young Raleigh soon made himself a name which caused the 'foreign devils,' as they told stories of his prowess round their camp fires, to grow pale with terror. He passed swift punishment upon any Irish rebel he caught skulking behind rocks or hedges to shoot down from safe ambuscade 'the English churls.' As commander of the little expeditions sent to reduce refractory squireens to obedience, he showed scant mercy, and the charred timbers of court and castle, with the upturned faces of the dead strewn around, plainly showed that this 'worthy of Devon' had done his work thoroughly and would brook no resistance. It was Raleigh who, in the massacre of the foreign legion at Smerwick in Kerry, took the most prominent part, who counselled no quarter and who knew no rest till his lust for blood had been assuaged by the putting to the sword every Spaniard and Italian in the garrison. Upon the suppression of the insurrection, Raleigh was appointed one of the first governors of Munster, and for some five years exercised his jurisdiction as soldier-judge throughout the disaffected parts of the western coast of Ireland.

Handsome, well-born, with the reputation most loved by youth, that of a daring and successful soldier, it was not long before Walter Raleigh took high rank among the curled darlings upon whom the susceptible and exacting Queen Bess was pleased to

smile. Whether he bridged the muddy pool with his velvet cloak so that the fairy shoes of his sovereign should pass over unsoiled, or whether he scratched upon the pane of one of the parlour windows, 'Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall,' we know not: they are the anecdotes of history, which documentary evidence fails to support; but certain it is that Raleigh, before the Armada rounded the Cornish coast, was in great favour at Court. His splendid figure, clad in the most gorgeous of doublets, vests, and fringed trunk hose, was to be seen dancing with all the grace of a Hatton at balls and masques, or bearing a conspicuous part in the jousts and tournaments which so often made up the amusements of the Elizabethan epoch. He followed in the train of his royal mistress when she went her 'progresses'; he read sonnets to her; he amused her with his scientific talk and with his chemical experiments; and when he found his conversation tiresome to her Majesty, he flattered the exacting dame to the top of her bent and speedily roused her waning interest. It was in the days when courtiers were rewarded direct from the Crown, and Raleigh had not long been hanging about the galleries of Whitehall and Greenwich before he became the recipient of many favours. He was allowed to put in the ample pockets of his knickerbockers certain handsome dues on the export of woollen broadcloths and on the sale of wines, the 'farm of wines' as it was called; he held the lucrative office of Lord Warden of the Stannaries; then he had a run of luck and became successively Lieu-

tenant of Cornwall, Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall, and Captain of the Queen's Guard. Confiscated estates were granted to him, and he soon developed from a needy Devonshire lad into a powerful courtier and wealthy landowner.

And now, when at the height of his favour and prosperity, permission was given him to embark upon an adventure which had long excited his imagination. When a boy at Hayes he had often held conversation with English sailors, who had frequently crossed the Atlantic, and whose yarns were of the capture of Spanish galleons, of the wealth hidden in the bowels of South American mines, of the wild sport to be had in those tropical forests teeming with big game; of, in short, the unsunned treasures of an El Dorado which had only to be visited to be conquered, and only to be conquered to make its possessor rich beyond the fondest dreams of avarice. A charter at his earnest request was granted to him by his royal mistress to explore the 'heathen and barbarous lands' across the Atlantic. Accompanied by his colonising fleet, he took possession of that vast tract of country which, after the name of his beloved 'Virgin Queen,' he called Virginia, and did all in his power to found there an English colony. But the fates were then against him; Spain objected to the settlement; the colonists were indolent, and the Indians were aggressive. No sooner had the exported English been left by their late commander alone in the new colony to build and dig, than they either ran away to more populated districts, or fell an easy prey to the abori-

gines on the war path for the white man's scalp and the white man's rum. Raleigh was, however, not to be deterred from his object by any mortification, and he despatched at different times several expeditions across the Atlantic, in the hope that ultimately the settlers would take root and Virginia develop into a prosperous English settlement. The Armada interfered for the moment with his colonising proceedings, and Raleigh was among the foremost in teaching the Spanish Dons how insane and futile had been their temerity in attempting to invade England. His vessel was almost the first to pour its broadsides into the clumsy, heavily-laden galleons, and the last to leave them, as in sheer terror they essayed to find their way home to sunny Spain—for they had had enough of the Channel—round by the stormy coasts of Scotland and Ireland.

From Mars we turn to Venus. At the Court of Elizabeth there waited upon her exacting Majesty one Elizabeth Throgmorton, the daughter of Nicholas Throgmorton, who had done good service to his country as a soldier against the prowess of France, and who subsequently had conducted certain knotty points in diplomacy to a successful issue as English Ambassador at Paris. The maid of honour was a tall fair woman, with features somewhat masculine, and a figure which, in spite of her 'dark-coloured hanging sleeve robe tufted on the arms, and under it a close-bodied gown of white satin flowered with black with close sleeves down to her wrist,' was inclined to a breadth and fulness more associated with

a majestic bearing than with grace. Raleigh soon became enslaved by the dark grey eyes of Bessie Throgmorton, by her sympathetic attention to his Othello-like tales of arms and adventure, and by the sound good sense which appears to have been the most conspicuous of her gifts. He proposed and was accepted, and the lovers were secretly united; indeed, so secretly that, according to some, intrigue had preceded marriage.

As soon as her Majesty, who permitted no man upon whom she smiled to think of any other woman, heard of this union she was as infuriated against Raleigh as she had been against her favourite Essex for linking himself with Frances Walsingham. The husband was shut up in one of the cells of the Tower looking on to the river, whilst the wife was dismissed from Court, and forced, during the storm of the royal displeasure, to find a home among her relatives. After several weary months had been spent in imprisonment, the greed of the sovereign at last opened the doors of Raleigh's dungeon, and the captive was set free, though not restored to favour, in order to lead an expedition which had for its object the pillaging of several richly laden Spanish galleons. He was successful in his piracy, and the impoverished exchequer of Elizabeth was once more in funds, thanks to the treasures found on board the 'Madre de Dios' and the other captured caracks. These robberies were instrumental in restoring Raleigh to his former position at Court, for the surest way to appeal to the affections of the great Queen was either through her

vanity or through her purse. During the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth the influence exercised by Raleigh was at its height. At home, his voice was seldom raised in vain at the Council table, whilst abroad he had despatched expeditions—some of which he himself commanded—to explore Guiana in quest of that El Dorado which both Spaniards and Englishmen asserted was to be found in that country and in that country only. The search was not, however, crowned with success; still, boats had been rowed up the Orinoco, men had been landed, in spite of Spanish opposition, upon its fern-covered banks, a three days' march had been effected through the forest dense with tropical cultivation, the rocks had been blasted, and quartz had been brought on board the ships forming part of the expedition then anchored off Trinidad. On examination by the assayer in London, it was found that these specimens of Guiana rock were charged with gold. To his dying day Raleigh maintained that the soil of Guiana was saturated with mineral wealth, and that close to the spot where his men had searched was a mine, which, according to Indian report, only required working to yield gold inexhaustible. Of this mine the mind of Raleigh, in the days of his captivity, was full.

And imprisonment was again to fetter his actions and embitter his life. Upon the death of Elizabeth a new king mounted the throne who refused to recognise Joseph. We do not know what were the influences at work in the breast of the British Solomon, but certain it is that James I. soon showed that he

cordially disliked Sir Walter Raleigh. Whether with the spleen of the pedant he was jealous of the great coloniser's fame, whether he was prejudiced against him by Sir Robert Cecil, the Secretary of State, or whether he simply hated the knight because he had been one of the favoured by Elizabeth, or whatever was the cause, there can be no doubt but that James was from the very outset of his reign ill-disposed towards Raleigh, and on the watch to effect his ruin. An opportunity soon offered itself. Shortly after the accession of the new monarch a conspiracy within a conspiracy was discovered to overthrow the Government. The first plot, called the 'Main,' had for its object to place Arabella Stuart, the cousin of the King, upon the throne with the aid of the Spanish Government. The other plot, called the 'Bye' or the 'Surprise,' was a design to *surprise* and imprison the King and remodel the Government. Of the 'Main,' Lord Cobham was the leader; of the 'Surprise,' Broke, the brother of Lord Cobham, was the moving spirit. The conspiracy was discovered by Cecil, and the organisers of the plot with their followers were captured and thrown into prison. Upon the testimony of Cobham, who was ready to swear anything in order to save his miserable life, and who saw from the leading questions put to him that the Court wanted to get the adventurer in its clutches, Raleigh was said to be connected with the treason, and he also was cast into the Tower.

The trial took place at Winchester, November 17, 1603, so as to escape the plague then raging in Lon-

don. Raleigh was accused of attempting to advance Arabella Stuart to the throne, of agreeing with Lord Cobham to treat with Count Aremberg, the Ambassador of Austria in England, so as to obtain 600,000 crowns to further the intended treason, and of seeking the aid of Spanish troops. He pleaded not guilty. He denied that he had had any dealings with Spain, he was innocent of any attempt to advance Arabella Stuart, he had nothing to do with Cobham's practice with Aremberg, he had been accused upon the evidence of Cobham, and such evidence, he declared, was wholly false. His denial was, however, valueless. The Attorney-General branded him as 'the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived'; as 'an odious fellow,' whose name was 'hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride,' and 'a vile viper'—epithets which show how very free was the license of the bar in those days. It was sworn on the testimony of Cobham that Raleigh had written a book in which he had spoken disparagingly of the King's title to the throne, that he had said it would 'never be well in England till the King and his cubs were taken away,' and that he had entered into pecuniary transactions with Aremberg to subvert the Government, aided by Spain. This evidence was deemed sufficient, and Raleigh—in spite of his appeal to God and the King that the unsupported accusation of Cobham was not sufficient to condemn him—was declared by the jury guilty.

Sentence of death, in the barbarous form which then accompanied the punishment of high treason, was passed upon him, and the prisoner was taken

back to Winchester gaol. Such was the end of a trial which has been summed up in one brief sentence: 'The justice of England has never been so injured and degraded as by the condemnation of Sir Walter Raleigh.' It was proved that Cobham and Raleigh were at the accession of James in friendly intercourse with each other, but there is no evidence that Raleigh was in any way cognisant of the designs of the leader of the 'Main,' or was in any way connected with the conspiracy. Indeed, Cobham, expecting soon to place his head upon the block, was pricked by the stings of conscience, and fully acquitted his former friend. 'Seeing myself so near my end,' writes Cobham to Raleigh,[1] 'for the discharge of my own conscience, and freeing myself from your blood, which else will cry vengeance against me, I protest upon my salvation that I never practised with Spain by your procurement; God so comfort me in this my affliction, as you are a true subject for anything that I know. I will say as Daniel, *Purus sum a sanguine hujus*.[2] So God have mercy upon my soul as I know no treason by you.'

This letter the partial judge at the trial refused to consider, deeming it, as the Attorney-General remarked, 'a letter politickly and cunningly urged from the Lord Cobham.' As for the charge that Raleigh was implicated in any attempt to place Arabella Stuart on the throne, not the slightest evidence was brought forward to support the accusation; it

[1] *State Trials.* James I., 1603, p. 28.

[2] In spite of his Christian frame of mind, divinity was evidently not Cobham's strong point; it was Pontius Pilate and not Daniel who said this.

was a mere assertion made by the law advisers of the Crown, and upheld by not a single witness. Still the accusations served their purpose. Raleigh was pronounced to have been in the confidence of Cobham, and because he had not given information to the Government of the plot, he was therefore guilty of what is called misprision of treason. After sentence was passed upon him, Raleigh was escorted back to Winchester gaol, and there bade to prepare himself to meet his Maker. The day of his execution was fixed for December 15. During the interval he busied himself in settling his affairs, in imploring the royal mercy, 'not because I fear death, but for the sake of my poor wife and child,' and in writing to his Bessie, who, half mad with grief, was making every effort in London to beg off the precious life of her husband. The piteous entreaties of Lady Raleigh had, however, been urged without effect. Neither the King nor the Council gave her hope: 'the law,' they said, 'must take its course.' The condemned man, in his cell at Winchester, was told to expect the worst.

He then writes to 'his own Bess': 'You shall receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines.[1] My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my last will present you with sorrows, dear Bess. Let them go to the grave with me and be buried in the dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this life, bear my destruction gently, and with a heart like yourself.' Then, having

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Dec. 9, 1603.

ushered in this preface to his last words, he proceeds to business. To his son he has bequeathed his lands, and to her such moneys and jewels as remain to him. He mourns he can leave her no better estate; but, provided she can live free from want, all is well, as the rest is but vanity. 'Love God,' he enjoins, 'and begin betimes to repose yourself on Him; therein shall you find true and lasting riches and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God while he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him. Then will God be a husband unto you and a father unto him; a husband and a father which can never be taken from you.' Still reputed rich and beautiful, his Bess may be tempted into a less spiritual union. 'When I am gone,' proceeds the condemned man, 'no doubt you shall be sought unto by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich; but take heed of the pretences of men and of their affections, for they last but in honest and worthy men. And no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey and after to be despised. I speak it (God knows!) not to dissuade you from marriage, for that will be best for you. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death hath cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world and you from me.' He concludes by apologising for the briefness of his letter. 'I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I stole this time when all sleep; and it is high time to separate

my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it at Sherborne or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting, infinite, powerful, and omnipotent God, that Almighty God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me. My true God hold you both in His arms.'

This pathetic leave-taking was, however, premature. At the very last moment a messenger arrived from Whitehall, granting a reprieve to the leaders of the conspiracy. Cobham was on the scaffold and bidding the headsman not to mangle his work, when he was informed that he had not sued the royal clemency in vain. He was pardoned, but not till some years afterwards set at liberty. By some strange freak of justice, Raleigh, who was innocent of any complicity with the 'Main' or the 'Bye,' was neither pardoned nor liberated; the Governor of Winchester gaol was ordered to convey the prisoner to Westminster, and there from Whitehall Stairs have him rowed down the river in the traitor's barge to the Tower, where he was to remain during the royal pleasure. These commands were carried out, and we meet with Raleigh drifting down the Thames to the place of his confinement.

Within the walls of the Bloody Tower Sir Walter

Raleigh remained a prisoner for well-nigh fourteen years. In spite of petition after petition to the King, no notice was taken of his prayers for release, and it was not until the summer of 1616 that he was set at liberty.

During this weary interval Raleigh occupied his time after his own active and restless fashion. He was not, as romance has imagined, lodged in one narrow cell, eating out his heart under a cruel and miserable restraint. He had the free run of the roomy chambers in the Bloody Tower; he was surrounded by his books, his mathematical instruments, and the chemicals of his little laboratory; his beloved Bessie was permitted to see him as often as she willed, and it appears from more than one letter among the State Papers that the watch kept over his movements was anything but vigilant or exacting. Surrounded by such aids to study and research, he passed his days in intellectual pursuits. He messed about with his chemicals, creating odious stenches by his experiments, which were often made matter of complaint; he prepared cordials and prescriptions for such of his fellow-prisoners as were sick and required medical advice, and more than once, like other quacks, he was accused of doing more harm than good by his amateur doctorship. The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor to the Tower, and much enjoyed the conversation and society of the learned and adventurous knight. 'No king but my father,' remarked his Royal Highness, 'would keep such a bird in a cage.' When the Prince died—a death, by

the way, said to have been caused by a cordial sent him by Raleigh—it was felt by the friends of the prisoner that he had lost his greatest hope of release.[1]

Yet the work of all others with which the name of Raleigh is associated during these years of captivity is his 'History of the World,' which begins with the Creation and ends with the fall of the Macedonian Empire, a century and a half before the birth of Christ. The volumes are now only read by the curious, but they well repay perusal, from the quaint matter and out-of-the-way research with which their pages—especially the earlier portion of the history—are pregnant. The style is vigorous; the dissertations upon men and things, which are freely introduced, throw much light upon the personal history of the author; the views upon government, and upon the principles of polity that should be established, are those of a deep and original thinker; the interest of the narrative is so well sustained that it is a matter of regret that the work is but a fragment, and that so much of its space has been taken up in dealing with the lore of the Talmud and of other Rabbinical tomes to illustrate the history of the Jews. One would like to read Raleigh on the Norman Conquest, the Wars of the Roses, the Reformation, and the Reign of Elizabeth.

Shortly after the appearance of the earlier volumes of this work, a warrant was sent down (Jan. 13, 1616) from Whitehall to Sir George Moore, the Lieutenant of the Tower, ordering the prisoner he had so long

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Aug.–Dec., 1612.

guarded to be released.[1] The key which had opened the doors of the Bloody Tower had been turned by the hand of avarice. The King detested Raleigh as much as ever, but, like Elizabeth, he was keen after filling his exhausted treasury, and he had been told that he had but to liberate the victim of his tyranny and his receipts would be magnificently swelled by wealth dug from the bowels of the earth across the Atlantic. In the seclusion of his confinement, in spite of his experiments and his literary labours, the thought which was ever uppermost with Raleigh was the precious gold, which he felt convinced lay buried in countless ounces within the quartz of that mine in Guiana which he had formerly failed to discover. His mind, from constantly dwelling upon the idea, became fired at the prospect his vivid imagination conjured up; he saw his boat sailing up the Orinoco, his men guided by friendly Indians groping through the pathless forest, the jealous Spaniards who opposed their progress sabred down by the cutlasses of the English sailors; then, before them the El Dorado with its inexhaustible treasures, which only required strength and labour to be borne up to the surface. That such a mine was actually in existence, and was no dream of a diseased fancy, he was assured; and now that he heard of the pecuniary embarrassment of the Court he eagerly pushed his project forward. Queen Ann of Denmark, the wife of James, had

[1] I find that the cost of keeping Raleigh and two servants in the Tower came to between 4*l.* and 5*l.* a week. See Bills of Lieutenant of the Tower, 1603, &c., *Exchequer Papers*, Public Records.

always been kindly disposed to Raleigh, having derived great benefit from some elixir he had prepared for her. Her influence was now exercised in his favour, and permission begged from the King to allow the prisoner to command another expedition to the Orinoco. The favourite Villiers, who since the fall of Carr, Earl of Somerset, was all in all to James, had been bribed to further the enterprise; and his advocacy, when once put forward, was a host in itself. Other members of the Council had also been tempted by golden promises to uphold the scheme, and to give their vote in support of the exploration. This union of influence carried the day, and Raleigh, released yet unpardoned, was permitted to sail in quest of the object of his search.

His commission was made out, and was so cleverly worded that, though James was to get all the treasure, Raleigh was to be made the scapegoat should the expedition give rise to dispute. The King knew perfectly well that the object of the expedition was to sail to Guiana, but no mention was made of Guiana in the commission. If complications were created, James could back out of the affair by saying that he had no idea that Raleigh intended to explore a settlement like Guiana, whose title, whether it belonged to Spain or England, was disputed; if, on the other hand, nothing unpleasant arose, and it appeared to be doubtful whether Guiana was a British or a Spanish colony, the King would simply appropriate what mineral wealth was brought back. But if Spain objected, then Raleigh was to be offered up

as a sacrifice to propitiate her wrath; if she did not object, and anything came of the expedition, James would partake largely of the treasure. Therefore, to use a modern sporting phrase, the King 'stood on velvet'—so far as he was concerned it was 'heads I win, tails you lose.'

According to Raleigh, Guiana was not a Spanish settlement, for the English had landed there before the Spaniards, and were joyfully received by the native chiefs, who had of their own accord proffered allegiance to Queen Elizabeth. The words of the commission ran as follows: 'This containeth his Majesty's commission unto Sir Walter Raleigh, knight, to travel and take with him into the south parts and other parts of America, possessed and inhabited by heathen and savage people, such persons as shall be willing to go and adventure themselves with him, with sufficient shipping, armour, horses, wares, and merchandises as shall be necessary for their journey, as well for the better increase of the trade of merchandise of this kingdom, as by conversation and commerce to draw those savage and idolatrous people to the true knowledge of God. It maketh him also to be commander of those that go with him, and gives him power for the appointing of captains and officers, for the better ordering and government of the company and the good of the voyage, and in case of rebellion or mutiny, upon just ground and apparent necessity to use martial law: which clause hath been used to be inserted in patents of like discovery and adventure.' The com-

mission is written upon parchment, and signed by Francis Bacon. The document is creased and crumpled, and no doubt was worn about the person of Raleigh during the months when he commanded the expedition, for many parts of it are discoloured as if stained by perspiration.[1] It is now one of the curiosities among the State Papers.

In the second week of the June of 1617 Raleigh set sail from Plymouth with his little fleet of eleven vessels, which had been fitted out at the expense of the State, for South America. His son Walter was in command of the ship 'Destiny,' which had been especially built for the purpose, and was the Admiral's flagship. The most prominent of the other captains was Lawrence Keymish, who had been up the Orinoco before, but who had failed to find the mine. Several gentlemen accompanied the expedition, and the total strength of the fleet, inclusive of sailors, labourers, and soldiers, numbered some five hundred men. The orders issued by the Admiral for the maintenance of discipline lie before me.[2] Divine service was to be read every morning before dinner, and every evening before supper, 'with the singing of a psalm at the setting of the watch.' All blasphemy was to be punished if continued in after remonstrance; 'those of the meaner sort to be ducked at the yard-arm, and the better sort to be fined out of their

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Castle Ashby, July 28, 1616.

[2] *State Papers, Domestic.* May 3, 1617. 'Orders to be observed by the commanders of the fleet and land companies under the charge and conduct of Sir Walter Raleigh, Kt., bound for the south part of America or elsewhere.' Given at Plymouth.

adventure.' Obedience was to be strictly observed, and the landsmen were to be taught nautical matters, so as to be able to assist the crew when needful. All acts of piracy were to be strictly forbidden. No man was to strike another under pain of death. 'No man was to play at cards or dice, either for his apparel or arms, upon pain of being disarmed and made a swabber of the ship.' 'Whosoever shall show himself a coward upon any landing or otherwise, he shall be disarmed and made a labourer or carrier of victual for the rest.' Upon landing in the Indies the men were to be careful not to eat unknown fruit, or new fish until it had been salted; also they were not to sleep on the ground for fear of snakes and the damp, or to swim in the rivers for fear of alligators. Nothing was to be taken from any Indian by force. Any act of rape was to be punished with death. Then followed upon these instructions a series of orders regulating the course the fleet was to take, the storage of powder, the exposure of lights, the firing off of ordnance, and the cleanliness which was to be observed. Especial care was to be taken with regard to any engagements that might ensue. 'No man,' laid down Raleigh, 'shall board his enemy's ship without order, because the loss of a ship to us is of more importance than the loss of ten ships to the enemy; it being too great a dishonour to lose the least of our fleet.'

Towards the close of the year, after being buffeted about by contrary winds and encountering severe storms, the fleet anchored at the mouth of the Orinoco. The boats were lowered, and the sick men landed.

The 'barges and shallops,' which had been brought over from England in pieces, were put together and launched. After this, assisted by the Indians, the ships were washed down, and water and provisions taken on board. Raleigh was so poorly that he had to be carried about to superintend operations; 'myself,' he writes,[1] 'having been in the hands of death without hope some six weeks, and not yet able otherwise to move than as I was carried in a chair.' No time was lost in going in quest of the object for which the perilous voyage across the Atlantic had been taken. Orders were issued by Raleigh to Captain Keymish to sail up the Orinoco with five small ships, land his men, and make an investigation of the spot where the mine was said to be. Young Raleigh was to accompany the expedition as second in command.

As the Fates would have it, the exploration ended in complete disaster. Before Keymish had made much way up the Orinoco his passage was opposed by the Spaniards; an engagement ensued, which ended in the repulse of the enemy, and the little fleet sailed on. After a voyage of three weeks they approached a settlement which had been lately formed by the Spaniards, called St. Thomas. Here they were fired upon, and the fire was returned with some effect. As this spot was the most convenient for the penetration inland towards the mine, Keymish proceeded to disembark his men two miles east

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Raleigh to Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, March 21, 1618.

of the settlement. By nightfall the soldiers, several of the labourers, and many of the gentlemen adventurers had landed. The Spaniards had, however, no intention of allowing the hated English to take root in the new country; the further progress of the expedition was challenged, Spaniards and Englishmen fought hand to hand; young Raleigh, whilst gallantly leading his men, was shot through the heart, and Keymish, seeing that the advance to the mine was so jealously guarded by the Spanish settlers, thought it more prudent not to disembark any more of his men, but to beat a retreat and sail back to the Admiral. This resolve he carried out, but not before the Governor of St. Thomas had met with the fate of young Raleigh. and the new settlement, as we shall hear more of anon, had been considerably wrecked.

No sooner had Keymish reported the result of his expedition to Raleigh than he was met by a storm of reproaches. It was his duty, said the Admiral, to have proceeded towards the mine, and not to have been deterred by Spanish opposition, however aggressive. It was rank cowardice. What reception would they meet with on their return to England after the promises that had been held out? His own pardon, cried Raleigh, depended upon the success of this expedition, and now he was not only a ruined but a condemned man. He had lost his son; he had lost his fortune; there only remained for him now to lose his life, and all, he said bitterly, on account of the hesitation of his commander. He had never, he

wailed, known what disgrace was until now. Keymish turned on his heel and sullenly said, as he went below, that he could explain satisfactorily all that had taken place. The next moment a pistol shot was heard. 'I was no sooner,' writes Raleigh,[1] 'come from him into my cabin than I heard a pistol go off over my head, and sending up to know who shot it, word was brought that Keymish had shot it out of his cabin window to cleanse it. His boy going into the cabin, found him lying on his bed with much blood by him, and looking on his face saw he was dead. The pistol being but little, the bullet did but crack his rib, but on turning him over found a long knife in his body all but the handle.'

With the death of Keymish, his own sickness, the loss of many of his men, and the mortification which had been engendered throughout the fleet by the failure of the expedition, Raleigh saw ruin staring him in the face. He had not the funds, nor had his dispirited men the will, to make another attempt upon the mine; besides, he had relied upon Keymish, who knew the country and who was to have been in charge of all mining operations, and he, alas! in a fit of sensitiveness had perished by his own hand. In spite of all orders to act on the defensive and not on the aggressive, Keymish and his men had beaten down the twig huts of St. Thomas, had shot the governor, and had looted the settlement of what valuables it possessed. He knew that if Spain remonstrated—and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Raleigh to Sir Ralph Winwood, March 21, 1618.

she would remonstrate, for Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador in London, was the bitterest foe of Raleigh —it would go hard with him; if Madrid demanded a sacrifice, he, deserted and unpardoned, would be the victim. Whichever way Raleigh turned, the outlook was depressing. He had disappointed those who had ventured their money in the scheme; he had not ascertained the whereabouts of the mine, and his pardon was dependent upon the discovery; he had lost his firstborn, and knew not how to face his Bessie; and he, or rather his men, had acted so as to create a rupture between the Courts of England and Spain. 'What shall become of me now,' he writes piteously to Winwood,[1] 'I know not. I am unpardoned in England, and my poor estate consumed; and whether any other prince or state will give me bread I know not. I desire your honour to hold me in your good opinion, and to remember my services to my lords of Arundel [Lord High Treasurer] and Pembroke [Lord Chamberlain]; to take some pity on my poor wife, to whom I dare not write for renewing the sorrow for her son, and beseech you to give a copy of these to my lord Carew, for to a broken mind, to a weak body and weak eyes, it is a torment to write many letters.'

Sadly he watched the retreating shores of South America, upon whose teeming soil he had built such splendid castles in the air, as the good ship 'Destiny' bent before the breeze homeward bound. He arrived

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Raleigh to Sir Ralph Winwood, Sept., 1618.

at Plymouth June 21, 1618. Scarcely had he cast anchor than Sir Lewis Stukeley, the Vice-Admiral of Devon—for Spanish activity had caused the raid upon St. Thomas to be soon known in London—came on board and claimed Raleigh as his prisoner. He was commissioned, he said, to bring the adventurer to London. On the arrival of Sir Walter in the metropolis he was allowed to find shelter in his own house, and was not despatched a prisoner to the Tower. Here, for a few weeks, he was tenderly nursed by his beloved Bessie; but finding that Spain was busy at work to do him ill, and that the pusillanimous James was ready to adopt any course which would appease the wrath of the Most Catholic King, Raleigh resolved to hurry across the Channel and seek a refuge in France. He had well-nigh carried his plan into execution when it was discovered by Sir Lewis Stukeley —according to Sir Lewis, Raleigh had offered him ten thousand pounds [where could he get it?] to effect his escape—who promptly informed the Court, and once more Raleigh found himself in his too familiar quarters in the Bloody Tower.

A close prisoner, and conscious of the machinations his enemies were employing to ruin him with the Court and to put the worst construction upon his late expedition, which had already caused the relations between Whitehall and Madrid to be somewhat strained, Raleigh took the earliest opportunity his confinement offered to lay before the King a statement of his past conduct. He drew up what he called his 'Apology,' in which he states that he had not invaded

Spanish territory as the English had settled in Guiana before the Spaniards, and that the destruction of St. Thomas was against his instructions; but even had he been responsible for that act, the Spaniards had been the first to commence hostilities. He had landed in Guiana, he said, because he deemed it an English and not a Spanish settlement, since England had taken possession of it before Spain. 'Knowing his Majesty's title to the country to be best and most Christian, because the nominal lords did most willingly acknowledge Queen Elizabeth to be their sovereign, who by me promised to defend them from the Spanish cruelty, I made no doubt that I might enter the land by force, seeing the Spaniards had *no other* title but force.' Acquisition by mere force, argued Raleigh, did not constitute possession; else 'the Kings of Spain may as well call themselves Dukes of Brittany because they held Brucks and fortified there, and Kings of Ireland because they possessed Limerick and fortified there.' Nor had there been any breach of the peace, since the Spaniards around St. Thomas had always been hostile to the English, and ready to attack them on every occasion. Where warfare was incessant, peace could not be broken. Then he asked was it wise to express regret at having offended Spain by landing in Guiana? Did it not seem acknowledging the title of Spain to that country? Did it not show that 'the English bear great respect to the Spaniards, and are more doubtful of their forces than the French or the Dutch are, who daily invade all parts of the Indies without being

questioned at their return. Yea, at my last being in Plymouth, a French gentleman called Flory went thence with four sail and 300 landsmen, with commission to land, to burn, and sack all places in the Indies that he could master, and yet hath the French King married a daughter of the King of Spain.'

Then he thus concludes: 'This is all I can say, other than that I have spent my poor estate, lost my son and my health, and endured as many sorts of miseries as ever man did, in hope to do his Majesty service, and have not, to my understanding, committed any hostile act, other than the entrance upon a territory belonging to the Crown of England, where the English were set upon and stayed by the usurping Spaniard. I invaded no other parts of the Indies pretended by the Spaniards; I returned into England with a manifest peril of my life, with a purpose not to hold myself by any other art than his Majesty's grace, from which no man nor any peril could dissuade me. To that grace and goodness I refer myself, which, if it shall find I have not yet suffered enough, it may (if it please God) add more affliction to the remainder of a wretched life.'

This 'Apology' was laid before James, but failed to convince the sovereign that his subject had not been guilty of gross misconduct in wrecking the settlement of St. Thomas. Raleigh consequently penned a supplement to his 'Apology,' and forwarded it to the King. He saw no reason, he reasserted,[1] why Spain should condemn the course he had

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Oct. 1618.

adopted. If it were lawful for Spaniards 'to murder Englishmen, binding them back to back and then cutting their throats,' and yet it was not lawful for his own men to repel force by force, then all he could say was, 'Oh, miserable English!' 'If I spent my poor estate,' he continued, 'lost my son, suffered by sickness and otherwise a world of miseries; if I have resisted, with the manifest hazard of my life, the robberies and spoils which my company would have made; if, when I was poor, I might have made myself rich; if, when I had gotten my liberty, which all men and nature itself do so much prize, I voluntarily lost it; if, when I was sure of my life, I rendered it again; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship and goods and put five or six thousand pounds in my pocket, and yet have brought her into England; I beseech your Majesty to believe that all this I have done because it should not be said to your Majesty that your Majesty had given liberty and trust to a man whose end was but the recovery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your Majesty's trust. My company told me that if I returned to England I should be undone; but I believed in your Majesty's goodness more than in all their arguments. Sure I am that I am the first that, being free and able to enrich myself, have embraced poverty and peril; and as sure I am that my example shall make me the last. But your Majesty's wisdom and goodness I have made my judge; who have ever been and shall ever be your Majesty's most humble vassal.'

To these appeals, however, James turned a deaf ear.

After a confinement of some six weeks Raleigh was again brought out into the light to face the ordeal of a second trial. A victim was required to appease the anger of Spain for the destruction of St. Thomas, and Raleigh was to be offered up as the sacrifice. The sentence passed upon him at Winchester fifteen years ago was still entered in the judgment-book; it had been suspended, but it had never been cancelled. The Court now resolved to proceed against its prisoner upon his old condemnation. Raleigh, shaken with ague and bowed with sickness, was ordered to stand at the bar of the King's Bench in Westminster Hall, and was asked by the Lord Chief Justice what reason he could adduce why the judgment passed upon him at Winchester should not now be executed? 'All I can say is this, my Lord,' answered Raleigh, 'that the judgment which I received to die so long since, I hope it cannot now be strained to take away my life; for that since it was his Majesty's pleasure to grant me a commission to proceed in a voyage beyond the seas, wherein I had power as Marshal on the life and death of others, so, under favour, I presume I am discharged of that judgment.'

'Not so, Sir Walter Raleigh,' replied the Judge; 'your commission does not in any way help you. By that you are not pardoned. In cases of treason, the law demands that you must be pardoned by words of a special nature and not implicitly. There

was no word tending to pardon in all your commission.'

'If your opinion be so, my Lord,' answered Raleigh, 'I am satisfied, and so put myself on the mercy of the King, who I know is gracious. And, under favour, I must say I hope he will be pleased to take commiseration upon me concerning that judgment, which is so long past and by which I had so hard measure.'

The sentence delivered at Winchester, with the exception of certain barbarous details—which were rescinded—was then confirmed, and Raleigh was taken back to the Tower. The date of his execution was fixed for Thursday, October 29, 1618. He was in feeble health, and suffered much, though he had nothing to complain of as to the conduct of those who kept watch over him. 'An honest gentleman, Mr. Edward Wilson, is my keeper,' writes Raleigh to his wife,[1] 'and takes much pains with me. I am sick and weak; my swollen side keeps me in perpetual pain and unrest. God comfort us.' And Bessie, in lodgings hard by Tower Green, but not now permitted to see her husband, thus replies:[2] 'I am sorry to hear, amongst many discomforts, that your health is so ill; 'tis merely [*merely* indeed!] sorrow and grief that with wind hath gathered in your side. I hope your health and comforts will mend, and mend us for God. I am glad to hear you have the company and comfort of so good a keeper. I was some-

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Oct. 18, 1618.
[2] *Ibid.*

thing dismayed at the first that you had no servant of your own left you, but I hear this knight's servants [those of the Lieutenant of the Tower] are very necessary. God requite his courtesies, and God in mercy look on us.—Yours, E. RALEIGH.'

Every effort was made by the friends of the prisoner to have the dread sentence exchanged for exile or imprisonment. The Queen, with whom Raleigh had always been a favourite, wrote to the favourite Villiers, her 'kind dogge,' as she styled him, to use his influence with the King so that 'the life of Walter Raleigh may not be called in question.' Lady Raleigh was incessant in her piteous entreaties to King and Council to have her husband spared a shameful and sudden death. Several of the gentlemen who had accompanied the ill-fated adventurer in his various expeditions petitioned the Crown on this occasion to exercise its prerogative of mercy. Certain Spanish priests, then on a religious visit to England, urged the same course, from fear that the death of Raleigh would have a bad influence upon the English people, and tend all the more to increase the hate which then existed in this country against Spain. These appeals the prisoner himself warmly supported by frequent invocations of the royal clemency. Something of a versifier, Raleigh, in the hour of his adversity, composed the following effusion, which he sent to his good friend Queen Ann of Denmark:[1]

[1] These lines are among the Harleian MS. My attention was directed to them by the careful biography of Raleigh by Mr. Edward Edwards.

Oh had Truth power, the guiltless could not fall,
Malice win glory, or revenge triumph.
But truth alone cannot encounter all.

Mercy is fled to God which mercy made;
Compassion dead; faith turned to policy.
Friends know not those who sit in sorrow's shade.

For what we sometimes were, we are no more:
Fortune hath changed our shape and destiny,
Defaced the very form we had before.

All love and all desert of former times,
Malice hath cover'd from my Sovereign's eyes,
And largely laid abroad supposed crimes.

But kings call not to mind what vassals were:
But know them now as envy hath described them.
So can I look on no side from despair.

Cold walls, to you I speak; but you are senseless.
Celestial powers you hear but have determined,
And shall determine to my greatest happiness.

Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrongs,
Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands?
To Her to whom remorse doth most belong;

To Her who is the first, and may alone
Be justly call'd the Empress of the Britons.
Who should have mercy if a Queen have none?

Save those that would have died for your defence.
Save him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted,
For lo! destruction is not recompense.

If I have sold my duty, sold my faith,
To strangers—which was only due to one;
Nothing I should esteem so dear as death.

But if both God and time shall make you know
That I, your humblest vassal, am opprest,
Then cast your eyes on undeserved woe.

That I and mine may never mourn the miss
Of Her we had, but praise our living Queen,
Who brings us equal if not greater bliss.

But all these appeals to the Crown were in vain. James curtly replied that the prisoner deserved his sentence, and the law must be fulfilled. The night before the execution, Raleigh was removed from the

Tower to the Gate House of Westminster Hall, which had long been employed as the prison of the Liberty of Westminster, so as to be near the scaffold which had been erected in Old Palace Yard. Here he wrote his last letter to the King—a letter which James called 'a roaring, tedious letter.' 'The life which I had, most mighty Prince,' penned the condemned man,[1] 'the law hath taken from me, and I am now but the same earth and dust out of which I was made. If my offence had any proportion with your Majesty's mercy, I might despair, or if my deserving had any quantity with your Majesty's unmeasureable goodness, I might have hope; but it is you that must judge, and not I. Home, blood, gentility, or estate, I have none; no, not so much as a being; no, not so much as a *vitam plantæ*. I have only a penitent soul in a body of iron which moveth towards the loadstone of death, and cannot be withheld from touching it except your Majesty's mercy turn the point towards me that expelleth. . . . If now I write what seems not well favoured, most merciful prince, vouchsafe to ascribe it to the counsel of a dead heart and to a mind that sorrow hath confounded. But the more my misery is, the more is your Majesty's mercy, if you please to behold it; and the less I can deserve, the more liberal your Majesty's gift shall be; herein you shall only imitate God by giving free life; and by giving it to such a one from whom there can be no retribution, but only a desire to pay a lent life with the same great love

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct., 1618.

which the same great goodness shall bestow on it. This being the first letter that ever your Majesty received from a dead man, I humbly submit myself to the will of God, my supreme Lord, and shall willingly and patiently suffer whatsoever it shall please your Majesty to inflict me withal.'

This letter fared no better than its predecessors, and the end was now at hand.

Early in the morning of that terrible Thursday the condemned man was awoke out of a refreshing slumber, and bade dress himself and prepare for the worst. He received the communion from the hands of Dr. Tounson, the Dean of Westminster, who had of late held much religious conversation with him, and spent the hours between five and eight o'clock in fervent prayer.

He then handed to his spiritual adviser the following lines he had composed :[1]

> Even such is Time which takes in trust
> Our youth, our hopes, and all we have,
> And pays us both with age and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days;
> And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
> The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

The eve of the day fixed for his execution Raleigh had taken a final farewell of his wife, and the interview between the two had lasted until the abbey bell had tolled the hour of twelve. All business matters had been settled, and there was therefore

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Oct. 29, 1618. 'Made by Sir Walter Raleigh the morning before his death and delivered to the Dean of Westminster a little before his end.'

nothing on the mind of the condemned man to interfere with his hopes and thoughts as to the unseen world into which he was about to enter. The King as a last favour had granted the wife, speedily to be made a widow, permission to bury the body of her husband after the headsman had done his fell work. 'It is well, dear Bessie,' said Raleigh, pressing her in the agony of a last embrace, 'that thou may'st dispose of that dead which thou had'st not always the disposing of when alive.' So those two parted, never more to meet on this side eternity. 'God hold me in my wits!' sighed the poor dame as she entered her coach, stationed under the very shadow of the scaffold, upon which in a few brief hours the blood of her husband was to be shed.

As eight o'clock struck, Raleigh held himself in readiness to quit the Gate House. A cup of excellent sack was now brought him, which he drank at a quaff. He was asked how he liked it. 'As the fellow,' he replied, 'who, drinking of St. Giles's bowl on his way to Tyburn, said it was good drink if a man might tarry by it.' After thus quenching his thirst, a procession was made to the scaffold, at the head of which walked the Dean of Westminster. On the way to the Old Palace Yard, Raleigh met Sir Hugh Brereton, an old friend, whom he had especially requested to be present at the execution. 'Sir Hugh, to make sure work, got a letter from Secretary Lake to the sheriff to see him placed conveniently, and meeting them [the procession] as they came near to the scaffold, delivered his letter. But the sheriff by

mishap had left his spectacles at home, and put the letter in his pocket; in the meantime, Sir Hugh being thrust aside by the crowd, Sir Walter bade him farewell, saying, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." '[1]

It was a bitterly cold October morning, rendered all the more sharp by a cutting east wind, and as Raleigh ascended the scaffold and prepared to address the vast mob that thronged the Palace Yard, his limbs, enfeebled by confinement and ill-health, trembled so visibly that he could scarcely support himself. The sheriff, observing this debility, offered to help his ill-fated charge down from the scaffold and take him to a fire, so that being warmed he might be the better able to deliver his dying speech. 'No, good Mr. Sheriff,' said Raleigh, 'let us despatch, for within this quarter of an hour mine ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before then mine enemies will say that I quake for fear.' Then, holding on by the rail of the scaffold, he faced the crowd and thus began: "I thank God heartily that He hath brought me into the light to die, and that He hath not suffered me to die in the dark prison of the Tower, where I have suffered a great deal of misery and cruel sickness; and I thank God that my fever hath not taken me at the time, as I prayed to God it might not.'[2]

After this preface, he proceeded to deal with the charges brought against him. He denied that he

[1] *State Papers. Domestic,* Oct. 31, 1618. Chamberlain to Carleton.
[2] *Ibid.*

ever entered into any plot with France, though he admitted, to save his life, he had attempted to escape into France. He denied that he had ever been counselled by Lord Carew and other lords to fly the country, or that he had ever offered Sir Lewis Stukeley money to assist him in escaping. 'But indeed,' he acknowledged, 'I showed him a letter that if he would go with me there should be order taken for his debts when he was gone; neither had I 10,000*l.* to give him, for if I had had so much, I could have made my peace better with it other ways than in giving it to Stukeley.' He declared that his only object in starting for Guiana was to discover the mine which really existed there. He denied that he ever intended to desert his men when at Trinidad, as had been alleged, or that he had been forced to return home by his men against his will. Nor was it true that he had carried with him to sea numerous pieces, and that the only object of his voyage was to get money into his hands; he had taken out but little money, and such as he had taken out he had brought back. 'These be the material points,' he concluded, 'I thought good to speak of, and I am now at this instant to render up an account to God; and I protest, as I shall appear before Him, this that I have spoken is true, and I hope I shall be believed.'[1]

[1] Among the *State Papers, Domestic*, October 19, 1618, is the following paper, written in Raleigh's hand and signed by him, referring to these charges which he denied upon the scaffold:

'Accusations against Sir Walter Raleigh cleared by him at his death.

Having ended his speech, Raleigh turned towards the headsman and asked to see the axe. He took it up, passed his hand along the edge, and then laid it down with the remark that it was a fair, sharp medicine to cure him of all his diseases. After having removed his cloak and doublet, he knelt down and placed his head upon the block. It was now objected to by some that the face of the condemned man was turned to the west instead of to the east. 'Does it matter,' said Raleigh, raising his head from its terrible pillow, 'what way a man's head stands so

'I did never receive advice from my Lord Carew to make my escape, neither did I ever tell it [to] Stukley.

'I did never name my Lord Hay and my Lord Carew to Stukley in other words or sense than as my honourable friends among other lords my honourable friends.

'I did never show unto Stukley any letter wherein there was named 10,000 pounds, nor any one pound, only I told him that I hoped to procure the payment of his debts in his absence.

'I never had commission from the French King. I never saw the French King's hand and seal in my life. I never had any plot or practice with the French [king] directly or indirectly; nor with any other king, prince, or estate unknown to the King.

'My true intent was to go to a mine of gold in Guiana; it was not feigned, but it is true that such a mine there is within three miles of St. Thomas.

'I never had it in my thought to go from Trinidad and leave my company to come after to the savage island, as hath by Fearne [Sir John Fearne, who had been engaged with certain French merchants in trade to the Indies] been falsely reported.

'I did not carry with me 200 pieces, as I remember I had with me 60 pieces. I brought back nearly the same sum.

'I never spake to the French Manwaering [an agent of France] any disloyal words or dishonourable words of the King; nor if I had not loved and honoured the King truly and trusted in his goodness somewhat too much, I had not suffered death.

'These things are true as there is a God; and as I am now to appear before His tribunal seat where I renounce all mercies and salvation if this be not the truth. At my death.

'W. Raleigh.'

long as his heart lies right?' Then he replaced his neck on the hollow of the block. 'He had given order to the executioner that after some short meditation, upon stretching out his hands he was to be despatched. After once or twice putting forth his hands, the fellow out of timorousness (or what other cause) forbearing, he was fain to bid him strike; and so at two blows he took off his head, though he stirred not a wit after the first. The people were much affected at the sight, insomuch that one was heard say that we had not such another head to cut off. . . . He died very religiously and every way like a Christian, insomuch that the Dean of Westminster (they say) commends him exceedingly, and says he was as ready and as able to give as to take instruction.'[1]

Shortly before his execution Raleigh drew up two epigrams, which are to be found among the national archives, and which, like other matters contained in this volume, have never before reached the light of print.[2] This is the first:

> Who best did calculate the life of man
> Found three score and ten years made up his span.
> If more than to survive, be, to be dead,
> Life lost not Raweley when he lost his head.

The second is as follows:

> Hope flattered thee though laws did life convince
> Yet thou might'st die in favour of thy Prince.
> His mercy and thy liberty at last
> Did seal belief and make opinion fast;

[1] For the account of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh see *State Papers, Domestic.* Oct. 31, 1618. John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton; also John Pory to Carleton. Same date.

[2] *State Papers, Domestic.* Oct. 31, 1618. 'An epigram of Sir Walter Rawely, beheaded at 74 years of his age.'

In truth when time had pulled thee out of gaol,
And new hopes had set again new sail,
As many of this world as held free will
Thought thou wer't safe and had'st escaped thy ill;
But now we see that thou wer't bailed by fate
To live or die, as thou could'st serve our state,
And then wer't lost, when it was understood
Thou might'st do harm, but could'st not do more good.

So passed to his rest one whose exact position in historical biography it is somewhat difficult to determine. Sir Walter Raleigh was a man so bitterly detested by his enemies, and whose memory was cherished with such bitter animosity for some fifty years after his head had fallen on the scaffold in Old Palace Yard, that it is not easy to thresh out the truth from the chaff of hate and prejudice under which his name and actions lie buried. That he was proud, passionate, and domineering we have evidence enough to conclude. What he attempted he was keenly in earnest to achieve, nor was he over-scrupulous in the means he employed to gain his ends. Ambition and avarice were, it was alleged, the dominant factors in his character. When in chasing Spanish galleons, or fitting out expeditions for the purposes of exploration across the Atlantic, or when taking his seat at the Council-table, or bearing up his ship to close with the foe, he was sullen under control, impatient of contradiction and ever scheming to take the lead. Let him command and all obey, then such power suited and pleased him; under other conditions it was hard to act in harmony with him.

His was essentially an acrid and despotic nature. Among the eminent men of his day he scarcely

had a true friend, and it is painful to read in the letters of his contemporaries how frequent were the disparaging remarks his petulant and grasping disposition called forth. Yet, in spite of the faults and vices of his character, the name of Raleigh is one which the history of this island will never attempt to erase from its list of celebrities. The man was, in every sense of the word, a true patriot, confident in the prowess of his country, and keenly sensitive as to her honour. It was the staunchness of his English instincts that made him wax so wroth when he saw a miserable creature, like our first James, truckle to foreign Powers and drag the flag of England through the mire of a base servility. He held that his country was second to none; that by her own strength and fertility of resource she could meet unaided any foe that crossed her path; and he scorned with all the fire of his temper the pusillanimity inspired by the Court which made England tremble at the frown of Spain, and fear where France and Holland never feared. Had the wish of Raleigh been fulfilled he would have explored wherever colonisation held out hopes of prosperous settlement; he would have declined to admit claims based on no solid pretensions; and he would have given full rein to his spirit of adventure, and have made the England of James as enterprising and as unfettered from foreign control, as had been the England of his great mistress, brave and imperious Queen Elizabeth.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT'S PILGRIMAGE.

Tell me: dos't think that this knight-errant pilgrimage will be likely to win the Spanish lady?—*King James to the Lord Keeper Williams.*

At a late hour one evening in the March of 1623, two travellers, wearied and dust-stained, rode into the courtyard of the house of the Earl of Bristol at Madrid, and demanded an audience of its owner. They gave their names as Jack Smith and Tom Smith. Among the diplomatists of his day, the Earl of Bristol held high rank. Sprung from a family which had owned land in the fair county of Warwickshire since the days of the first Crusade, John Digby had early been presented at the Court of his Sovereign, and was soon one of its established favourites. Handsome, accomplished, and a master of those arts and graces which in the seventeenth century were indispensable to the education of the finished gentleman, young Digby was precisely the man to rise rapidly in the estimation of one who, like James I., was much impressed by the charms of personal appearance and a high-bred manner. After a brief apprenticeship as a courtier, Digby was appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, a member of the Council, and on receiving the accolade of knighthood crossed the Pyrenees as Ambassador to Spain. His

conduct at Madrid proved him worthy of being entrusted with the more complicated branches of diplomacy, and he was sent to Germany to bring about a peace for the Elector Palatine, then robbed of his country, and in deep distress. His services, though unsuccessful on this occasion, were not to be ignored; the Envoy was raised to the peerage as Baron Digby, and the castle and lands of Sherborne, which had once been held by the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, now acknowledged him as their master.

On three separate occasions Digby had proceeded to Spain as the representative of his Sovereign, and had acquitted himself with such credit as to make all that concerned Spanish politics his especial province. For the fourth time he was to journey from London to Madrid as the accredited agent of his master, on one of the most important missions that had ever occupied his able and vigilant intellect. King James had long been scheming—with those who counselled the young monarch who then sat on the throne of Spain—for a matrimonial alliance between Charles, Prince of Wales, and the fair Infanta Maria, the sister of Philip IV. No insurmountable obstacles had at first presented themselves to the union, yet, as various important matters had to be considered, knotty points to be settled, and weighty deliberations to be entered into, it was deemed advisable to despatch Lord Digby as Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Queen. Our representative at Madrid at that date was one Sir Walter Aston, a loyal and cautious diplomatist, but lacking, it was thought, in the experience and finesse

necessary for so complicated a negotiation as a marriage between a Catholic Infanta and a Protestant Prince of Wales. To give increased weight to the mission of Lord Digby, that distinguished personage was raised to the peerage by the style of Earl of Bristol.

To Charles the proposed union was everything that was desirable. The portrait he possessed of the Infanta showed him a fair-haired girl, like one of the heroines of Goethe, with soft blue eyes, the delicately arched eyebrows of the women of the Peninsula, the nose 'tip-tilted,' indicative of coquetry and humour, a somewhat coarse but small mouth, whilst the expression of the classic oval of the face was full of brightness and amiability. The graceful figure of the young girl, her dazzling complexion, so unusual south of the Pyrenees, and the exquisite whiteness and shape of her hands, gave proof that she had little cause to fear comparison with her elder sister, the greatest beauty in Europe—Anne of Austria. Young, ardent, and endowed in no small measure with the sentimentality of lads of his age, Charles, always impulsive, could ill brook the slow and formal proceedings of diplomacy. He wished to see the Infanta, to meet her face to face, to inspire within her the passion he himself entertained, and to make his suit, not through a precise and hair-splitting Envoy, but in his own person. His desire had been cleverly stimulated by a former Spanish Ambassador at London, who, on his return to Madrid, had written to Buckingham, that if the Prince would only pay a

visit to Spain, all would be satisfactorily settled, and according to the wishes of his Royal Highness. 'Bring him here,' said Gondomar, 'and I will engage that the affair will be speedily settled.'

As the negotiations slowly proceeded between the careful Bristol and Olivarez, the astute but shifty Prime Minister of Spain—now touching the Papal dispensation necessary to sanction the mixed marriage; then as to the relief to be granted to the English Papists; again as to the establishment to be accorded to the Infanta on her arrival in London; and then as to the restoration of the Palatinate—all of which filled volumes of State Papers and were the subject of frequent conferences held at Madrid and St. Lorenzo—as these long-drawn-out diplomatic deliberations pursued their tardy course, the young Prince grew hot and hasty. Why should he not take the matter himself in hand? A union between Spain and England was most desirable for each country to obtain the end it had in view—for England to stem the power of the House of Austria; for Spain to make England Catholic—why then should he not hasten over the Pyrenees and press his suit in person? How could it be expected that the Infanta, naturally prejudiced against him as a Protestant, should be enthusiastic as to her marriage with one she had never seen, whose portrait she did not even possess, and who only knew about her suitor through the confusing remarks of hearsay? And yet if the hint of Gondomar were only acted upon, how different might be the result! As Charles looked at

himself in the mirror he felt he had no reason to be ashamed of the reflection which met his gaze, or to fear that his wooing would be fruitless. He was not like many of the princes of his day, who had to court by proxy, not so much on account of state reasons, as because they were among the most repulsive works of nature—deformed, dissipated or diseased.

Charles in his youth, as in his later days, was eminently a handsome man; indeed, he owes no little of the sympathy with which posterity for the most part regards his fate to his silky locks, his well-moulded brow, his dark, expressive eyes, the carefully-trimmed moustache and imperial, that high-bred look which we generally associate with the gentleman of ancient race, his tall and distinguished figure. Even Buckingham, who was one of the handsomest subjects of his time, was considered by many to be inferior so far as personal attractions were concerned to the Prince of Wales. Nor was Charles a mere beauty man, empty-headed, resourceless, and indifferent to everything which did not minister to the vanity of the moment. He was well read—and upon subjects which do not always come within the perusal of even the scholar; he had a keen and cultivated taste for art, and was an excellent judge of paintings; in music he was no mean proficient; though shy with strangers, he spoke well and sensibly when amid those he knew intimately; he was a graceful dancer, and in all the manly exercises of his age he excelled. So endowed, phy-

sically and intellectually, Charles may well have thought that obstacles, which appeared grave and weighty when considered in a despatch or at a Council, would fade away before the sunshine of his presence. Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but where there is no fondness—as was the case then with the Infanta—the absent are always at a disadvantage.

A tour to Spain was the subject of frequent discussion between the Prince and his one great friend Buckingham. We often find that the most complete intimacy exists between characters the exact opposite of each other. 'Steenie,' as James nicknamed Buckingham on account of a supposed resemblance to St. Stephen, was in every respect a decided contrast to 'Baby Charles,' as the doting father called his heir. Beyond that both men were singularly handsome, they had not a single feature in common; each was morally and physically the antithesis of the other. The Prince was so correct of life that the wits at Paris vowed he was as virgin as his sword; the favourite, on the other hand, was loose and dissolute in the extreme. Charles was quiet, sensitive, and the most polished of gentlemen; Buckingham, when the veneer of the courtier had worn off, was bold, noisy, overbearing and offensive. Charles was a man of culture and fond of all that culture enjoins; Buckingham had no ideas beyond those of the dissipated man of fashion; he filled high offices—he was Lord High Admiral, Lord President of the Council, a Knight of the Garter, the First Minister in the

realm, a marquis with a dukedom in expectancy—but he did nothing; he was appointed to various commands, and he only proved his incompetency; his aim was to shine—and there he shone resplendently when his temper had not been crossed—in the boudoir and the salon. Charles was a prince, conscious of the responsibilities of his position, and desirous of sustaining them with dignity; Buckingham was a successful adventurer with all the arrogance and aggressiveness of the upstart. Yet between these two men the warmest and most loyal friendship prevailed. Steenie, as the elder by some eight years, suggested and Baby Charles followed. The Prince never engaged in any enterprise without first consulting his faithful friend and adviser; Buckingham was in those days to Charles all that Strafford and Laud were to him in after years. The two were inseparable, but it was a union in which the one leads whilst the other obeys. It was therefore not to be expected, when Buckingham suggested that the advice of Gondomar should be acted upon and that the long-talked-of visit to Madrid should really be paid, that Charles should be averse to the proposal. The Prince gladly assented to the plan. It was agreed that the two young men, under false names, should cross over to Paris, and there take horse and ride south with as little delay as possible to Madrid.

The journey was to be kept a strict secret until the travellers had reached their destination; it was not to be broached to the Council, only the King was to

be informed of it, in order to obtain his assent. At first James would not listen to the idea; he was fearful of the dangers which his 'deare boys' might encounter on their travels; he spoke of the harm which might ensue to the nation, should anything happen to the sovereign whilst the heir-apparent was out of the country; he did not think such a romantic step would promote the match, the Council and the nation would be opposed to it; and then he was eloquent upon the chance of the Prince, once lodged at Madrid, not being permitted to return home, but treated as a hostage until all the terms required by Spain had been agreed to. Steenie and Baby Charles declined, however, to be deterred from their purpose, and after nearly two months spent in the employment of all the wiles of persuasion and opposition, the King reluctantly gave sanction to what he termed 'a mad course.' Assent once obtained, the ardent travellers were not long in carrying their scheme into execution. Disguised and their faces hidden by false beards, they made their way to Dover, there took boat for Calais, then pushed on to Paris, where they stayed a few days, and where Charles saw his future wife, Henrietta Maria, at a masque at the Luxembourg; quitting Paris, a hard ride of thirteen days brought them to Madrid, where we meet them as Jack and Tom Smith, dismounting in the court-yard of the palace occupied by my Lord of Bristol.

The presence of such distinguished strangers was soon an open secret among the Madrileños, and it was wished that no honours which court etiquette

could suggest should be withheld. The day after his arrival, Buckingham, accompanied by Lord Bristol, Sir Walter Aston and Gondomar, called upon the Conde-Duque de Olivarez.

Olivarez was in Spain what Richelieu was in France, and Buckingham in England—the chief adviser of the Crown, and practically the ruler of the country. He had early obtained considerable influence over Philip IV., when Infante, and on the young King's accession wielded absolute sway in all affairs of government. Endowed with an energy which was indefatigable, unscrupulous, vindictive and domineering, he allowed no rival to come between him and his Sovereign. It was he and he alone who drew up every important state paper, who influenced the decisions of councils and juntas, and who in all moments of emergency fashioned the policy that was to be adopted. The one aim of Don Gaspar Guzman, Conde-Duque de Olivarez, was to give the House of Austria a dominant influence in the affairs of Europe, and to make it the one House whose power whenever exercised should cause the scale to be turned in its favour. He was secretly opposed to the alliance with England, wishing the Infanta to marry a son of the Emperor, and he evinced his opposition not overtly, but by raising demands one after the other to which he felt sure that Bristol, as the representative of a Protestant Power, could not accede. Outwardly he expressed himself as devoted to the interests of England, and as a warm ally of the Prince of Wales. In the then tortuous and involved

condition of European politics, it was not advisable for him to make an enemy of James.

On the conclusion of the interview, Olivarez escorted Buckingham to the palace of Philip IV. 'The Conde de Olivarez,' we are told,[1] 'after they had conversed a while together, carried my Lord Marquis up a back way into the King's quarter, where he had private audience of the King, who received him with extraordinary courtesy, and with the expression of so great joy that it appeared unto my Lord Marquis before he took his leave of the King that his Majesty was not ignorant of his Highness's arrival; also the Conde de Olivarez having procured the King's leave, came back with my Lord Marquis that night, and kissed his Highness's hands, in whose presence he would by no means be covered, although he was a grandee who usually kept his hat on before his own King.'

The Prince was most anxious to see the Infanta, but as yet this desire, owing to Spanish etiquette, could only be gratified surreptitiously. 'The next day being Sunday,' says our chronicler,[2] 'the King, that he might satisfy the desire which he understood by my Lord Marquis his Highness had of seeing the Infanta his mistress, came abroad to visit a monastery, having with him in his coach the Infanta, and Don Carlos and the Infante Cardinal his brothers; so that his Highness going forth secretly in a coach

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* March 1623, 'Relation of the Prince, his Arrival in Spain, his Reception, and Entertainment.'

[2] *State Papers, Spain.* March 1623.

had his full sight of them all at three several places as they passed.'

Shortly after sunset Philip, who 'had not the patience to abstain any longer,' begged an interview with the Prince. It was accorded, and the two met on the Prado. 'Here, having embraced and saluted each the other with as much kindness as possibly can be imagined, they spent some half an hour together in the King's coach in discourse, my Lord of Bristol serving as interpreter; the King forced his Highness (as at all other meetings which they had afterwards) to take the hand and place of him.'[1] Two days afterwards, on the evening of the Tuesday following, 'his Highness and the King met a second time privately in a place not far from the King's palace, where the King taking his Highness into his coach, and with him the Lord Marquis, the Conde de Olivarez, and my Lord of Bristol, carried him to a house of pleasure hard by called Casa del Campo (this was a small royal palace near Madrid with a lovely garden), where, after they had passed more than an hour together, when his Highness was to return, he could by no striving prevail with the King but he would bring him better than an English mile homewards as far as with conveniency he could.'[2]

During the next few days Charles amused himself in the fields 'a hawking with my Lord of Bristol his hawks.'

The public entry of the Prince into Madrid was

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* March 1623.
[2] *Ibid.*

arranged for March 26; and never, we are told, 'had a more solemn reception be given on any occasion by Spain to her own kings.' Philip met his guest at the convent of San Geronimo, from which establishment it was the custom for the kings of Castile to make their ceremonial ingress into the city on the occasion of their coronation. Thus it pleased Spain to treat the young Prince as one of her own kings, an honour then perfectly exceptional. The hour was four o'clock. Two magnificently caparisoned genets were brought round to the entrance door of the convent, and as soon as Philip and Charles had settled themselves in their saddles the procession started.

'And so,' records the chronicler,[1] 'the King giving his Highness the hand, they passed towards the palace under a canopy of state carried by the *regidors* (who are those which have the government of the town) unto whom it belongeth, by their offices, who to the number of about thirty were for that purpose clothed in cloth of tissue, lined with crimson cloth of gold: before them went the nobility and grandees, all very rich, attended by their several liveries, which were also very rich and costly; next after them came my Lord Marquis and the Conde de Olivarez, executing their places as the masters of the horse, the Conde giving my Lord Marquis the hand. After them followed my Lord of Bristol and Sir Walter Aston, accompanied with divers counsellors of state and the gentlemen of the King's chamber. Having passed in

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* March 1623.

this manner through the town to the King's palace, the King, as soon as they were alighted, brought his Highness up to the Queen's quarter, where he was received by her with much courtesy, and after conducted by the King to those lodgings which were appointed for his Highness in the palace ; where, after they had been and conversed a while, the King left the Prince, not suffering his Highness to accompany him any farther than the door.'

Keys were then given to Charles and Buckingham which would admit them whenever they chose into the private apartments of his Majesty.

The Prince was now the hero of the hour. The romance which was attached to his visit, his handsome face and dignified bearing, the sweetness of his disposition, his careful regard for all the restrictions enjoined by the most rigid Court in Europe, made him intensely popular in the capital. 'They seem here,' writes Bristol to Sir Dudley Carleton,[1] 'in a manner ravished with the rareness of the accident, and know not what expression of their joy and affection may be answerable thereunto ; and I persuade myself, if it be possible that they can forget for a while their Spanish gravity, it will be now. I am sure they have passed already farther than the usual fashions and customs of this Court and State.'

Charles never forgot that he was a prince as well as a lover, and the studied dignity of his manner impressed a nation especially alive to all the graces of

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* March 10, 1623.

good breeding. 'His comportment is so noble,' writes Simon Digby, Lord Bristol's private secretary, 'as draweth all that see it into admiration of him, and he hath already won the hearts of this people so that they are all his servants; and verily a prince of a nobler disposition lives not in the world.'

On all sides we hear nothing but praise of the conduct of Charles at this time. The Spaniards were as pleased with him as the English were proud of him. The arrival of the heir-apparent naturally created no little flutter at the English Embassy at Madrid. The Prince was fêted and fawned upon by the whole staff, and does not appear to have been spoiled by the sickly servility with which he was surrounded. To the toad-eating secretaries and attachés it seemed something marvellous that he who was the son of a king, and who one day would himself be a king, should deign to act like an ordinary mortal, should reply when spoken to, should be grateful for services rendered him, and should 'unbend' when addressed by those with whom he came in contact. Sir George Goring, true type of the courtier snob, was much struck with this condescension on the part of one who in his eyes was more divine than human.

'Our sweet blessed young master,' he writes to Secretary Conway,[1] 'was never better either in mind or body, and so would you say, sir, if you beheld him round as we here do; for to behold his princely greatness where and when it is most required (and

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* Madrid, May 25, 1623.

that is here, where it is not a little necessary); and then again his sweet descent to us his humble servants when he pleaseth to unbend himself, I vow to God it is wonderful to consider, especially with all the circumstances of time, place, and persons, which above all are most material in such important actions. Upon my life, he hath no more of fear or apprehension of danger for his own person than a rock, nor no more can he in that regard be moved therewith, yet is he by all consents in all his treaties the most staydly circumspect that ever was known of treble his years, and for his piety and constancy towards God, his father and country, turn him loose and cursed be he that can suspect him.'

During the first weeks after his arrival, the life of the Prince was one round of gaiety. Masques, balls, banquets were constantly being given in his honour. He hunted the wild boar, went a-hawking, and was a frequent attendant at the bull-fight, which then as now constituted the most prominent of the amusements furnished by Madrid. One bull-fight took place which was announced as specially under the patronage of 'El Principe de Galles.' 'There were there killed,' writes Sir Walter Aston to Carleton,[1] 'twenty-one bulls, and there passed divers strange adventures; but to me the chiefest glory of the day was that many bulls being in as much anger as I have seen at any time in those sports, there was no man slain, which never happened before since my residence in this Court.'

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* May 5, 1623.

Still pleasure was not permitted to interfere with the graver details of business. The Prince had come to marry the Infanta and not to pass his time as a mere tourist in watching Spanish manners and customs, or as a distinguished visitor enjoying the hospitalities of the Court and of its grandees. After his public entry into Madrid he had been introduced to his lady-love, and he was even more fascinated by her charms and accomplishments than he had expected, though his expectations had been high. Before he had paid his court a month to the Infanta—though the courtship had to be carried on under the terrible restrictions of Spanish etiquette—he was so deeply enamoured of his mistress that he was ready to agree to any terms that Olivarez or the Junta of Theologians might impose upon him. The course of true love, we know from high poetic authority, seldom runs smooth, nor was the Spanish match to be any exception to the rule. The religious question, as in all mixed marriages, was the most formidable of the difficulties that came up for settlement. Charles was a Protestant, and his flame the most loyal and devout of Catholics. The Prince agreed to use his influence with Parliament and the Privy Council for the redress of the grievances under which the English Papists then laboured ; he made no objection to the Infanta, when his wife, having a Catholic establishment of her own and practising the Roman ritual ; he was willing that the children resulting from the marriage should up to a certain age be subject to the control of the mother, but he could not himself change his faith, as Olivarez

had fondly anticipated, and be converted to Roman Catholicism. And this was now the chief obstacle that had to be overcome. The Prince was firm in his Protestantism, though he had been advised to express himself as 'open to conviction;' the Infanta was a Papist, and ought not, she moaned, struggling between inclination and conscience, to marry a heretic. In this remonstrance she was strengthened by those around her.

'Her confessor,' writes Bristol to James,[1] 'a Franciscan friar, has done all the ill offices he could to divert her from the match, telling her that "a heretic was worse than a devil, and therefore what a comfortable bedfellow she was like to have when he that was to lie by her side and to be father of her children, was sure to go to hell;" and this language was likewise held to her by divers women about her, whereupon the poor young lady grew to be much distracted and to have the match in a kind of horror.'

Indeed the poor Infanta knew not what course to adopt; pious and amiable, she was at her wits' end between the dictates of her heart—which were not hostile to the handsome young Prince; the wishes of her brother—who was in favour of the match, hoping thereby to convert heretic England; and the tortuous counsels of Olivarez. Among the Spanish State Papers there is a portrait of this suffering damsel drawn at full length by the careful hand of Sir Toby Matthew, the son of the Archbishop of York, but a

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* August 18, 1623.

pervert who had been sent to Madrid on a special mission in connection with the match.

'The Infanta Donna Maria,' he writes,[1] 'will have seventeen years of age this next August; as yet she seems but low of stature, for she useth no help at all [i.e. does not wear high-heeled shoes?], and the women of this country are not generally tall: but the Infanta is much of the same stature which those ladies have who live in the Court of Spain and are of the same years as her. She is fair in all perfection. Her favour [face] is very good and far from having any one ill feature in it. Her countenance is sweet in a very extraordinary manner, and shows her to be both highly borne; and with all that she placeth no great felicity in that, for really there seems to shine from her soul through her body as great sweetness and goodness as can be desired in a creature. Her close ruff and cuffs are said by them who know it best to be greatly to her disadvantage; for that both her head is rarely well set on her neck, and so are her excellent hands to her arms; and they say,' quaintly remarks Sir Toby, 'that before she is dressed she is incomparably better than afterwards.

'But as for the virtue of her mind,' he continues, 'it is held to exceed the beauty of her person very far. In her religion she is very pious and devout. She daily spendeth two or three hours in prayer. She confesseth and communicateth twice every week—namely, upon every Wednesday and every Saturday.

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* June 28, 1623.

She carryeth a particular and most tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady. She doth usually make some little thing with her own hands day by day which may be for the use of sick or wounded persons in the hospitals; and many times it is but drawing lint out of linen which may serve for wounds. All that which the King, her brother, giveth her for play or for toys, according to her fancy (which comes to about a hundred pounds a month), she employeth wholly upon the poor. She is generally of few words, but yet of very sweet and easy conversation when she is private with her ladies.

'Her mind, they say,' proceeds the analyst, 'is more awake than they who know her not well would easily believe. They who have studied her most tell me that she is very sensible of any real unkindness; but that this costeth nobody anything but herself, for she makes no noise and expostulates not, but only grieves. Of her person and beauty and dressing she is careless, and takes what they bring her without more ado. She is thought to be of great courage for a woman, and to despise danger. For, besides that she never starts as many women do at sudden things, nor is frightened by thunder or lightning, or the like, they observe how that when that the last year at Aranjuez, where the Queen made a show or public entertainment for the King into which themselves did enter with many other ladies, and when the scaffolds and boughs fell into a sudden fire, and when the company was much frightened with the imminent

danger thereof and was flying from there at full speed, the Infanta did but call the Conde de Olivares to her and willed him to defend her from the press of the people, and so she went off with her usual pace and without showing to be in any disorder at all, even so much as by the least change of her colour.

'Many virtues are said to live in the heart of this lady, but that which reigns and is sovereign in her is a resolution which she hath maintained inviolable from her very infancy—never to speak ill of any creature; and not only so, but to show a plain dislike of them who speak ill of others, saying sometimes, "perhaps it is not so," or else, "a body can believe nothing but what they see," or else, "it is good to hear both sides," and the like. The world in Spain doth all conspire to honour, love, and admire this lady, but the King her brother doth make more proof of it than they all, for there is no one evening wherein he goeth not to visit her in her own lodgings, and he will sit by her sometimes whilst she is making herself ready. And he is often giving her presents and would have her command him to give her more; but as for that, there is no remedy, for she could never be entreated to ask anything for herself.'

To the King of England she expressed herself as much beholden.

'She hath been often heard,' continues Sir Toby, 'upon several occasions to speak with great tenderness of the King our sovereign, and how deeply she holdeth herself obliged to him for the great honour and favour

which she understands his Majesty to have done her, and for the tender care which he vouchsafes to have of her. And I have particular reasons which make me think that I know that the loving reverence which she will bear towards him, and the hearty obedience which she will perform to his Majesty, will give him such an unspeakable kind of comfort as perhaps he did little look for in this kind in this life.'

As to the light in which the Infanta regards Charles, Sir Toby is more cautious.

'How much the Infanta,' he proceeds, 'doth honour and esteem the Prince the vulgar cannot say; but there be enough in the world who know that she doth it extremely much according to her great obligation. The time is not yet arrived for her to make those public expressions thereof which are not warranted by the style of this Court, till the treaty be absolutely at an end. Yet I have no doubt but that this time is near at hand, and my heart is full of joy to think how happy our excellent Prince shall be in the sweet society of such a wife, and how happy they will make the world by a glorious issue. And in the meantime a man may guess how the Infanta's pulse beateth towards his Highness, since by occasion of my Lord Admiral's indisposition this last week, through the swelling of his face caused by the drawing of a tooth, the Infanta hearing of it did express to have much grief for his pain, and was still inquiring of her ladies how he did, declaring that she would not for

anything of this world that any ill accident should lay hold upon him, especially in this journey which he had undertaken in the service of the Prince upon this occasion.'

Upon the arrival of the Prince at Madrid, it had been confidently expected by those about the King that he would prove himself willing to abjure his Anglicanism and embrace the creed of Rome. It was felt that unless Charles had entertained some such idea, he would not have expressed so keen a desire to be linked with a Catholic, or have hurried across the Pyrenees to woo the Infanta in person. It is said that Philip, on first hearing of the arrival of his distinguished visitor, judged, 'like all other prudent men, that the Prince's journey proceeded from a deliberate resolve to overcome the difficulties of religion without which the marriage could not take effect,' and that he was 'infinitely delighted' therewith. Yet his joy at the prospective conversion of one who was to be his brother-in-law was not to throw him off his guard and make him less severe in the conditions he demanded, for, we are told that, approaching a crucifix which was at the head of his bed, he exclaimed, 'Lord, I swear to Thee by the crucified union of God and man which I adore in Thee, at whose feet I place my lips, that not only shall the coming of the Prince of Wales not prevail with me, in anything touching Thy holy Catholic religion, to go a step beyond that which Thy vicar the Roman Pontiff may resolve, but that I will keep

my resolution, even if it were to involve the loss of all the kingdoms which by Thy favour and mercy I possess.'[1]

During the first few days after his arrival, the conduct of the Prince gave, it is true, a certain colour to these hopes. He attended Mass, he conversed freely with the ecclesiastics attached to the palace, he exhibited none of the levity and prejudices of the ordinary Protestant towards things held sacred by the Papist; and the Catholic clergy joyfully predicted that not only the Prince, but his kingdom, would speedily swear fealty to the Roman See, and what the Armada had failed in accomplishing would be effected by the union with the Infanta.

This fond assurance was, however, somewhat rudely shaken by the presence at Madrid of two Anglican priests, Mawe and Wren, who had been especially despatched by the King of England to act as chaplains to the household of the Prince. The instructions which were to guide the behaviour of these divines on this occasion had been drawn up by James himself, and were very careful and explicit. A room was to be set apart in the quarters of the Prince, to be used as a place for divine worship, and for no other purpose. It was to be decently adorned 'chapel-wise;' an altar was to be erected at its east end; and there were to be provided palls, linen coverings, a carpet, four surplices, candlesticks, tapers, chalices, patens, wafers for the Holy Communion,

[1] *Narrative of the Spanish Marriage Treaty*, by Francisco de Jesus. Edited and translated by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Camden Society.

two copes, a basin and flagons, 'a fine towel for the Prince,' and other towels for the household. Prayers were to be held twice a day, and every reverence was to be displayed by the congregation, who were enjoined to worship with their heads uncovered, to kneel at the appointed times, to stand up at the creed and gospel, and to bow at the name of Jesus. Holy Communion was to be celebrated as often as the Prince thought fit; 'smooth wafers,' ritualists will be glad to learn, 'were to be used for the bread,' and the wine was to be mixed with water. In the sermons that were to be delivered there was to be no polemical preaching; the chaplains being directed 'to confirm the doctrine and tenets of the Church of England by all positive arguments either in fundamental or moral points, and especially to apply ourselves to moral lessons to preach Christ Jesus crucified.' The works of the King on theology were also to be studied and expounded.[1]

These directions were rendered somewhat null by the hostility which the Spaniards at once displayed towards these worthy divines, who were somewhat rudely refused permission to take up their abode in the palace, and after no little squabbling had to sneak off and content themselves with the safety and seclusion kindly provided for them by Lord Bristol in his own house. The Catholic clergy, however, amply compensated for this enforced silence on the part of the Protestant chaplains. No effort was spared to

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* March 20, 1623, 'His Majesty's Instructions to the Chaplains of the Prince.'

turn the Prince from the errors of his ways, to convince him of the truth and purity of the Catholic religion, and to enlighten him upon the position of the Supreme Pontiff, the doctrine of transubstantiation and the heresies of all outside the pale of Rome. Charles listened with his usual courtesy, argued the different questions with no little ability, and made a favourable impression upon his instructors by the intelligence he displayed. Buckingham, on the contrary, stood haughtily aloof from controversial ecclesiastics; he declined to enter into any discussion whatever upon the subject; and on one occasion became so excited at these attempts to pervert the Prince that 'he went down to a place where he could be alone, in order to show his extreme indignation, going so far as to pull off his hat and to trample it under feet.'

Meanwhile that without which no preliminary matter could even be agreed upon had arrived. Early in May a courtier reached Madrid with the much-talked-of Papal dispensation, necessary for the celebration of the marriage, and with the articles touching the religious questions then in dispute between England and Spain. These articles were numerous and full of detail, but we need only concern ourselves with the more important of their conditions. Briefly they were as follows: No matter was to be agreed upon without the sanction of the Pope. No attempt was ever to be made to convert the Infanta to Protestantism or to speak against her religion upon her arrival in London. Upon taking up her residence in England, the Infanta was to be surrounded by a

household openly professing the Catholic religion, and that 'no one shall dare to deride them, or offer them any discourtesy under penalty of heavy punishment;' a good sized church was to be erected close to the establishment of the Infanta, for the free and open use of the Catholics then in England. All children sprung from the marriage were to be baptised after the Catholic rite, to be educated by the Infanta until they had attained the age of twelve years, and if afterwards they chose to become Catholics no obstacle was to be thrown in their way, nor was their succession to be prejudiced by their conversion. The free exercise of the Catholic religion was to be permitted throughout England, whilst all laws against English Papists were to be suspended; the oath of allegiance was to be altered, so that it might bind English Papists, 'merely in temporal and political things, and not in any matter touching religion.' Catholics 'to some good number' were to be sworn of the Council; and finally 'everything that is sought in favour of the Catholics of England may be understood of the Catholics of Ireland and Scotland.' These conditions were to be sanctioned within one year by the Privy Council and Parliament of England.

In addition to these articles, the following private instructions were at the same time enclosed to the Nuncio at Madrid. As soon as the condition demanding public liberty of conscience in England had been agreed upon, the attempt to convert the Prince was to be proceeded with 'in all earnestness.' This put in operation, the Nuncio was then to demand of the

King of Spain, 'as a necessary condition, without which the dispensation would be null, to give assurance upon oath to the Holy See that the King of Great Britain and the Prince his son would fulfil everything that for the sake of this marriage they might promise to do in matters of religion.' Thus, before the Prince could be united to the Infanta, complete toleration had to be accorded to the Papists in England, the suspension of the penal laws against Catholics had to be approved of by the English Privy Council and Parliament, and the King of Spain had to bind himself as surety that his brother of England would carry out all that had been promised.

And now from May to the end of July diplomacy was busy in the discussion of these articles. Olivarez, who preferred that the Infanta should enter the House of Austria to the House of Stuart, was seeking to disgust Charles by the imposition of conditions which no Protestant country would tolerate; the Prince, in his desire to be betrothed to the fair-haired Infanta, was promising what he felt he could not fulfil, and then doing his best to evade his pledges; Bristol and Buckingham, jealous of each other, were sowing both at Madrid and at London the seeds of dissension; the Infanta was perplexed, whilst James was irritated, timorous and hesitating. Such was the situation for the next few weeks. At first it appeared as if no formidable difficulty would arise to interfere with the proceedings. The Prince declared his resolution that 'he himself and the King his father would, in their own name and in that of their descendants, take the

oath for the suspension of the laws against the Catholics, and that they would attempt to obtain as soon as possible not only the confirmation by Parliament of all that had been agreed upon, but also the repeal of all those laws.' Being asked within what date this promise would be fulfilled, Charles replied, 'in three or six months or a year, but infallibly within three years.' Nor was there any strong opposition to the clauses relating to the bringing up of the children by the Infanta until the age of twelve, or to the free exercise of their religion by the English Catholics. Charles was so obstinately amorous that rather than give up the Infanta he would consent to anything. The first difficulty was how far the King of Spain could take the oath required of him by the Pope, that James would perform all that he had promised. The opinion of Olivarez was asked. He did not, said the Count-Duke, consider that the mere promises of the King of England were sufficient security for his Majesty of Spain to swear the oath demanded of him. The King of England was entering into engagements opposed to his own political advantages.

'For there is nothing,' said Olivarez, 'which can be more dangerous to him than to allow the growing up in his kingdom of a religion so contrary to his feelings and his conscience, especially at a time when he does not allow the other side to gain equal strength so as to hold the balance. It must be therefore that his object is one of these two: either not to keep a single word of those which he utters in favour

of the Catholics, and by this means to keep them in the same state of subjection as that in which he has always held them ; or else to make an attempt by means of this tolerance to discover what he can about them, and then according to that which he may see to take a resolution to grant them liberty of conscience ; or if he does not think that he can do otherwise, to take it in hand again to force them to become Protestants by renewing the oppression which they are under at present.'

The intentions therefore of King James, continued Olivarez, were doubtful, and such being the case the Infanta should not go over to England until more sufficient security had been advanced. So spoke the Prime Minister of Spain ; and the clerical committee —called the 'Junta of Theologians'—to whom the question had also been referred, fully bore out his views. To them it seemed out of the question that England, a Protestant country, would tolerate the Catholic religion in the manner desired, and that the English Parliament would support the promises of James and his son. Yet, they said, without the consent of Parliament the conditions entered into by the King of England were only so many idle pledges. Once the marriage celebrated, both James and the Prince, they contended, would withdraw from their promises, and no amelioration would be effected in the situation of the English Catholics.

'If the King or the Prince,' said the theologians, 'would agree to become Catholics, or if the tolerance they offer were confirmed by the King's Privy

Council and Parliament and were converted into law, then the Catholics being secured in their rights would so grow in numbers that neither the fulfilment nor the alteration of their privileges would depend upon the simple will of a Prince ill affected in religion, and so matters would assume a very different aspect.'

The difficulty was thus narrowed to this issue: Would the Parliament of England confirm the assurances laid before Spain by King James and the heir apparent? A year was to be granted for the answering of this question, and during that year the Infanta was to remain in Spain. At the expiration of that period of probation, the Junta of Theologians would then be able to advise their King whether he could take the oath or not.

Meanwhile the anxious father, both at Theobald's and at Whitehall, sorely missed the society of his cherished son and the companionship of the fascinating 'Steenie.' James was in ill-health and worried with many fears. He did not like the long distance which separated him from the Prince, he trembled lest the Spaniards should do the 'swete boy' hurt, or, worse still, transform him into a Papist. There was no necessity, he considered, for the Prince to remain any longer in Madrid; his presence did not hasten on the proceedings, as had been fondly hoped; and as the negotiations then stood, Bristol and Aston were quite competent to pull the strings of diplomacy without any direct interference from high quarters. James therefore wrote beseechingly to Charles to

hurry home to his doting dad. He reminded the Prince that it was only upon his own earnest entreaty that 'I suffered you to leave me and make so far and hazardous a journey; ye know that it is without example in many ages past that a king's only son should go to woo another king's daughter.' Then he bade him return, as he had already been away long enough.

'You must also remember,' he pleads, 'that I am old and not able to bear the great burden of my affairs alone, having trained you up these three or four years past in my service for this purpose; besides all this, I am mortal, and you may easily consider what a loss it would be to the whole kingdom if in your absence God should call me. Therefore I do heartily charge you upon my blessing, both by my kingly and fatherly authority, that you come presently home, in company of that worthy renowned lady your mistress, if it can be, which is my chief desire, but rather than delay come alone, for such is my absolute pleasure. You have two ships of mine already there that may well enough transport you; and so with my blessing I bid you heartily farewell.'

At the same time he wrote a second letter, not merely to the Prince, but to both of his 'swete boyes'—Baby and Steenie—imploring them to return if they wished to see him alive.

'Alas!' he mourned, 'I now repent me sore that ever I suffered you to go away. I care for the match nor nothing so I may once have you in my arms

again. God grant it, God grant it, God grant it; Amen. Amen. Amen. I protest you shall be as heartily welcome as if you had done all things you went for, so that I may once have you in my arms again, and so God bless you both, my only sweet son and my only best sweet servant, and let me hear from you quickly with all speed as you love my life; and so God send you a happy and joyful meeting in the arms of your dear dad.' [1]

Into all the details of this chapter of diplomacy there is at the present day little profit in entering. Those who wish to read how Charles threatened to return home unless his wishes were complied with; how James gave him *carte blanche* to act as he thought best; how he was dissuaded, and consented to agree to the conditions demanded of him, though he must have known at the time that when they came before Parliament, as come before Parliament they must, they would be indignantly repudiated; how enamoured for the moment he was with the Infanta; how frequent and conflicting were the communications that passed between Madrid and Whitehall; how exacting was the policy of Olivarez, how offensive was the conduct of Buckingham, and the rest—have only to read the careful narrative drawn up by the Spanish Court Chaplain, Francisco de Jesus. At last, however, the political advantages, consequent upon a union between England and Spain, were considered to counterbalance the religious difficulty, and the negotiation was completed. The Prince assented to

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* June 14, 1623.

the conditions imposed upon him, James too gave his consent, and the Council was forced in its turn to sanction the terms demanded by Spain. Charles declared that 'he had seriously made up his mind to accept the proposals made to him with respect to religion, and also to give the securities demanded for their execution.' Sir Francis Cottingham, the secretary of the Prince, was sent to London on a special mission and returned 'with a despatch containing the result of his negotiation with his master, which was, in fine, a public instrument written on parchment certifying the oath which had been taken, July 20, by the King and his Privy Council, by which they engaged to keep and fulfil the conditions touching religion which were demanded in respect to the marriage, and that they would observe the securities asked for.'

James and the Council also pledged themselves to use their influence to persuade Parliament to support the clauses of the treaty. A courier was despatched to Rome, to inform His Holiness of what had been done, in order that he might express his approbation afresh, and all was as merry as a marriage bell. An oath sworn to by the King *and* his Privy Council was a very different thing to an oath merely sworn to by the Sovereign himself; such a solemn assurance, it was felt at Madrid, could not be disregarded. Olivarez therefore had to change his tactics, and to express himself in favour of the union; the Junta of Theologians declared themselves satisfied with the security laid before them; the Infanta was willing

to be led as her counsellors advised, since she hoped, like many a fond damsel in her situation, to be able to convert her husband; whilst Charles, who only cared about gratifying the inclination which stimulated him for the moment, and never troubled himself as to the consequences attending upon it, was supremely happy. It was arranged that the ceremony of marriage should be gone through shortly after the arrival of the Papal approval, though the actual marriage was not to take place until after the interval of a year, in order that it might be seen how far the promises as to Catholic emancipation had been carried out. This happy termination of the negotiations gave rise to much rejoicing. Madrid was illuminated, and balls, banquets, and masques were freely given by the leaders of the society of the capital.

'On the 21st, being Monday,' writes Sir Walter Aston to Sir Dudley Carleton,[1] 'the King entertained the Prince, according to the fashion of this place, with a *fiesta* of Cañas[2] and Toros, in which the King entered in person and held them in celebration of the conclusion of the match betwixt the Prince and his sister. The Cañas consisted of eighty persons, whereof the King led the one half and the Duke of Zea the other. The first show that entered into the Place were sixty of his Majesty's horses led by their keepers, each of them having a large covering of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold; then suc-

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* August 30, 1623.

[2] *Fiesta de Cañas.* A sport or exercise used in Spain by gentlemen on horseback representing a fight with reeds instead of canes.—Pineda's *Spanish Dictionary.*

cessively entered the gentlemen of the horse of divers of the principal persons of this Court, being severally accompanied with many lackeys in rich liveries, who led such horses as their masters were able to contribute to this show. The Duke of Infantado had there thirty horses and a hundred liveries; the Conde of Monterrey had a hundred liveries and fifty horses; the whole number of spare horses that were there ready to supply all occasions were three hundred and twenty-one. Then having given one turn about the Place they went forth in the same order as they entered. The King presently after took his leave of the Prince and went to dress himself for the Cañas; during his Majesty's absence, which was about an hour, the Prince was entertained with the sport of killing eight bulls according to the usual manner of that *fiesta* here. Presently after his Majesty entered, and the whole company that attended him, running two by two, crossed the great market-place. The *fiesta* was extraordinarily well performed; their clothes and their saddles were all embroidered, and the richest that have been seen in any feast here.'

The conduct of the Prince at this time, however, somewhat marred the festivities held in his honour. Charles was far from approving of the long interval which caution had decreed should elapse before he could really call the Infanta his own. He begged that the probationary period of one year might be curtailed, and that he should be permitted to claim his bride a few months after the marriage ceremony had been gone through. It would make no difference,

he said, in the carrying out of the Catholic conditions. The Junta of Theologians—who were the trustees, as it were, of the marriage settlement—however, stoutly refused to accede to this request. They answered that it 'was neither possible nor right to make any change in that which had been agreed upon on this point, because the more they thought about the matter the more they were confirmed in their opinion by argument, by past history and by the experience which arose from the accidents continually occurring.'

At this refusal, Charles, who was accustomed to have his own way when he had made up his mind to have it, became petulant and combative. He complained of the doubts so constantly thrown upon his royal word, he vowed he could do nothing without the sanction of that terrible Junta of Theologians, and declared that, considering what he had gone through for the sake of the Infanta, he was deserving of better treatment. His remonstrances were in vain. Then worked upon by Buckingham, who had become exceedingly unpopular in Madrid, and hated Spain accordingly and all its associations, Charles expressed his intention to return to England at once. He declined to remain any longer; a further stay in Madrid could serve no useful purpose, and as to the empty marriage ceremony he would leave powers for its celebration in his absence. He fixed the second week in September as the date of his departure, and refused, by any condition save the one he demanded, to be turned from his purpose. If

he hoped by this resolve to cause the Spanish advisers to shorten the period of probation, he was disappointed; Olivarez would not curtail a month of the time fixed.

Before quitting Madrid, the Prince, whose generosity was among the best traits in his character, distributed numerous costly gifts among those with whom he had come in contact during his stay in Spain. To the King he gave a diamond-hilted sword, worth twelve thousand ducats; to the Queen, a diamond brooch with a pearl pendant, worth twenty-four thousand ducats; to the Infanta, a tiara of diamonds, and ropes of pearls, worth eighty thousand ducats; to Don Carlos, a ring set with diamonds, of the value of five thousand ducats; to the Infante Cardinal, a cross, worth eight ducats; to Olivarez and his countess, diamonds of the value of eighteen thousand ducats; to the Ministers and others who had assisted him in the negotiation, or who had shown him hospitality, he also gave presents of a very handsome nature. It is computed that his gifts on this occasion represented a sum of nearly two hundred thousand ducats. Nor was Spanish liberality to be outdone by English generosity. To Charles, the King of Spain gave ten genets, twelve mares, and four cart-loads of rapier blades, cross-bows, pistols and arquebuses; 'the picture of Venus which was at the Prado, made by Firicino;' and 'the picture of Our Lady, St. Joseph and Christ, made by Corregio.' To the members of the household of Charles, his Majesty presented horses and diamonds. We also

learn that the gifts which the King of Spain always considered as the most acceptable were ambling nags, fowling-pieces, cross-bows, white hawks, cormorants, Irish greyhounds, and 'thumblers' [pigeons ?].[1]

The Prince quitted Madrid September 8, 1623. He parted with the Infanta on the most affectionate terms—was not his sudden departure a compliment to her since it was caused by his not being able to claim her person sooner than her advisers had deemed expedient?—and accompanied by Philip and his two brothers, rode on to the Escurial, where he spent a couple of days. It had been the wish of the King of Spain to escort his guest to Santander, where the Prince was to embark for England, but owing to the interesting condition of the Queen, who was daily expecting her confinement, he had to abandon the idea. Charles and his future brother-in-law separated on the best of terms; the Prince declaring that he would carry out all that he had promised, whilst the King in his turn assured him that he would do all in his power to shorten the period fixed by the Theologians before the Infanta could be permitted to enter England. During the next few days, whilst Charles was riding in the scorching heat of a Spanish sun across country to Santander, an interesting correspondence took place between him and Philip. The King despatched the first epistle.

'MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD,' he wrote—[2] 'Since it

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* August and October 1623.

[2] *State Papers, Spain.* St. Lorenzo [the Escurial], September 12, 1623. Among the State Papers [Spanish] there are eleven of these letters.

hath not been possible for me, by reason of your Highness's short departure, to accompany you to the sea-side as I could wish, I have thought upon our leave-taking to tell your Highness that I do find myself so much obliged to you and to the King of Great Britain, that all the power in the world together shall not remove me the less point from the punctual performance of all that hath been agreed and settled with your Highness, as also any other thing that shall hereafter be requisite to agree upon for the more firm and strict assurances of friendship and alliance. And I do promise your Highness to root out and dissipate whatever cross and hindrance in my kingdoms that shall be against this, and I hope and am confident that your Highness and the King of Great Britain shall also do the like. Our intentions being the same, for I will and desire what your Highness and the King of Great Britain shall will and desire, and in token and testimony of this confidence and true friendship I protest what I have said, and I give my hand and my arms to your Highness.'

The following day the King again wrote to the Prince :

'I shall always remain,' he said, 'with that care and solicitude that the obligations and the love and estimation I owe to your Highness requires, until I receive news of your arrival. I am arrived in Madrid in good health, thanks be to God, and I have found the Queen and my sister in good health. All they do kiss your Highness's hands.'

News had reached the palace that Charles had

made out his journey to Segovia with perfect safety, and in spite of the intense heat was pushing on to Santander by way of Olmedo and Carrion. Philip once more wrote to him begging him to be careful, and to remember that the sun in Spain was very different to what it was in foggy England.

'I cannot choose,' says his most Catholic Majesty, 'but to quarrel with your Highness for your travelling so in the heat of the sun, so hot, for it cannot be otherwise, but that it will be very hurtful to your health, a thing which I do so much desire it should not happen, and so I cannot omit to entreat your Highness most particularly that you would by all means forbear travelling at such hours in which the sun may offend your Highness. In these parts the heat is grown so great and so violent that it seemeth that summer is but now a beginning.'

To the first letter received from the King the Prince returned the following reply :[1]

'I can receive no manner of comfort since my absence from your Majesty, nor out of the solitariness that I am in, since I am deprived of the favour and contentment which I received in your Majesty's company, unless it be by the excuse of your Majesty's resolution to bring me to the sea-side upon my short departure, and the Queen's Majesty being so great with child and the heat being so great your Majesty would put your health in hazard. And I wish that your Majesty may have it certain and perfect, being it doth import to the King my Lord and father and

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* Segovia, September 13, 1623.

me, as I have known by experience through your Majesty's love and affection, as also in that which your Majesty hath written to me with your own hand. And therefore I have been willing to tell your Majesty with mine own that I do not only hold and go with a firm and constant resolution to accomplish all those things which my father and I have treated and accorded with your Majesty, but also to do all other things that shall be necessary to strengthen and bind as much as shall be possible fraternity and sincere love with your Majesty. And although all the world together would oppose and hinder it, yet they shall not, neither with my father nor me, have any effect; rather we will declare ourselves for enemies to those that shall attempt it. And in testimony of this true love I protest all that I have said, and I have given my hands and arms to your Majesty whom God save as I desire.

'CHARLES P.'

In spite of the warmth of these protestations Charles was acting at this very time with true Stuart treachery and double dealing. On his leaving Madrid he had placed in the hands of Bristol the necessary powers for the celebration of the marriage in his absence, as soon as the Papal approval had been received. It had been arranged that ten days after the arrival of the Papal approbation the marriage ceremony was to take place. This proxy Charles now revoked in the following letter which he sent from Segovia by a secret messenger :[1]

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* September 24, 1623.

'BRISTOL,—You may remember that a little before I came from Laureco [St. Lorenzo], I spoke to you concerning a fear I had that the Infanta might be forced to go into a monastery after she is betrothed, which you know she may do with a dispensation. Though at that time I was loath to press it because I thought it fit at the time of my parting to eschew distaste or dispute as much as I could: yet since considering that if I should be betrothed before that doubt be removed, and that upon ill-grounded suspicion or other cause whatsoever they should take this way to break the marriage, the King my father and all the world might justly condemn me for a rash-headed fool not to foresee and prevent this in time. Wherefore I thought it necessary by this letter to command you not to deliver my proxy to the King of Spain until I may have sufficient security both from him and the Infanta that after I am betrothed a monastery may not rob me of my wife. And after you have gotten this security send with all possible speed to me, that if I find it sufficient (as I hope I shall) I may send you order by the delivering of my proxy to despatch the marriage. So, not doubting but that you will punctually observe this command I rest your loving friend,

'CHARLES P.'

The ostensible reason which gave rise to this revocation was, as we see, that Charles pretended to be fearful that his future wife, if the conditions as to

Catholic emancipation in England were not carried out, might be immured in a convent; but the real reason was that the Prince, then much concerned at the parlous state of the Palatinate, was desirous of finding a loophole of escape from his past engagements and an opportunity to impose fresh conditions.

Upon the death of the Emperor Matthias, Bohemia and Hungary objected to the rule of his successor, Ferdinand of Gratz. The Bohemians formally deposed Ferdinand and named Frederick V. the Elector-Palatine, who had married Elizabeth the daughter of James of England, as their king, whilst Bethlem Gabor, Voivoide of Transylvania, was proclaimed King of Hungary. The Catholic princes espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and the Protestants the cause of Frederick. The Catholics triumphed; Frederick was totally routed near Prague, put to the ban of the empire, and was robbed of the fair provinces of the Palatinate. To recover his former dominions was the one aim of Frederick, and he was supported in his futile attempts, after a tardy and hesitating fashion, by his father-in-law. In marrying his son Charles to the Infanta, James had thought that Spain would offer her assistance, and through her aid Frederick would be restored to power. Olivarez was however in favour of extending and not limiting the influence of the House of Austria, and threw the coldest of water upon any suggestions that Spain should unite with England for the recovery of the Palatinate. The Conde-Duque did not care one jot

for Protestant England, but he cared much for Catholic Germany.

At first, when the question of the marriage of the Infanta with the Prince of Wales was under discussion, the claims of the Palatinate had been introduced among the articles of the treaty; but upon the discovery of the opposition of Spain to such foreign matter, Bristol thought it prudent to postpone all question of the Palatinate to a more favourable opportunity. Charles himself being passionately attached to his sister and devoted to her cause, had more than once broached the subject to Olivarez, but on perceiving the hostility his views encountered, had thought, like Bristol, that it was wiser to wait for a more auspicious occasion. That moment he considered had now arrived. He was engaged to the Infanta, he had pledged himself to carry out certain promises, he had been dictated to by a foreign Power —the giving, in his opinion, was not to be all on one side, and he now resolved that the assistance of Spain in recovering the Palatinate should be one of the conditions of the marriage. In this determination he was supported on his return to England by James, by Buckingham—who, from the frequent snubbings he had received on the other side of the Pyrenees, was most anxious to break off the Spanish match—and by the members of the Privy Council, who, knowing that their oaths would not be ratified by Parliament, were not sorry at seeing new difficulties created.

'HONEST WATT'—wrote Charles to Sir Walter Aston shortly after his arrival in England,[1]—'The King my Father has sent a command to Bristol not to deliver my proxie untill we may know certainlie what the King of Spaine will doe concerning the Palatinat, if you fynd that this doe make them startel give them all the assurance that you can thinke of that I doe realie intend and desyer this match, and the chief end of this is that wee may be as well hartie frends as neer allyes, and to deal freelie with you so that we may have satisfaction conserning the Pallatinat I will be content to forget all ill usage and be hartie frends, but if not I can never match wher I have had so dry entertainment although I shall be infinitlie sorrie for the lose of the Infanta. So intreating you to give my Mistress at all occasions asseurance of my constant love and service, I rest your constant loving frend,

'CHARLES P.'

The simple fact was that the old Stuart failing was at the bottom of this change of policy. James was in want of money; he had to meet his Parliament, and he saw that the Spanish alliance was not approved of by the nation, that loud murmurs had been raised as to the conditions relative to the emancipation of the Catholics, and that the people at large were hotly in favour, Spanish aid or not, of waging war to recover the Palatinate. Charles in his turn,

[1] *State Papers, Spain.* Royston, October 8, 1623. The letter is in the Prince's handwriting. I have not altered the spelling.

now that he was removed from the fascinating presence of the Infanta, allowed himself, with his usual instability of character, to be easily led, and to be influenced entirely by the counsels of Buckingham. That his heart was consoled without difficulty is evident from the negotiations which now ensued between London and Paris, touching a union, in case the Spanish match fell through, between the Prince and Henrietta Maria. Though the union with Spain was still on the *tapis*, and Charles had been only a few days before loud in his professions of fidelity to the Infanta, yet he did not scruple to express his readiness to entertain the proposal, and, if required, to substitute the daughter of France for the daughter of Spain.

Absence, instead of making the heart of the Prince grow fonder, had on this occasion caused Charles, it would appear, seriously to reflect upon the character of the negotiations of the past. He thought over his disputes with the divines, of the irritating interference of the Junta of Theologians, of the strictness of the fashion in which he had been kept to the conditions imposed upon him, of the system of espionage which had always attended upon his interviews with the Infanta, of the opposition of Olivarez, and the dislike evinced towards him by bigoted grandees on account of his being a heretic, and of the rest of the annoyances to which he had been subject during the past few months. At Madrid he had been intoxicated, excited, and ready to swear and do anything; but now in London, he

became sobered, irritated with himself, and not a little vindictive. Thus, under the influence of the jaundiced counsels of Buckingham, he saw how distasteful to his future subjects were the conditions that he had entered into, and how impossible it was for him to carry out the promises he had pledged himself to perform. He had no alternative but to eat his words, and sneak as best he could out of his engagements. He was still perfectly willing, he magnificently admitted, to marry the Infanta, but then his views upon the matter must be accepted; that is to say, the Catholic conditions must no longer be insisted upon as a *sine quâ non*, the Palatinate must be recovered by Spanish help, and the Infanta must come over to England shortly after the ceremony of marriage had been gone through. Under such circumstances he certainly would marry the Infanta; but should his terms not be acceded to, why then was he to trouble himself any further in the matter? Was there not, he asked, the fair daughter of France in reserve for him? Better Henrietta Maria with the approval of the English people, than the Infanta with all her wealth and without such approval.

As we know, the Spanish match was broken off, and the romantic ride to Madrid had been undertaken in vain. The King of Spain was willing to meet the demands of James half way, but he declined to comply with them wholly and unconditionally. The restitution of the Palatinate, he very truly said, had never been made a condition of the marriage, and it was impossible to think that under any cir-

cumstances he could wage war against the Emperor. He would, however, suggest a compromise. Let the Elector-Palatine make a due submission to the Emperor, let his eldest son marry a daughter of the Emperor, let Frederick consent to abdicate, then on the death of the Duke of Bavaria, his eldest son would be re-established in the Electoral dignity. These terms within terms were refused, and the engagement between the Infanta and Charles was definitely at an end. The Infanta ceased to bear the title of Princess of Wales, and returned the jewels that had been given her. Bristol was recalled to become the sport of the vindictiveness of Buckingham; English troops were despatched to assist in the recovery of the Palatinate; and instead of the treaty of amity, which the Spanish match was supposed to draw up and consolidate, a war with Spain ensued.

Such was the end of this romance. In this instance the conduct of the youth painfully foreshadows the conduct of the man, and Charles Prince of Wales proves himself a true predecessor of the Charles who was afterwards to be King of England. The lad who allowed himself to be guided by the evil counsels of a domineering and intolerant favourite, who solemnly promised what he knew he was incapable of performing, who calmly abandoned her he had sworn to love and preserve, the moment difficulties stood in the way, and who without scruple or hesitation repudiated his obligations and threw over his pledges, was indeed the forerunner of the King who gave

sureties to his Commons, and then sought to evade them, who was lavish in promise but knavish in performance, who to gain his own immediate ends was careless as to what tortuous course he pursued, and who when it suited his selfish purpose deserted Strafford, as meanly as he had eighteen years before deserted the Infanta. The history of the personal rule of our first Charles is but the sequel to the history of the Spanish Match.

THE RYE HOUSE PLOT.

All your ancient customs
And long descended usages we'll change,
And call it reformation—marry will we.

TOWARDS the close of the autumn of 1682, the discontent which the domestic and foreign policy of the 'Merry Monarch' had excited among his subjects at last began to assume a tangible and aggressive form. The aim of our second Charles was nothing less than to overthrow the English constitution, to render himself free of parliamentary control, to bias English justice, and to attain his disloyal ends, if need be, by the aid of France, whose pensioner he was. Nor had he been at this time unsuccessful in his object. In spite of the hostility of the country party—as the opponents of the Court were styled—the Duke of York was not debarred from succession to the throne; for, thanks to the eloquence of the brilliant Halifax, the Exclusion Bill had been rejected. The law had also been turned into a most potent engine of oppression by causing it to interpret, not justice, but the wishes of the King; only such judges being appointed as would prove obedient to the royal will, and only such juries being summoned as might be trusted to carry out the royal behests. The Anglican clergy rallied round the throne, and everywhere

taught the doctrine of passive obedience and the heinousness of resistance to the divine right of kings. A secret treaty with Louis of France had rendered Charles, by its pecuniary clauses, entirely independent of his subjects. The disaffection of London had been crushed by its Lord Mayor being converted to the policy of the Court, and by the nomination of the sheriffs, not at Guildhall, but at Whitehall—an interference which made every corporation in the kingdom tremble for its stability.

For the last ten years the leaders of the country party had waged war to the knife against this organised despotism on the part of the monarch, yet all opposition had proved unavailing. The unscrupulous and vindictive Shaftesbury—

> In friendship false, implacable in hate,
> Resolved to ruin or to rule the State,

had led the attack, and endeavoured in vain to stir up the nation against its sovereign; then, mortified at the failure of his efforts, had withdrawn—or, in other words, had been forced to fly—to the Continent, and there eventually perished a victim to disappointed revenge and dissatisfied ambition. The amiable Lord William Russell had, in his place in Parliament openly opposed the Court, and warned the country of the dangers that would ensue should the arbitrary government of Charles be longer tolerated. Algernon Sydney, Essex, and Hampden had followed suit; but their teaching and invective had been delivered to no purpose; the power and the bribes of the throne, acting upon the natural servility

of man, had been too puissant and convincing not to be effectual in crushing all resistance. Victory, therefore, at present rested with the King, not with his opponents.

And now it was that this disaffection, which had so long been futile in its efforts at revolt, began to trouble the minds of men of a far different character from the recognised chiefs of the country party. At that time there were certain desperadoes haunting the taverns of the east of London, who, after much secret council and talk over their cups, had come to the conclusion that the simplest solution of the national difficulty was to murder the King and his brother, the Duke of York, and then—but not till then—the throne being vacant, to consider what form of constitution should be adopted. The leader of the band was one whose name will live as long as the great satire of Dryden is remembered. Anglican priest, Dissenting divine, political agitator, spy, informer, as mischievous as he was treacherous, Robert Ferguson belonged to that class which every conspiracy seems to enrol; foremost in advice, last in action, brave when there is no danger, but the first to fly and purchase safety by a base and compromising confession. On this occasion he was the treasurer of the conspirators—

> Judas that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
> Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee;
> Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree.

The rest of the crew call for no special mention. Among the more prominent we find Josiah Keeling,

a citizen and salter of London, who was deep in the councils of the plotters, and who repaid their confidence by informing the Government, at the first sign of peril, of what had been discussed and planned; Colonel Walcot, an old officer of Cromwell; Colonel Romsey, a soldier of fortune who had fought with distinction in Portugal; Sir Thomas Armstrong, 'a debauched atheistical bravo;' Robert West, a barrister in fair practice; Thomas Shepherd, a wine merchant; Richard Rumbold, an old officer in Cromwell's army, but at this time a maltster; Richard Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London; John Ayloffe, a lawyer, the man who, on one occasion, to show how complete was the vassalage of England to France, had placed a wooden shoe in the chair of the Speaker of the House of Commons; and Ford, Lord Grey of Wark, who had brought himself conspicuously before the public by debauching his wife's sister. Added to this list were soldiers of fortune, bankrupt traders, and the men who, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, look upon agitation and conspiracy as a form of industry likely to lead to solid advantages.

Such was the reckless band which met to 'amend the constitution,' and 'restore our Protestantism,' during the quiet hours of many an autumn evening, in the parlours of the Sun Tavern 'behind the Royal Exchange,' the Horse-shoe Tavern 'on Tower Hill,' the Mitre Tavern 'within Aldgate,' the Salutation 'in Lombard Street,' the Dolphin 'behind Bartholomew Lane,' and in other well-known hostels. The only two toasts permitted at the gatherings were, 'To the

man who first draws his sword in defence of the Protestant religion against Popery and slavery,' and 'To the confusion of the two brothers at Whitehall.' In order to prevent their conversation being overheard by any inquisitive strangers, the conspirators adopted a peculiar language which they alone could understand. A blunderbuss was a 'swan's quill;' a musket, 'a goose quill;' pistols, 'crow quills;' powder and bullets, 'ink and sand;' Charles was either 'the churchwarden at Whitehall' or 'a blackbird,' while James, Duke of York, was 'a goldfinch.' The object of these meetings was at last decided upon; it was resolved that the King and his brother should be assassinated, or, in the slang employed by the plotters, 'a deed of bargain and sale should be executed to bar both him in possession and him in remainder.'[1]

This resolution carried, the next question was how the design should be accomplished. Much discussion ensued, but after frequent deliberations a scheme of action was drawn up. It was known that the King, on his return from racing at Newmarket, would have to pass the farm of Richard Rumbold, called the Rye House. This farm was situated in a prettily timbered part of Hertfordshire, about eighteen miles from London, and derived its name from the Rye, a large meadow adjoining the holding. Close to this paddock ran the by-road from Bishop's Stortford to Hoddesdon, which was constantly used by

[1] *A True Account of the Rye House Plot*, by Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, 1685.

Charles and his brother when they drove to or from Newmarket. Thus the royal couple, on such occasions, would fall within easy pistol-shot of any assailant secreted within the farm. The Rye House, from the nature of its situation, also seemed to favour conspiracy. It was an old strong building, standing alone, and encompassed with a moat; towards the garden it was surrounded by high walls, 'so that twenty men might easily defend it for some time against five hundred.' From a lofty tower in the house an extensive view was commanded; 'hence all who go or come may be seen both ways for more than a mile's distance.' In approaching the farm, when driving from Newmarket to London, it was necessary to cross a narrow causeway, at the end of which was a toll-gate, 'which having entered, you go through a yard and a little field, and at the end of that, through another gate, you pass into a narrow lane, where two coaches could not go abreast.' On the left hand of this lane was a thick hedge, whilst on the right stood a low, long building used for corn chambers and stables, with several doors and windows looking into the road. 'When you are past the long building you go by the moat and the garden wall: that is very strong, and has divers holes in it, through which a great many men might shoot.' Along by the moat and wall the road continued to the river Ware, which had to be crossed by a bridge; a little lower down another bridge, spanning the New River, had to be traversed, 'in both which passes a few men may oppose great numbers.' Behind the long build-

ing was an outer courtyard, into which a considerable body of horse and foot could be drawn up unperceived from the road, 'whence they might easily issue out at the same time into each end of the narrow lane.'[1]

The Rye House, affording such excellent opportunities, was accordingly fixed upon as the rendezvous for 'those who were to be actors in the fact.' Arms and ammunition, covered with oysters, were to be taken up the river Ware by watermen in the secret of the conspiracy and landed at the farm; men were to ride down from London at night in small detachments, so as to escape observation, and then hide themselves in the outbuildings around the holding; the servants of the farm, on the day appointed for the 'taking off' of the King and his brother, were to be sent out of the way and despatched to market; whilst the anything but hen-pecked maltster promised, when the critical moment came, 'to lock Mrs. Rumbold upstairs.'[2] So far all was satisfactorily arranged as to the assembling of the conspirators. The next question that had to be determined was as to the execution of the infamous design. This was soon arranged. The plotters had ascertained the exact hour the King and the Duke of York were to quit Newmarket; a brief calculation was sufficient for them therefore to arrive

[1] *State Papers, Charles II.* June 1683. 'A Particular Account of the Situation of the Rye House.'

[2] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Robert West of the Middle Temple. A special collection among the State Papers. It may be remembered that when this collection was examined an original treatise of Milton was found among the documents—a discovery which led to Macaulay's essay on Milton.

at the hour when the royal coach would be driven past the road running under the windows of the Rye House; still, to make matters more sure, a couple of watchers were to be stationed in the tower of the farm, and give the signal when the quarry was in view.

Upon the approach of the coach with its attendant equerries, the men especially selected for the immediate work of assassination were to steal out of their cover and hide themselves behind the wall which ran along the road; the wall was to be provided with convenient loopholes, and the conspirators were to stand with their muskets ready. 'When his Majesty's coach should come over against the wall, three or four of those behind it were to shoot at the postillion and the horses; if the horses should not drop then, there were to be two men with an empty cart in the lane near the place, who in the habit of labourers should run the cart athwart the lane and so stop the horses. Besides those that were to shoot the postillion and the horses, there were several appointed to shoot into the coach where his Majesty was to be, and others to shoot at the guards that should be attending the coach.' The dastardly work accomplished, the farm with its outbuildings was to be at once vacated, the conspirators were to jump into their saddles, and make their way to London by the Hackney Marshes as fast as their horses could lay legs to the ground. If this plan was adopted, it was hoped 'they might get to London as soon as the news could.'[1]

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West.

Still the murder of Charles and his brother was only the beginning of the end. The death of the King was to be the signal for a general rising. The city and suburbs were to be divided into twenty districts, with a captain and eight lieutenants at the head of each district; the men to be armed and ready at an hour's notice for any raid that might be commanded. The sum of twenty thousand pounds, which had been subscribed by the disaffected, was to be distributed among the captains to expend as they thought best. The night before the return of the King from Newmarket, a body composed of two thousand men, drawn from these several districts, was to be secreted in empty houses, 'as near the several gates of the city and other convenient posts as could be; the men were to be got into those houses and acquainted with the plot to take off the King at Rye House; such as refused should be clapt into the cellars, and the rest sally out at the most convenient hour, and seize and shut up the gates.' [1]

The moment the revolt had broken out the different captains were to muster their men and march them to the several places of rendezvous fixed upon; some were to be stationed in St. James's Square, others in Covent Garden, others again in Southwark, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Royal Exchange, whilst those posted at Moorfields were to take possession of the arms in the Artillery Ground. A large body of cavalry was, at the same time, to be on the alert and

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West.

scour the streets, so as to prevent the King's party from assembling, or the Horse Guards from doing their duty. The bridges over the Thames were to be secured, and fagots taken into the narrow streets around Eastcheap for purposes of conflagration, if necessary.[1]

All these measures appeared comparatively easy of execution to the conspirators; one detail in the enterprise, however, seems greatly to have perplexed them. As long as the Tower was in the hands of the King's guards, any rise in the city might prove a failure. To obtain possession of the Tower was therefore one of the most prominent features in the discussions held at the various hostels which the conspirators frequented. Some suggested that fagots should be heaped about the gates of the building at dead of night, and then set on fire; others that it should be bombarded from the Thames; whilst a third proposed that men should be lodged in Thames Street, and secretly fall upon the guard. 'Several ways,' witnesses Robert West,[2] 'were proposed to surprise and take the Tower of London. One was to send ten or twelve men armed with pistols, pocket daggers and pocket blunderbusses into the Tower under the pretence of seeing the armoury; another number should go to see the lions, who, by reason of their not going into the inner gate, were not to have their swords taken from them, that the persons who went to see the armoury should return into the tavern just within the gate, and there eat

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West. [2] *Ibid.*

and drink till the time for the attempt was come, that some persons should come in a mourning coach, or some gentleman's coach to be borrowed for this occasion, under pretence of making a visit to some of the lords in the Tower; and just within the gate some of the persons issuing out of the tavern should kill one of the horses and overturn the coach, so as the gate could not be shut, and the rest of the persons within and those who went to see the lions should set upon the guards; that upon a signal of the coach driving down a party of men (lodged in empty houses near the Tower) should be ready to rush out, and upon the noise of the first shot immediately run down to the gate and break in; this way, if at all put in execution, was to be in the daytime about two o'clock, because after dinner the officers are usually dispersed or engaged in drinking, and the soldiers loitering from their arms.'

Another suggestion was 'that several men should enter actions against one another in St. Catherine's Court, held for the Tower Liberty within the Tower, and at the court day, at which time great liberty is allowed to all persons to come in, a party of men should go as plaintiffs and defendants, and witnesses who should come in under pretence of curiosity, and being seconded by certain stout fellows working as labourers in the Tower, should attempt the surprise.'[1] It would, however, appear that all these proposals, after full consideration, were deemed impracticable,

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West.

for we learn that no definite decision was arrived at, but the capture of the Tower was left to the chapter of accidents. The first step, said the plotters, was to begin the revolt; then events, at present unforeseen, would spring up and favour the development of the insurrection. 'Only let the football be dropped,' said one, 'and there would be plenty to give it a kick.' [1]

The King and his brother shot down, and the city in the hands of the conspirators, punishment was then swiftly to overtake those who had favoured the past policy of Charles. The late Lord Mayor of London, who had specially shown himself the creature of the Court in having been willing to yield the charter of the corporation, was to be killed. A similar fate was to befall the existing Lord Mayor, also guilty of the same subservience; with this addition, that after death 'his skin should be flayed off and stuffed and hung up in Guildhall, as one who had betrayed the rights and privileges of the city.' The office of chief magistrate of the city thus vacant, was to be filled by one Alderman Cornish; should he however refuse to accept the dignity, he was to be 'knocked on the head.' Certain members of the corporation, who 'had behaved themselves like trimmers, and neglected to repeal several by-laws,' were to be forced to appear publicly and admit the fact: in the event of their declining to be thus humiliated, they also were to be 'knocked on the head.'

The civic authorities chastened by this process

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Thomas Shepherd.

of physical correction, the bench was next to fall under the ire of the plotters. All such judges as had been guilty of passing arbitrary judgments, and of identifying the law with the royal will, were to be brought to trial, 'and their skins stuffed and hung up in Westminster Hall.' Then came the turn of the ecclesiastics; in the vicious hour of mob rule the Church is always one of the first and greatest of sufferers. On this occasion 'bishops, deans, and chapters were to be wholly laid aside,' their lands confiscated, and such sums as it was the custom to apply to educational purposes were to be appropriated 'to public uses in ease of the people from taxes.' Men who had made themselves unpopular during the late Parliament as greedy pensioners of the Crown were to be 'brought to trial and death, and their skins stuffed and then hung up in the Parliament House as betrayers of the people and of the trust.' It was also thought 'convenient' that certain Ministers of State, such as my Lord Halifax and my Lord Hyde, should be 'taken off.' To complete the programme, should funds be lacking, a raid was to be made upon the city magnates, for, said these advocates of communism, 'there was money and plate enough among the bankers and goldsmiths.' This scheme of revenge and spoliation was to be rigidly carried out; and those to whom it was entrusted were to fulfil it as they would 'obey the commandments.' [1]

The insurrection once an accomplished fact, and the prerogative of the Crown, with all its attendant

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Robert West and Josiah Keeling

evils, overthrown, the desire of reform which had inspired the movement was immediately to be carried out. The House of Commons was no longer to be the creature of the throne, but of the nation. The people were to meet annually at a certain time to choose members of Parliament, 'without any writ or particular direction to do so.' The Parliament thus chosen was to assemble for a stated time; nor was it to be dissolved, prorogued or adjourned, except by its own consent. Parliament was to consist of an upper and a lower House; but 'only such nobility should be hereditary as were assisting in this design; the rest should only be for life, and upon their death the House of Lords should be supplied from time to time with new ones out of the House of Commons.' To Parliament should be entrusted 'the nomination, if not the election, of all judges, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other greater or lesser offices, civil or military.' Acts passed by both Houses of Parliament should be a perpetual law, without any necessity for the sanction of the Crown. A council selected from the Lords and Commons were to act as the advisers of the sovereign. The militia were to be in the hands of the people. Every county was to choose its own sheriffs. Parliament was to be held once a year, and to sit as long as it had anything to do. All peers who had acted contrary to the interests of the people were to be degraded. In matters of religion complete toleration was to be accorded to everyone. England was to be a free port, and all foreigners who desired the privilege were to be naturalised.

Finally, the only imposts to be levied were the excise and land taxes.[1]

The example set by London in rising against the despotism of the Crown was to be followed by the rest of the country. The Earl of Argyll agreed first for thirty thousand, then for ten thousand pounds, 'to stir the Scots,' who were hotly in favour of revolt, 'though they had nothing but their claws to fight with rather than endure what they did.' In the west of England, Bristol, Taunton, and Exeter were full of agents of the disaffected; whilst in the north, Chester, York, and Newcastle were ready at a moment's notice to act in union with London. In the south, Portsmouth was the only town as yet which had voted in favour of the plot. The east of England was quiet. It was agreed that upon the death of Charles, his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, was to be crowned king, but owing to the jealousy of the council appointed to curb the prerogative, and to the measures of the reformers, it was said that the royal bastard would be more a 'Duke of Venice' than an English monarch.[2]

Whilst these schemes were being fashioned within the parlours of the 'Dolphin,' the 'Rising Sun,' and the rest of the city taverns, a very different order of men was at the same time deliberating how to pull the nation out of the slough of despotism into which it had been plunged. Upon the flight of Shaftesbury,

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Robert West and Zachary Bourn.

[2] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Lord Howard, Alexander Gordon, and Robert West.

who had been during the last years of his life the most prominent of the foes of the Court, especially of the Duke of York, and the most potent among the disaffected in the city of London, the leaders of the Whig party, aware of the danger which menaced them from 'froward sheriffs, willing juries, mercenary judges, and bold witnesses,' determined not to let the cause which Shaftesbury had advocated fall to the ground. They held frequent meetings at different places of rendezvous, and formed themselves into a select committee, which was known by the name of the 'Council of Six.' The members of this Council were the Duke of Monmouth, who was intriguing for the crown, Lord Essex, Algernon Sydney, Lord William Russell, Lord Howard, and young Hampden, the grandson of the opponent of ship-money.

What the deliberations of this Council were it is now difficult to ascertain, owing to the prejudiced sources from which information has to be derived; the official accounts of the plot, drawn up at the request of the King by Ford, Lord Grey, and by Sprat, the servile Bishop of Rochester, are not to be implicitly believed in; nor is the evidence of the witnesses produced by the Crown at the trials of Sydney and Russell a whit more trustworthy. There can be no doubt, however, that consultations were frequently held among the six as to the best course to pursue for resisting a Government which aimed at nothing less than arbitrary power. If we are to credit the men who sold their testimony to the Crown, and the men who purchased life by turning King's evidence,

the aim of the Council was to organise an insurrection all over the country, and with the help of the discontented Presbyterians in Scotland, to put an end to the tyranny of Charles and his Popish brother. What was the exact extent of their designs we know not, but in all probability the statement made by Lady William Russell is not far from the truth. 'There was,' said she, 'much talk about a general rising, but it only amounted to loose discourse, or at most embryos that never came to anything.'

Nor have we, though the testimony is partial, much reason to doubt the assertion. Considering the condition of England at that time, and the conflicting views of the Six who constituted the Council, it would have been difficult for any decided and unanimous scheme of action to have been prepared. Though the conduct of Charles had caused much discontent and distress, yet the nation at large felt itself powerless to oppose the evil. The Whigs were in a minority, whilst the Royalists were a most formidable party, in whose hands were all the military and naval resources of the kingdom. To levy war upon the King, as had forty years before been levied upon his father, was a scheme which bore failure on its very face, and could not have been seriously entertained by keen and cautious men like Russell or Sydney. The Six in all probability contented themselves with merely forming estimates of the strength of their followers, and with knitting together a confederacy which absolute necessity might call into action. We must also remember that the members of

the Council were not in such harmony with each other as to render it probable that they had fixed upon any distinct plan of rebellion. Monmouth was in favour of a monarchy with himself as monarch. Algernon Sydney had no other object before him but the realisation of his cherished idea of a republic, and frankly declared that it was indifferent to him whether James Duke of York or James Duke of Monmouth was on the throne. Essex was very much the same way of thinking as Sydney. Russell and Hampden wished for the exclusion of the Duke of York, as a Papist, from the throne, the redress of certain grievances, and the return of the Constitution within its ancient lines; whilst Howard, the falsest and most mercenary of men, was ready to vote for any change of government which could be harmlessly effected, and by which his own interests would not suffer. Many years after the execution of her husband, Lady William Russell said, with reference to these men and the measures they proposed, that she was convinced it was but talk, 'and 'tis possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to suppress evils might be sought, how it could be found.'

To return to the Rye House plotters. We are told by those given to speculation and organisation that in all calculations a large allowance should be made for that which upsets most plans—the unforeseen. On this occasion the conspirators were so sanguine of their scheme as never to imagine it might be put to nought by pure accident. The farm had been

engaged, the men instructed, the necessary hiding-places prepared, and all things were ready for the murderous deed. Suddenly the unforeseen occurred, and all the careful measures of the would-be regicides were rendered abortive. Owing to his house having caught fire, Charles was obliged to leave Newmarket eight days earlier than he had intended, and thus, thanks to this happy conflagration, passed unscathed by the Rye House, then completely deserted. His Majesty was comfortably ensconced at Whitehall, toying with his mistresses and sorting their bonbons, whilst his enemies, unconscious of his escape, were congratulating themselves that in another week their work would be done, and their victim fall an easy prey to their designs.

And now the result ensued which invariably attends upon treason which has failed and which fears detection. It was an age when plots were freely concocted against the Crown and those in supreme authority, yet, often as conspiracies were entered into, there were always witnesses ready to come forward and swear away the lives of their former accomplices, to divulge what they had pledged themselves to keep secret, and if need be to follow in every detail the example of the biggest scoundrel of the seventeenth century, Doctor Titus Oates of Salamanca. Among the minor persons engaged in the Rye House plot was, as we have said, Josiah Keeling ; he was now fearfulof the fate which might befall him should the authorities at Whitehall get wind of the past deliberations, and accordingly, with that prudence which characterised

him, he was determined to be first in the field to make a clean breast of all that had been planned and suggested. First he went to Lord Dartmouth, and told his tale, and then was referred by that statesman to his colleague, Mr. Secretary Jenkins. Jenkins took down the deposition of the man, but said that unless the evidence was supported by another witness, no investigation of the matter could be proceeded with. Keeling was, however, equal to the occasion, and induced his brother John, a turner in Blackfriars, to corroborate his statements. The plot now authenticated by the two requisite witnesses, the Secretary of State thought it his duty to communicate the affair to the rest of the advisers of the Crown. It appears, however, that a few days after his confession the conscience of the younger brother, John Keeling, pricked him, and he secretly availed himself of the first opportunity to inform Richard Goodenough that the plot had been discovered by the Government, and advised all who had been engaged in it to fly beyond sea.

This news coming to the ears of Colonel Romsey and Robert West, who were bosom friends, the two, unconscious of the revelations of the Keelings, thought it now prudent to save their own skins by informing ministers of all that had occurred, and, indeed, to make their story the more palatable to the Government, of a little more than had occurred. Accordingly they wended their way to Whitehall, and there told how the house at Rye had been offered them by Rumbold the maltster; how at this house forty men well

armed and mounted, commanded in two divisions by Romsey and Walcot, were to assemble; and how on the return of the King from Newmarket, Romsey with his division was to stop the coach, and murder Charles and his brother, whilst Walcot was to busy himself in engaging with the guards. So far the narrative of the informers tallied with the confessions of the Keelings. But Romsey and West, aware how hateful Lord William Russell, Algernon Sydney, and the rest of the cabal were to the Government, by their open opposition to the home and foreign policy of the Court, essayed to give the impression that the Council of Six were also implicated in the detestable designs of the Rye House plotters.[1]

When unscrupulous men in supreme power are anxious to gratify their animosity, any evidence calculated to bring foes within reach is acceptable. The hints of Romsey and West were sufficient for the purpose, and orders were instantly issued by the Secretaries of State for the arrest of the Six. The first victim was Lord William, who was at once taken before the council for examination; but as he denied all the charges brought against him, he was forthwith sent to the Tower. Algernon Sydney next followed. He had been seized whilst at his lodgings, and all his papers sealed and secured by a messenger. Once before the council, he answered a few questions 'respectfully and without deceit,' but his examination was brief, for on his refusal to reply to certain queries put to him, he also

[1] *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Col. Romsey and Robert West.

was despatched to the Tower. Monmouth, having received timely warning, had placed the North Sea between himself and the Court. Ford, Lord Grey, had been brought before the council, had been examined and sent to the Tower, but managing to bribe his guards, had escaped. Lord Essex and Hampden were imprisoned: shortly after his confinement, Essex, who was subject to constitutional melancholy, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Lord Howard was still at large, protesting that there was no plot, and that he had never heard of any. Orders were, however, issued for his arrest, and when the officers came to his house they found him secreted up the chimney in one of his rooms. As Keeling had informed against the Rye House plotters so Lord Howard now informed against the Six. Weeping at the fact that he was a prisoner, he promised to reveal all; his revelations were considered so satisfactory that within a few days after their being taken down by the council, both Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney were put upon their trial for high treason.

Russell was the first to stand at the bar. It appears that one evening he had been present at the house of Thomas Shepherd in Abchurch Lane, where the Rye House conspirators were occasionally in the habit of meeting and discussing their plans. He had gone thither to taste some wine. 'It was the greatest accident in the world I was there,' said Russell at his trial, 'and when I saw that company was there I would have been gone again. I came there to speak with Mr. Shepherd, for I was just come to town.'

His excuse was raised in vain. Romsey, Shepherd, and Howard were playing into the hands of the Crown, and each did his best by hard swearing and false testimony to make the prisoner's conviction certain. The gallant colonel asserted that he had seen his lordship at the house of Shepherd, where discourse was being held by the cabal of conspirators as to surprising the King's guards and creating an insurrection throughout the country. Thomas Shepherd next followed, and gave very much the same evidence as Romsey—that his house in Abchurch Lane was let as a place of rendezvous for the disaffected; that the substance of the discourse of those who met there was how to surprise the guards and organise a rising; that two meetings were held at his house, and that he believed the prisoner attended both, but that he was certainly at the meeting when they talked of seizing the guards. Then Lord Howard was called as a witness. He said that he was one of the Six, and had attended the meetings at the house of Shepherd; at such meetings it had been agreed to begin the insurrection in the country before raising the city, and there had also been some talk of dealing with the discontented Scotch; at these deliberations no question was put or vote collected, and he of course concluded by the presence of Lord William that the prisoner gave his consent like the rest to the designs of the cabal.

In his defence Russell denied that he ever had any intention against the life of the King; he was ignorant of the proceedings of the Rye House

plotters, and his mixing with the conspirators on the sole occasion he had visited Shepherd at Abchurch Lane was purely due to accident. He had gone thither about some wine. He did not admit that he had listened to any talk as to the possibility of creating an insurrection ; but even had he made such an admission, talk of that nature could not be construed into treason, for by a special statute (the old statute of treasons) passed in the reign of Edward III., 'a design to levy war is not treason ;' besides, such talk had not been acted upon ; they had met to consult, but they acted nothing in pursuance of that consulting. The attorney-general held a different view, and asserted it had often been determined that to prepare forces to fight against the King was a design within the statute of Edward III. to kill the King. The presiding judge, as a creature of the Court, was, of course, of the same opinion ; he summed up the evidence, deeming it unfavourable to the prisoner ; and the jury, basing their verdict upon the tone of the bench, brought in a verdict of high treason. In spite of every effort that affection could inspire and interest advocate, Lord William Russell ended his days on the scaffold. 'That which is most certain in the affair is,' writes Charles James Fox in his history of James II., 'that Russell had committed no overt act indicating the imagining the King's death even according to the most strained construction of the statute of Edward III. ; much less was any such act legally proved against him ; and the conspiring to levy war was not treason,

except by a recent statute of Charles II., the prosecutions upon which were expressly limited to a certain time which in these cases had elapsed; so that it is impossible not to assent to the opinion of those who have ever stigmatised the condemnation and execution of Russell as a most flagrant violation of law and justice.'

The same measure was now meted out to Algernon Sydney as had been dealt to Russell. In the eyes of the bench, conspiring to levy war and conspiring against the King's life were considered one and the same thing. It was in vain that Sydney asserted that he had not conspired to the death of the King, that he had not levied war, and that he had not written anything to stir up the people against the King. It was in vain that even the Rye House plotters had to confess they knew nothing of him, and had never seen him at the different meetings. 'Canting Nadab,' however—as Dryden, in his immortal satire, calls Lord Howard—was there, ready to swear away a colleague's life or do any other dirty trick provided his own skin and estate were not forfeited for past misdeeds; his evidence was the chief trump card on which the Court relied to score the game. Accordingly his lordship began his testimony by relating what had passed at the meetings of the Six, as to the best means for defending the public interest from invasion, and the advisability of the rising breaking out first in the country instead of in the city. He also stated that it was the special province of Algernon Sydney to deal with the

malcontent Scots, and had carried out this task through the agency of one Aaron Smith, who had gone north and been provided with funds for the purpose. This assertion, though Howard candidly said he only spoke from hearsay, was deemed sufficient by the advisers of the Crown to place Sydney's head in jeopardy. As the law, however, demanded that in all trials for high treason there should be *two* witnesses against the prisoner before sentence could be passed, and as no other witness had the baseness to act the part so well played by Lord Howard, it was necessary for the Court to resort to some expedient which would sufficiently answer its purpose of convicting Sydney.

The Court was equal to the emergency. Search was made among Sydney's papers, and it was discovered that he had written a treatise—his famous discourse on Government—which particularly discussed the paramount authority of the people and the legality of resisting an oppressive Government. A few isolated passages of the work were read here and there, the extracts given were garbled, and, thanks to the colouring of the prosecution, the case against the prisoner looked black indeed. Entering upon his defence, Sydney, like Russell, denied that he had ever conspired to the death of Charles; nor was he a friend of Monmouth, with whom he had spoken but three times in his life; he objected to the evidence of Howard, which was based upon hearsay, but if such testimony were true, he was but one witness, and

the law required two. As for regarding a mangled portion of his treatise as a second witness, it was iniquitous. 'Should a man,' he cried, 'be indicted for treason for scraps of papers, innocent in themselves, but when pieced and patched with Lord Howard's story, made a contrivance to kill the King? Let them not pick out extracts, but read the work as a whole. If they took Scripture to pieces, they could make all the penmen of the Scripture blasphemous. They might accuse David of saying there is no God; the evangelists of saying that Christ was a blasphemer and seducer, and of the apostles that they were drunk.' Then he ended by denying that he had any connection with the malcontents in Scotland. 'I have not sent myself,' he said, 'nor written a letter into Scotland ever since 1659; nor do I know one man in Scotland to whom I can write, or from whom I ever received one.'

He refuted the charges brought against him in vain. The notorious Jeffries was now the presiding judge, and never was summing up from the bench more culpably partial or more flagrantly at variance with the clauses of the judicial oath. 'I look upon the meetings of the Six,' said Jeffries to the jury, 'and the meeting of the Rye House plotters as having one and the sameend in view; I place implicit faith in the evidence of Howard; I deny that it is necessary that there shall be two witnesses to convict a prisoner of high treason; and as for the treatise of Sydney, I declare it is

sufficient to condemn the author as being guilty of compassing and imagining the death of the King.' Upon the jury retiring to consider their verdict, Jeffries sternly informed them that he had explained the law, and that they were bound to accept his interpretation of it. Thus left without any option in the matter, the jury returned at the end of half an hour into court, and brought in a verdict of guilty. After a brief confinement, Algernon Sydney was beheaded on Tower Hill, December 7, 1683.

Thus ended one of the most iniquitous and unjust trials that the annals of justice ever had to record. 'The proceedings in the case of Algernon Sydney,' writes Fox, 'were most detestable. The production of papers containing speculative opinions upon government and liberty, written long before, and perhaps never intended to be published, together with the use made of those papers in considering them as a substitute for the second witness to the overt act, exhibited such a compound of wickedness and nonsense as is hardly to be paralleled in the history of judicial tyranny. But the validity of pretences was little attended to at that time in the case of a person whom the Court had devoted to destruction; and upon evidence such as has been stated was this great and excellent man condemned to die.' Upon the accession of William 'the Deliverer' to the throne, an Act was passed annulling and making void the attainder of Algernon Sydney, on account of its having been obtained 'without sufficient legal evidence of any treason committed by him,' and 'by a partial and

unjust construction of the statute declaring what was his treason.'

The fate of the Rye House conspirators was very various. Some fled never to return, and were outlawed like Ferguson and Goodenough; others confessed, and were pardoned like Romsey; whilst a third section offered in vain to purchase life by turning informers, as was the case with Walcot and Armstrong. Two years later those who had been outlawed, and were living in exile, again tried their hand at insurrection by aiding Monmouth in his revolt.

THE BLOODY ASSIZES.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel us to make our peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering us?

THE standard of revolt had been raised, had fluttered for a brief while in the breeze, and then, beaten down by the strong arm of possession, had ingloriously fallen. Stimulated by the discontent which the acts of James II. in favour of his Roman Catholic subjects had excited throughout the country, the once indulged but now exiled bastard of the late king had crossed over from Amsterdam, and taken up arms in defence of oppressed Protestantism and in support of his own cause. Never was there a man less fitted to play the part of a leader of insurrection than the Duke of Monmouth. Save his handsome face and graceful bearing there was little in his talents or his conduct to win the hearts of men and command the devotion of a following. He was weak, wanting in capacity, easily led and consequently vacillating and impulsive, whilst the once virile character of the man had been so softened by the dominion which luxury and voluptuousness had obtained over him as to render him, if not timid, at least averse to dangerous enterprises. It was only after much prayer and

pressing that he had consented to quit his exile, and make a fight for what, he was assured, would prove an easy conquest. He was then in Holland, living the quiet life of a man forced by his sovereign's displeasure to fly his country, but who, solaced by all the charms and devotions of woman's love, had become reconciled to expatriation. Here he, shortly after the accession of James II., had gradually developed into the leader of a little band of plotters and fugitives, which was bent upon expelling the hated Stuart from the English throne, and at one blow stamping out his oppressive policy. After much deliberation a plan of action was drawn up; a list of adherents was framed; arms and ammunition were obtained; and at last in the grey of the early morn of June 11, 1685, a little fleet of Dutch-built ships was seen standing off the rugged timber-clad coast of Lyme in Dorsetshire. Boats were lowered from the distant shipping filled with armed men and rowed towards the harbour. In a couple of hours it was known throughout the town that the Duke of Monmouth had landed with a large following from over the seas, and was come to claim his own and put an end to the despotism of the past.

The beginning of the expedition augured well. Lyme was enthusiastic in its devotion to the Duke; other towns in the West followed its example; the public feeling, especially in Somersetshire, was soon aroused and hotly pronounced in favour of him, whom malice decried as a bastard, but who, so vowed his adherents, was the lawful heir to the throne and the

defender of no miserable superstition, but of sound and pure Protestantism. 'A Monmouth! A Monmouth!' 'Down with James the papist!' 'Down with the usurper!' were the cries that rent the air during the next few days that followed upon this invasion. Nor did the Declaration which the Duke issued upon his landing tend to diminish this enthusiasm or moderate the invectives of his supporters. In it he branded James, Duke of York, as 'a murderer and an assassin of innocent men, a traitor to the nation, and a tyrant over the people,' and alleged that the whole course of his life had been 'but one continued conspiracy against the Reformed religion and the rights of the nation.' He had, he said, trampled upon the laws and liberties of the country, by the introduction of Jesuits, by promoting infamous men to be judges in the land, and by the granting of new illegal charters. If Englishmen, cried Monmouth, did not wish to see the Protestant interest betrayed and their country handed over to France and Rome, they were bound as men and Christians to betake themselves to arms and redress the grievances which could not be removed after any other fashion.

'It is not,' declared he, 'for any personal injuries or private discontents, nor in pursuance of any corrupt interest, that we take our swords in our hands; but for vindicating our religion, laws, and rights, and rescuing our country from ruin and destruction, and for the preserving ourselves, wives, and children from bondage and idolatry. Wherefore, before God, angels, and men,

we stand acquitted from, and do charge upon our enemies, all the slaughter and devastations that unavoidably accompany intestine war.' Then he set before the country the programme he was desirous of seeing carried out. Parliament was to be held annually; the militia was to be the only standing force in the kingdom; all towns which had their charters confiscated should have them re-granted; the fullest toleration was to be accorded to all Protestant sects. The Declaration concluded with an assertion as to the legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth. He was, it said, the son of Charles II., born in lawful wedlock; to him, therefore, the throne of England rightfully belonged, yet he did not appear as its claimant. Whether he was to be king of England or not, he was, said the Duke, content to leave to the wishes of a free Parliament; for the present he fought only to re-establish the Protestant religion, and the overthrown constitution of the country.

When rebellion is successful it is patriotism; it is only when insurrection fails that it is dubbed treason. During the first few weeks it seemed as if the movements of Monmouth were to prosper and his claims to be allowed. Though the recruiting was chiefly confined to the labouring classes, partisans came in by hundreds to enrol themselves under the Protestant standard, and soon the following of the Duke assumed a somewhat formidable force. So confident was Monmouth in his resources that he now resolved to march upon Taunton and there further swell his ranks. His reception was all that could be

desired. The whole town went over as it were bodily to his side; he had himself formally proclaimed king, and for the second time issued proclamations denouncing James as a usurper, and the Parliament then sitting at Westminster as an illegal assembly. Yet such anathemas did little hurt to the cause he opposed. The House of Commons had offered a reward of five thousand pounds for his apprehension; royal troops were rapidly marching west to oppose his progress, whilst new taxes were freely suggested and as freely raised to enable the King to uphold his own.

Then the collision ensued, and the result could have but one issue. Arrayed against the ill-disciplined forces of Monmouth, composed of tradesmen, yeomen, and ploughmen, commanded by a few country gentlemen who had never borne arms and a sprinkling of officers who had seen service, were the Blues commanded by Churchill, afterwards the great Marlborough, and a large body of infantry and cavalry under Feversham. The rebels soon saw themselves nonplussed. They wandered aimlessly about the country for some days, ignorant what course to pursue, until they at last found themselves brought up face to face with the foe on the swampy common of Sedgemoor, a few miles from Bridgewater. Under cover of the night Monmouth marched his men to attack the royal troops; a brief conflict ensued; then the Duke, finding the enemy too strong for him, put spurs to his horse and rode off the field for dear life. Shortly after his flight the rebel forces were completely crushed, and the revolt which was to have

placed a new sovereign on the throne and restored to the country the Protestantism of the past, was at an end. The next day, at the break of dawn, Monmouth was discovered by his pursuers famished and hiding in a ditch in the New Forest. Under a strong guard he was taken first to Ringwood, and then by easy stages through Farnham, Guildford, and Rochester to London.

And now it would seem as if the captive had but one course to adopt. He had put himself at the head of a dangerous revolt; his plot had led to much suffering and loss of life; he had openly defied the might and right of his King; and for him at least it was idle, even if it were not ignoble, to sue for mercy. It was his duty, therefore, to show his followers that he was a leader they might proudly have obeyed, and no recreant in his own cause. If men had perished to attain his ends, he, the head and front of all the evil, should certainly have met death without blanching. But the character of Monmouth was cast in no stern mould. In him, when opportunity called for decision one way or another, the baser part of human nature swayed the supremacy. He was essentiallv a fair-weather adventurer; no one played his part better than he when receiving the fealty of adherents, when smiling upon maidens who did him reverence, when posing as king to those who admitted his claims, and who on any occasion of pageant was the perfect gentleman and the knight accomplished in all those arts that win the admiration of the crowd. But it was otherwise when, isolated from his followers, he found himself a captive within the four walls of a dungeon,

with the almost certain prospect of the block and the executioner's axe before him; then it was that his manhood deserted him, and the soft pleasures of the life he loved too well stood out so attractively against the background of the terrible future that any effort, however grovelling, was worth being made to retain the power of enjoying them.

He wrote a piteous letter to the King, begging for mercy and putting upon others all blame for his past enterprise. He had it never in his thoughts, he said, to have taken up arms against his Majesty, but it was his misfortune 'to meet with some horrid people that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments that I was fully led away to believe that it was a shame and a sin before God not to do it.' He craved an interview. 'I am sure, sir, when you hear me you will be convinced of the zeal I have for your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done.' He would rather die a thousand deaths, he continued, than excuse anything of which he was guilty, if he did not really think himself 'the most in the wrong that ever man was, and had not from the bottom of his heart an abhorrence for those that put him upon it and for the action itself.' Then having exculpated himself at the expense of his victims, he thus ended the craven note: 'I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me as He has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Thereupon I hope, sir, I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever

be for your service, and could I say but one word in this letter you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be your Majesty's most humble and dutiful Monmouth.'

But the captive knew not the monarch to whom he appealed. The cruel, effeminate James was not the man to forget that he who now acknowledged his authority and sued for pardon was the very same who, but a few short weeks ago, had denounced his sovereign as an assassin and usurper. Still, with a refinement and vindictiveness such as even the most absolute despotism has seldom exhibited, he was resolved to grant his petitioner an interview, and yet to suffer him to pay the last penalty of the law. He would see Monmouth and then send him to the block. Such an act was unexampled, for hitherto to allow a prisoner to come into the presence of his sovereign had been regarded as a preliminary to pardon. When it was told the Duke of Ormond that Colonel Blood, who had attempted to steal the jewels from the Tower, had been seized, and the King had wished to see him, 'Then,' said Ormond, 'the man need not despair, for surely no monarch should wish to see a malefactor but with intentions to pardon him.' Such an exception was now to take place. Monmouth was brought bound into the presence of the King; he dragged himself along the ground, bemoaning his lot, and pleading for mercy; true to his policy of implicating others to

save his own head, he went on to say that the secret which he wished to disclose was that Sunderland, the favourite minister of the Crown, was not to be depended upon, for he had, at the beginning of the revolt, agreed to join the insurgents in the West. The King coldly looked upon his victim, and then having feasted his eyes sufficiently upon the abject spectacle, sent Monmouth back to his dungeon with the last flicker of hope extinct.

The end now certain, the manhood of the prisoner was restored him, and Monmouth prepared to meet his doom with the courage expected from one who had dared attack a throne. His cell was cheered by the frequent presence of the divines appointed to console his last hours. He read the Bible with them, and he listened attentively to their exhortations; but all their eloquence and Scriptural arguments were powerless to convince him that the desertion of his lawful wife for the charms of the beautiful Henrietta Wentworth, with whom he had lived during the last few years, was an act of which he should repent. On the contrary, he justified his past conduct, and declined to admit that it had been sinful. In the eyes of the law, he said, the Duchess of Monmouth was of course his wife, but in the eyes of Heaven the Lady Henrietta was his true wife. He had been very young when he had been united to the Duchess, and he had not considered 'what he did when he married her.' He had led an evil life in his youth, and it was through the influence of Lady Henrietta that he had been induced to abandon dissipation, and

afterwards she had been all in all to him. It was no secret that his affection for her was deep, and he had prayed that if it were pleasing to God such love might continue, or otherwise it might cease. That prayer, he said, had been heard, for the affection of one for the other had never ceased, and therefore he doubted not but it was pleasing to God ; it was indeed a marriage, he urged, ' not influenced by passion but guided by judgment upon due consideration.'

Such sophistry the divines refused to accept ; they entreated him to repent and to admit his sin. Monmouth could only repeat what he had already said, and therefore asked in vain that the Sacrament might be administered to him. Upon the scaffold he was of the same mind. All the arguments of the divines, and they were remorseless in their arguments, failed to convince Monmouth that he had done wrong in deserting his Duchess for his mistress. He died, he said, a Protestant and a member of the Church of England; he was very penitent for the treason he had committed ; he had many sins to repent of, but as to the Lady Henrietta she was ' a very virtuous and godly woman,' and he looked upon her as his true wife, and would say nothing to the contrary. ' Then God Almighty, of His infinite mercy, forgive you,' said the divines. ' God Almighty accept your imperfect repentance.' Nor was Monmouth less obstinate in another matter. He was asked to address the crowd, and especially to comment upon the iniquity of resistance to an anointed king. ' I will make no speeches,' he curtly said. ' I come to die.' He laid his head upon the

block, but the executioner was unnerved ; he mangled his victim terribly, and it was not until the sixth stroke that the work of his dread office was done. The body was interred in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower.[1]

If scant mercy had been shown to the leader of the rebellion, the punishment of those he had led was not to be a whit less severe. The prisons of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were so crowded with the followers of Monmouth that the county authorities were at their wits' end to find room for the number of captives daily being handed over to justice. The strain upon their faculties was, however, to be relieved by the most terrible gaol delivery that the history of crime has had to record. Two months after the ill-fated landing at Lyme there set out from London, to preside over that baleful western circuit, one whose name an infamous immortality must preserve so long as the decisions of the bench continue to interest us. It is the fashion to picture George Jeffries as a man whose features were so repellent that instinctively the gaze of all who came in contact with him was averted; yet from the only portrait we possess of this inhuman judge the face in repose was far from being a true index of the man's cruel, relentless disposition. The brow was broad and open, the eyes were blue and well cut, their expression rendered somewhat savage by the straight, thick eyebrows that surmounted them; the nose was aquiline, its bridge thin and well de-

[1] *State Trials.* The Duke of Monmouth.

fined, but the nostrils coarse and wide; the upper lip was short, and its deep curl indicative of scorn and humour; the mouth was the worst feature, large and thick-lipped, with the harsh lines on each side full of temper; the chin was resolute and determined. It was only when inflamed by anger or by the drink now necessary to support his nervous system, that the face, which in repose was handsome, became almost hideous from the furies raging behind its mask. As to the nature of the man there never has been any dispute: cruel, vindictive, servile when servility suited his purpose, yet overbearing to inferiors, utterly unprincipled, he enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the basest judge that in any civilised country has ever been called upon to hold the scales of justice. His abilities were of a high order, and he had risen to the position of Chief Justice by placing his talents entirely at the disposal, now of the Roundhead, then of the Cavalier; now of the Protestant, then of the Papist; yet proving himself on every occasion not only ready to do what he was bidden, but to do it so effectually as left nothing to be desired.

Accompanied by four other judges, he early in September set out upon his western tour. That summer no assizes had been held on the western circuit, but a special commission had been now appointed to try criminals for all the counties upon it, at the head of which was Jeffries; by a second commission he was also deputed commander-in-chief over all the King's forces within the same limits.

The title by which he was known was that of 'The Lord General Judge.' On entering Hampshire he was met by a strong military guard and escorted to Winchester, at which town he was first to open his commission. Unlike its neighbouring county of Somerset, Hampshire had taken no active share in fomenting the revolt; only on the collapse of the luckless enterprise many of Monmouth's adherents, after the battle of Sedgemoor, had fled within its borders to take shelter. Their asylum had, however, been kept so secret that only two fugitives had been apprehended. The first case which therefore came up before Jeffries for trial was that of giving harbour to the King's enemies. It is a case impossible still to read without ire and indignation.

At her country seat, Moyle Court, within a few miles of Southampton, there lived an aged dame, one Alice Lisle. She had in her day been somewhat of a beauty, and was a familiar figure in London during the years of the Protectorate. When sickness and infirmity came upon her she quitted town and led a life of almost absolute retirement at her country place, save for the numerous acts of kindness and charity which now made her name beloved throughout Hampshire. Her husband had played an important part in the stormy scenes of the rebellion. He had sat on that self-elected bench which condemned our first Charles to death, and under the Protectorate he had held office as President of the High Court of Justice. Fearful of the Royal vengeance at the time of the Restoration, he fled to Switzerland and took

up his abode at Lausanne. His flight, however, failed to save him. He was a marked man, and one morning, while on his way to attend service at the neighbouring Protestant church, he was shot dead by an unknown Englishman, who had been staying at Vevay resolved upon avenging the judicial murder of his late king by taking the life of the regicide. With a cry of *Vive le Roi*, the assassin put spurs to his horse and was no more heard of. 'Thus died John Lisle,' writes his fellow-exile, Ludlow, 'son to Sir William Lisle of the Isle of Wight, a member of the Great Parliament, one of the Council of State, Commissioner of the Great Seal, and one of the assistants to the Lord President of the High Court of Justice that was erected for the trial of the late king.'

Whatever might have been the nature of their domestic life, there was little similarity of opinion as to their political views between Alice Lisle and her lord. The wife was, if a Puritan, no harsh bigot, for under her roof had many a proscribed Royalist found shelter in the intolerant days of Roundhead rule. She was not hostile to the House of Stuart, and had bitterly lamented the share her husband had taken in the condemnation of 'the blessed martyr.' When at her trial it was attempted to prejudice her case by fiendishly laying stress upon the fact that she had been married to John Lisle, the regicide, she cried out that she had been in no way consenting to the death of King Charles I. 'My lord! my lord! to say otherwise is as false as God is true! My lord, I was not out of the chamber all the day on which that

king was beheaded, and I believe I shed more tears for him than any woman then living did; and this the late Countess of Monmouth, and my Lady Marlborough, and my Lord Chancellor Hyde, if they were alive, and twenty persons of the most eminent quality, could bear witness for me.'

Such was to be the first victim, tried by God and her country, of this terrible assize. The charge against the woman was the most strained and trumped-up that ever caused a court of justice to investigate. Two fugitives, Hicks and Nelthorp by name, had sought shelter in the house of Mrs. Lisle, had begged for rest, meat and drink, and had their prayer granted. It afterwards transpired that both men had given in their adherence to Monmouth, had fled from Sedgemoor, and were being hunted down by the Royalists. Hicks was not unknown to Mrs. Lisle. He was a Nonconformist minister of somewhat violent opinions, and the unhappy dame in offering him hospitality was under the impression that as a conventicle preacher he had been proscribed and was seeking to elude the meshes of the law. 'I knew Hicks,' she said in her defence, 'to be a Nonconformist minister; and there being, as is well known, warrants out to apprehend all Nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants. I beseech your lordship to believe I had no intention to harbour him but as a Nonconformist, and that I knew was no treason.' It was in the days of the intolerant Conventicle Act, when it was a parlous offence for a dissenting divine to gather to-

gether a congregation and preach and pray. Of Nelthorp, Alice Lisle vowed she knew nothing; he was the companion of Hicks, and in that capacity alone found refuge under the roof of Moyle Court.

It was proved in evidence that Alice Lisle was in utter ignorance of the connection of these men with the Duke of Monmouth; it was also proved that she was loyally disposed to the house of Stuart, and that her own son was at that very time holding a commission in the King's army. 'I know the King is my sovereign,' said she, 'and I know my duty to him; and if I would have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due. But though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the King's side in this business; I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither. It was I that bred him up to fight for the King.' Her words fell on deaf ears. The savage and servile judge had opened his commission at Winchester; Alice Lisle, 'a gentlewoman of quality,' was his first prisoner; and he was determined to show his King how relentlessly he would punish those who in any way assailed the stability of the Throne. It was indifferent to Jeffries that the sentence he was about to pronounce was founded neither on law nor justice; he had but one object—provided the judgment pleased his royal master he recked not how basely he interpreted his judicial oath. Every act, therefore, that told in favour of the prisoner he suppressed or distorted, whilst any matter that could prejudice her case he unblushingly advanced. The

witnesses that spoke in her favour he intimidated and confused. He adjured them after his own peculiar fashion not to give false evidence. 'Do not tell me a lie,' he thundered, 'for I will be sure to treasure up every lie that thou tellest me, and thou may'st be certain it will not be for thy advantage. I would not terrify thee to make thee say anything but the truth; but assure thyself I never met with a lying, sneaking, canting fellow, but I always treasured up vengeance for him; and therefore look to it that thou dost not prevaricate with me, for to be sure thou wilt come to the worst of it in the end.' When a witness contradicted himself he was assailed from the bench with such choice abuse as, 'thou art a strange, prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling rascal,' or 'Jesus, God! was there ever such a fellow as thou!' or, 'thou vile wretch, thou art;' or, 'thou lying Presbyterian knave.' No wonder then that, as an excuse for his contradictions, the bewildered witness trembling before those embruted eyes and that streperous voice murmured, 'I am quite cluttered out of my senses: I do not know what to say.'

Deplorable as was this judicial license, and degrading alike to the bench and the man, Jeffries was at his very worst when he proceeded to read his victim, witness, or prisoner a moral lecture on the heinousness of bearing false testimony or rising in revolt against the sovereign. On these occasions—and they were very frequent—his piety is more monstrous than his abuse. During the trial of Alice Lisle he was much given to discourses of this nature—

discourses which, coming from such a polluted source, were blasphemous in the extreme. Over and over again we hear him preaching of the enormity of sin, groaning over the iniquity of the times in which his lot was cast, discoursing upon the purity and holiness of God, and, like the devil, freely quoting Scripture. 'Oh, blessed Jesus!' he cried, 'what an age do we live in, and what a generation of vipers do we live among.' One 'viper' he was determined to crush. Three times the jury came forward and pronounced Alice Lisle not guilty, and three times Jeffries sent them back to reconsider their verdict. Then, cowed and browbeaten, and also threatened with an attaint of jury, the unwilling foreman at last spoke up against his conscience and brought the prisoner in guilty. The dread sentence was then pronounced: 'That you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burnt alive till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!'[1]

Every effort was now made by the friends of the unhappy woman, assisted by the local clergy and gentry, to obtain a reprieve. It was shown that the sentence was not in accordance with law, for even if Alice Lisle had wittingly given shelter to Hicks, the man had not yet been convicted, and therefore, in the eyes of the law was innocent; how then, it was asked, could this aged dame be condemned for having

[1] *State Trials.* Alice Lisle.

harboured a rebel when his treason had still to be proved? Then the loyalty of the prisoner was duly set forth; how well she was disposed to the present dynasty, how her son wore the King's uniform, and 'particularly that she was an enemy to the King's foes in the time of the late wars.' Her great age, her sex, her infirmities were also enlarged upon, and brought forward as so many claims upon the royal mercy. In vain. The harsh King had given full powers to her judge, and declined to interfere. To Jeffries all appeal was, of course, nugatory; the prisoner was his first victim; to pardon her would be destructive of the terror he wished his commission to inspire. If Alice Lisle were condemned, and all her petitions ignored, what hope then had those who had been actually engaged as principals in the late rising? One favour—terrible indeed was the penalty when such an alternative was deemed a favour!—was granted this ill-starred gentlewoman. She had begged that execution might be altered from burning to beheading, and her prayer had been acceded to.

Nobly and bravely—like many another good woman who has had to face a cruel death—she went to her doom. We read: 'On Wednesday, September 2, in the afternoon, Alice Lisle was brought to execution, which was performed upon a scaffold erected in the market-place in the city of Winchester, when she behaved herself with a great deal of Christian resolution.' One of the first acts of the next reign was to have the attainder of 'Alice Lisle, widow,' made null and void on the grounds that her prosecution had

been 'irregular and undue,' and that the verdict had been 'injuriously extorted and procured by the menaces and violences and other illegal practices of George, Lord Jeffries, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.' In the official record before me the name of Alice Lisle stands alone as the one victim of this assize.[1]

From Winchester the Lord General Judge proceeded to Salisbury. Like Hampshire, the county of Wilts had taken no part in the rising, and there consequently being no rebels to hang or burn, the insatiable but disappointed Jeffries was forced to content himself with finding out and punishing those who had been guilty of uttering 'indiscreet words.' In the record before me I find entered: 'Wiltshire.—None indicted for high treason; six men convicted for speaking seditious words, severally fined and whipped.'[2]

This leniency was, alas! only exceptional. The day after the execution of Dame Lisle, the judge entered Dorsetshire, and took up his quarters in the town of Dorchester. He was now in the very heart

[1] 'An Account of the Proceedings against the Rebels and other Prisoners in the several counties of Southampton, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, by virtue of His Majesty's special commission of Oyer and Terminer and general gaol delivery, directed to the Right Honourable George, Lord Jeffries, Lord Chief Justice of England, the Hon. William Mountagu, Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, Sir Creswell Levinz, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Sir Francis Withens, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench, and Sir Rob. Wright, knight, one of the Barons of His Majesty's Exchequer, dated the 8th day of July, in the first year of His Majesty's reign over England, 1685.'—*State Papers, Domestic.* Letter Book, Treasury, Feb. 1684–Oct. 1686. Removed from Treasury to the Record Office, 1853.

[2] *An Account of the Proceedings*, &c.

of the county which had declared for Monmouth, and he knew with a furious joy that the calendar would be a full one. It was remarked that when, in the parish church, the clergyman who was preaching the usual assize sermon discoursed upon the sacred duty of tempering justice with mercy, the thick brows of the judge contracted, and there was a smile upon the large mouth which seemed to the awed spectators to imply that he was about 'to breathe death like a destroying angel, and to sanguine his very ermine in blood.'[1] Their conclusion was only too accurate. Jeffries was anxious to do his work, and do it quickly. The Lord Keeper Guildford had breathed his last; the vacant post was offered to Jeffries, and he was bidden 'to finish the King's business in the West.' No one better appreciated than the judge the activity of his enemies during his absence. He was, therefore, most desirous of getting back with all speed to Whitehall and checkmating their moves.

To expedite matters his wicked cunning now came to his aid. If every prisoner were to plead not guilty, the trials must necessarily extend over a long period of time, but if prisoners should be tempted to throw themselves upon his mercy, a very different result might be obtained. On opening his court in the Town Hall, which was ominously hung with scarlet for the occasion, Jeffries was careful to make a promise which might mean a good deal, and which might also mean nothing. He said: 'If any of those indicted would relent from their conspiracies and plead guilty,

[1] *The Western Martyrology*, by T. Potts. 1695.

they should find him to be a merciful judge; but that those who put themselves on their trials (which the law mercifully gave them all, in strictness, a right to do), if found guilty, would have very little time to live, and therefore that such as were conscious they had no defence had better spare him the trouble of trying them.' As drowning men catch at a straw, so men when face to face with death are glad to seize upon any alternative which gives them prospect of life. Prisoner after prisoner was brought to the bar, and acting upon the advice of the judge, pleaded guilty. Numbers were sentenced to death, and upon numbers the sentence was carried out. Every man who put himself upon his country and was convicted was strung up then and there. I give the numbers of the Dorsetshire men tried on this occasion, as set out in the official list sent to the Treasury, and the punishment inflicted upon them:[1]—

Seventy-four men executed for high treason. Ninety-four 'prisoners convicted at Dorchester for high treason to be delivered to Sir William Booth to be transported.' Sixty 'prisoners to be transported to be delivered to Jerome Nipho.' Sixteen 'prisoners to be delivered to Sir Christopher Musgrave for transportation.' Twenty-seven 'prisoners who had certificates allowed pursuant to his Majesty's gracious proclamation.' Twenty-seven 'prisoners humbly proposed for his Majesty's gracious pardon.' Six 'prisoners remaining in custody.' The following prisoners to be thus punished: Rich. Holliday 'for

[1] *An Account of the Proceedings, &c.*

conducting the Lord Grey from Gillingham to Ringwood after the fight at Weston to be whipt twice, fined a mark, and to find sureties for the good behaviour for a year.' Hugh Greene 'for publishing Monmouth's Declaration fined 1,000*l.*, and committed till paid, and to find sureties for the good behaviour during life.' Will. Wiseman 'for publishing a seditious libel to be whipt at Dorchester and at every market town in the county.' Six 'prisoners for speaking seditious words severally fined and whipt.' Fourteen 'prisoners discharged for want of evidence.' Nine 'prisoners continued in gaol not indicted.'

Jeffries was fully satisfied with his day's work, and he thus writes to Sunderland, the powerful Secretary of State :[1]—

'I most heartily rejoice, my dearest, dearest Lord, to hear of your safe return to Windsor. I this day began with the trial of the rebels at Dorchester, and have dispatched 98 ; but am at this time so tortured with the stone that I must beg your Lordship's intercession to his Majesty for the incoherence of what I have adventured to give his Majesty the trouble of ; and that I may give myself so much ease by your Lordship's favour as to make use of my servant's pen to give a relation of what has happened since I came here. My dearest Lord, may I ever be tortured with the stone if I forget to approve myself, my dearest Lord, your most faithful and devoted servant, JEFFRIES.

'Dorchester, September 5, 1685, 8 at night.

'For God's sake make all excuses, and when at leisure a word of comfort.'

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 1685.

From Dorchester Jeffries, always escorted by his strong military guard, proceeded to Exeter. The Devonshire men had taken little part in the actual fighting that occurred, not that they were wanting in sympathy with Monmouth, but as the insurrection had been rapidly crushed it failed to spread much beyond the confines of the county. Hence but few persons here were sentenced to death as rebels. It had so happened that the first prisoner who was arraigned, contrary to the judge's advice, pleaded not guilty, and being convicted was at once tied up. His fate deterred others from following his example; man after man came to the front of the dock, said that he was guilty, and saved his Lordship from going through the form of trial. The list of punishments forwarded to the Treasury was, however, compared with that of other counties, not a heavy one. We find twelve were 'executed at Exeter for high treason; two reprieved.' Seven prisoners were 'to be transported for high treason;' three were 'convicted remaining in custody;' one was 'proposed for pardon;' whilst twelve 'for speaking seditious words were severally whipped and fined at Exeter.'[1]

But Jeffries reserved himself to the last for wreaking his vengeance to the full. He entered Somersetshire, and first opened his court at Taunton. He was now in the county which had been the very head and front of the rebellion; and rendered half

[1] *An Account of the Proceedings, &c.*

mad by a terrible malady he was in a fitting mood to teach men how heinous was the crime of treason. It would not be his fault, he said, if he did not purify the place. And Taunton in his eyes was especially guilty, for it was here that Monmouth had been received with every sign of enthusiasm, the town on his entrance being decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and wreaths of flowers ; it was here that, beneath a banner embroidered by the fairest hands in the county, the fascinating bastard allowed himself to be proclaimed King of England ; and here it was that he had vowed the object of his mission was to uphold Protestantism. 'I come,' he said when accepting a Bible which had been presented to him, 'to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood.' Such a place was to be 'purified,' and if wholesale slaughter was purification Jeffries had no reason to complain of his efforts. The calendar presented some four hundred persons for trial, for whom 'justice' thus accounted : One hundred and thirty-four prisoners were 'executed for high treason ;' one hundred and ninety-eight were 'to be transported ;' twenty were 'to be pardoned ;' twenty-three were 'proposed to be pardoned ;' fifteen were 'omitted in the warrant for execution although designed to be executed ;' and thirty-three were 'to remain in gaol until further order.' [1]

The cells of the prisons at Taunton were so full that it now became necessary to adjourn the Com-

[1] *An Account of the Proceedings*, &c.

mission to Wells. Here the same story of hanging, imprisoning, and whipping was repeated with all its sickening details. We read that ninety-five were 'executed for high treason;' three hundred and eighty-six were 'to be transported;' six 'pardoned,' and twenty-five 'proposed to be pardoned;' seventeen in custody 'for want of evidence;' six were 'to be fined or whipped for misdemeanours,' and one hundred and thirty-nine were 'bound over to appear at the next assizes.'[1]

Bristol now only remained to be visited. The city was full of the partisans of Monmouth, but they had been prevented by the Duke of Beaufort, who was zealous in the King's cause, from being of service to their chief. Still, many came up for punishment and the judge did not spare them. Only three were executed for treason, but the usual penalty of whippings and imprisonment was freely passed.

'I am just now come, my most honoured Lord,' writes Jeffries to Sunderland,[2] 'from discharging my duty to my sacred master in executing his commission in this his most factious city. For, my Lord, to be plain upon my true affection and honour to your Lordship, and my allegiance and duty to my royal master, I think this city worse than Taunton; but, my good Lord, though harassed with this day's fatigue, and now mortified with a fit of the stone, I must beg leave to acquaint your Lordship that I this

[1] *An Account of the Proceedings, &c.*
[2] *State Papers, Domestic*, 1685.

day committed the Mayor of this city, Sir William Hayman, and some of his brethren, the aldermen, for kidnappers,[1] and have sent my tipstaff for others equally concerned in that villainy. I therefore beg your Lordship will acquaint his Majesty that I humbly apprehend it infinitely for his service that he be not surprised into a pardon to any man, though he pretend much to loyalty, till I have the honour and happiness I desire of kissing his royal hand. The reasons of this my humble request are too many to be confined within the narrow compass of this paper, but, my dear Lord, I will pawn my life, and that which is dearer to me, my loyalty, that Taunton and Bristol, and the county of Somerset, too, shall know their duty both to God and their king before I leave them. I purpose to-morrow for Wells, and in a few days don't despair to perfect the work I was sent about, and if my royal master would be graciously pleased to think I have contributed anything to his service I am sure I have arrived at the height of my ambition. The particulars of Taunton I humbly refer to my Lord Churchill's relation, who was upon the place; I have received several letters signed by your Lordship for the disposal of the convicts.[2] I shall certainly be obedient to his Majesty's commands,

[1] This refers to a discovery made by the judge that the magistrates of the Bristol Corporation were in the habit of having assigned to them prisoners charged with felony, whom they sold for their own benefit to the West Indian planters.

[2] Convicted prisoners were often sold to the planters in the West India Islands. Jeffries valued them at about ten pounds apiece, and was aggrieved that the King should grant numbers to his favourites; the judge looked upon this generosity as interfering with his special spoil.

though the messengers seem to me too impetuous for a hasty compliance. And now lest my dearest Lord should be afflicted by further trouble, as I am at this time by pain, I will only say that I am, and with all truth and sincerity ever will approve myself, your Lordship's most dutiful, grateful, and faithful, as I am your most obliged servant,

'JEFFRIES.

'Bristol, Sept. 22, 1685.'

The cruelty which characterised the sentences passed by this hateful judge upon the prisoners brought before him was always apparent. Never did he once err on the side of mercy. If he condemned a man to the gallows or to transportation he was always careful to add to the severity of the sentence by some brutal remark or ribald jest as to the prisoner's antecedents. When his victim was allowed to escape out of his hands no one doubted that the judge had been freely bribed, or that by no manner of straining could the law be called upon to deal out punishment. From the monstrous record of his pitiless ruling on this occasion history has taken care to pick out a few of his decisions as indicative of the temper and conduct of the man. Upon a lad, still in his teens, who had been convicted of uttering 'seditious words,' sentence was passed of imprisonment for seven years, with a whipping during that period of once a fortnight at the different market towns in his county. The clerk of arraigns had the courage to interpose in mitigation of this awful judgment,

while the women in the gallery sobbed audibly, out of sympathy with the prisoner. 'The punishment is not half bad enough for him,' growled Jeffries; 'not all the interest in England shall save him.' Fortunately the lad was seized with small-pox, and softened by a ruinous bribe the judge remitted the sentence. One of the girls who had been found guilty of embroidering the colours given to Monmouth at Taunton was so paralysed by the ferocity with which judgment was given against her, that scarcely had she returned to her cell than she fell on the floor a corpse.

Seldom was a woman sentenced to a whipping without some coarse joke being made as to the exposure that must necessarily ensue. 'It may be a cold morning to strip in,' said Jeffries, 'but we shall try to keep you warm, madam! See that she is whipped—whipped soundly till the blood runs down! We'll tickle you, madam!' A prisoner, with some knowledge of law, made a technical objection to the course being pursued at his trial. 'Villain! rebel!' cried the judge, 'I think I see thee already with a halter round thy neck.' The prisoner was convicted. 'Let him be hanged the first,' laughed Jeffries, 'for if any with a knowledge of law come in my way, I shall take care to *prefer them*.' One rebel begged for mercy on the ground that on the eve of Sedgemoor he had sent important information to Feversham, the general of the King's forces. 'You deserve a double death,' said the judge, not without reason, 'one for rebelling against your sovereign, and the

other for betraying your friends.' We are told that he particularly piqued himself upon this *bon mot.* To repeat the stories as to this circuit which history has preserved would be to fill a goodly volume. Chroniclers differ with respect to the number of Monmouth's followers hanged and transported after this western revolt. According to the official list before me, forwarded to the Treasury, three hundred and twenty were sent to the gallows, and eight hundred and forty transported.[1]

The fell instructions had been carried out, and the infamous servant of an infamous master was now to receive his reward. Sprung from a decent but very impoverished lineage, Jeffries had in his boyhood barely escaped being bound apprentice to a Denbigh shopkeeper; but conscious of the talents working within him, he had manfully fought against the opposition of his family and had embraced the bar as a profession. His rise had been rapid. After a few years' practice he was appointed Common Sergeant of the City of London, then Recorder, then Chief Justice of Chester, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and now on his return from the terrible Western Circuit the Great Seal was entrusted to him. 'His Majesty,' so ran the entry in the Gazette, 'taking into his royal consideration the many eminent services which the right honourable George, Lord Jeffries, of Wem, Lord Chief Justice of England, has rendered

[1] *An Account of the Proceedings,* &c. See also *The Western Martyrology.* A list in the Harleian Collection gives very nearly the same numbers as the Treasury Letter Book—330 executed, 855 transported.

the Crown, as well in the reign of the late King of ever blessed memory as since His Majesty's accession to the throne, was pleased this day [October 1, 1685] to commit to him the custody of the Great Seal of England, with the title of Lord Chancellor.'

It has been the endeavour of those who seek to exculpate the King at the expense of Jeffries, to attribute the merciless slaughter in the West entirely to the interested vindictiveness of the judge. James, it is said, was opposed to these bloodthirsty proceedings and had counselled mercy. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, declared that the King never forgave the cruelty of the judge 'in executing such multitudes in the West against his express orders.' Yet the evidence of contemporaries fails to support this assertion. Burnet reports that James 'had a particular account of the proceedings writ to him every day, and he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing-room to foreign ministers and at his table, calling it Jeffries' campaign; speaking of all he had done in a style that neither became the majesty nor the mercifulness of a prince.' Lord Sunderland, writing to the judge when busy in the West tying up his prisoners, informs him that 'the King approved entirely of all his proceedings.' Implicit faith is not, of course, to be placed on the testimony of Jeffries, but let it be listened to for what it is worth. The wretched man when imprisoned in the Tower declared that his 'instructions were much more severe than the execution of them,' and, when on his death-bed, again said: 'Whatever I did then I did by express orders; and I have this

further to add, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither.' 'Though we cannot believe,' writes Lord Campbell,[1] 'that Jeffries stopped short of any severity which he thought would be of service to himself, there seems no reason to doubt (if that be any palliation) that throughout the whole of these proceedings his object was to please his master, whose disposition was now most vindictive, and who thought that by such terrible examples he should secure to himself a long, quiet reign.'

The end of Jeffries is well known. On the flight of James from Whitehall at the advance of the Prince of Orange, the miscreant followed his master's example, and endeavoured to make his escape by finding shelter on board a Newcastle collier bound for Hamburgh. He had shaved off his thick eyebrows, the upper part of his face was hidden by an old tarred hat which slouched well over his eyes, and he had disguised himself in the garb of a common sailor.

He took a collier's coat to sea to go;
Was ever Chancellor arrayèd so?

The collier anchored off Wapping for the night. In the early morning Jeffries, dry and half maddened with the drunkard's thirst, thought he might trust to his dress to go ashore and satisfy the cravings which were now a second nature. He went to an inn and called for a tankard of ale. Here a disappointed suitor recognised him, the cry was raised that the terrible Lord Chancellor was within, the mob clamoured for

[1] *Lives of the Chancellors:* 'Lord Chancellor Jeffries,' vol. iv. p. 586.

his blood, and in all probability Jeffries would have been torn limb from limb if a party of the train bands had not come to his rescue. He was driven off to the lord mayor amid the yells of the baffled crowd, and at his own suggestion was confined within the walls of the Tower in order to feel safe from the fury of the people. It was announced that he would speedily be put upon his trial, but the excitement consequent upon the occasion of a new dynasty interfered with all other matters, and the miserable wretch was allowed to pass away undisturbed by the law. He died a few months after his imprisonment, April 19, 1689. His end, it was said, was hastened by intemperance. 'He chose to save himself,' writes Oldmixon, 'from a public death by large draughts of brandy, which soon despatched him.'

THE WARMING-PAN STORY.

Lady Betty. We want no bastards here!
Kitty. Lud, Milady! If ever child was born in lawful wedlock this is he.

EARLY in the morning of June 10, 1688, Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II. of England, gave birth to a son, who afterwards became known in history as the Pretender. As in the case of his beautiful ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots, so now in the case of the young prince, it fell to his lot that trouble and mortification should mark him for their own even from the very hour when he was laid in his cradle. With the exception of certain among the Roman Catholics, James II. was so cordially detested by his subjects that at last, driven to desperation by the unconstitutional acts perpetrated on all sides, the nation resolved to have no more of him, and intrigues were set on foot for William of Orange to usurp the throne. The birth of a prince, the heir to the Crown, was therefore regarded by the people in no joyous light, and, since the wish was father to the thought, rumour began to be busy with its scandalous tongue and to circulate dark stories as to the unwelcome appearance of the little stranger.

It was said that the Queen was too delicate to have become a mother; that her sudden removal from

Whitehall to St. James's on the very eve of her confinement was a most mysterious proceeding; that the event was alleged to have occurred on a Sunday, when most of the Protestant dames of the Court were at Church, and consequently only interested witnesses present; that the Queen had been singularly shy of telling any of the ladies of her household, except those of her own religion, of the condition in which she was supposed to be; that at the critical moment the curtains of the bed were so closely drawn that observation was impossible by those around; and that, though it was a close summer morning, a warming-pan had been introduced between the sheets. Rumour hereupon solemnly declared that it was from this, what Serjeant Buzfuz called in a certain memorable trial 'harmless, useful, and I will add, gentlemen, comforting article of domestic furniture,' that a new-born child had been produced, which was now to be foisted upon the nation as the Prince of Wales. Such was the hatred which the King at this time inspired in the hearts of the English people that this story—in spite of the fact that several members of the Privy Council and numerous ladies were in the chamber at the time of the delivery—was eagerly taken up and the fullest credence given to it. A ribald ballad-monger sang:

> As I went by St. James's I heard a bird sing,
> That the Queen had for certain a boy for the King;
> But one of the soldiers did laugh and did say,
> It was born over night, and brought forth the next day.

Even to the last hour—though the Pretender was the

very image of his father and a thorough Stuart in his obstinacy and want of tact—there were still many who looked upon him as only a kind of Perkin Warbeck, and who fully believed in the truth of the 'Warming-pan Story.'

Among the documents preserved in the Record Office there is a very interesting entry touching this matter. It is enrolled on the Close Roll, 4 James II., part 3, and I am not aware that any reference has ever before been made to the fact that such a statement has been officially entered upon our national archives. The entry records, at the express desire of the King, the evidence of those persons who were present at the birth of the Prince of Wales, and which most completely refutes the gossip that a false heir was palmed off upon the English nation. The testimony of the witnesses is given with extreme plainness, and it has been therefore necessary somewhat to condense it.

On Monday, October 22, 1688, an Extraordinary Council was held in the Council Chamber, Whitehall. There were present her Majesty the Queen Dowager and such of the peers of the kingdom, both spiritual and temporal, as were in town, together with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, the Judges and several of his Majesty's Council. When all had assembled the King thus addressed his audience:

'My Lords,—I have called you together upon a very extraordinary occasion, but extraordinary diseases must have extraordinary remedies. The

malicious endeavours of my enemies have so poisoned the minds of some of my subjects that, by the reports I have from all hands, I have reason to believe that very many do not think this son, with which God hath blessed me, to be mine, but a supposititious child. But I may say that by particular providence scarce any prince was ever born where there were so many persons present. I have taken this time to have the matter heard and examined here, expecting that the Prince of Orange, with the first eastwardly wind, will invade this kingdom, and as I have often ventured my life for the nation before I came to the Crown, so I think myself more obliged to do the same now I am King, and so intend to go in person against him, whereby I may be exposed to accidents; and therefore I thought it necessary to have this now done in order to satisfy the minds of my subjects, and to prevent this kingdom being engaged in blood and confusion after my death, desiring to do always what may contribute most to the ease and quiet of my subjects, which I have shewed by securing to them their liberty of conscience and the enjoyment of their properties which I will always preserve. I have desired the Queen Dowager to give herself the trouble to come hither to declare what she knows of the birth of my son; and most of the ladies, lords, and other persons who were present, are ready here to depose upon oath their knowledge of this matter.'

The Queen Dowager was then called, and declared on oath that she was present at the confinement of the Queen, 'and never stirred from her until she was

delivered of the Prince of Wales.' The Marchioness Powys affirmed that she had been aware of the condition of the Queen since last December, and had given her advice on more than one occasion, and 'doth aver this prince to be the same child which was then born, and that she has never been from him for one day since.' The Countess of Arran deposed that she hastened from Whitehall to St. James's on hearing the news of her Majesty's situation; 'when she came she found the Queen in bed complaining of little pains; the Lady Sunderland, the Lady Roscommon, Mistress Lavadie, and the midwife were on that side of the bed where the Queen lay, and this deponent, with a great many others, stood on the other side all the time till the Queen was delivered. As soon as her Majesty was delivered, she said, "Oh Lord! I don't hear the child cry!" and immediately upon that this deponent did hear it cry, and saw the midwife take the child out of the bed and give it to Mistress Lavadie, who carried it into the little bedchamber, where she, this deponent, followed her, and saw that it was a son.' The Ladies Peterborough, Sunderland, Roscommon, and other dames of the Court then gave similar evidence: they had all been aware of the interesting situation of her Majesty, they had been present at the critical moment, and they had satisfied themselves that the issue was a boy.

The evidence of the gentlemen of the Household was now called for. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, and the

Lord Chamberlain came forward, and, though they protested that 'it was not to be expected that those of their sex should be able to give full evidence in such a matter,' yet they declared themselves convinced from what they had seen and heard that her Majesty was the mother of the Prince of Wales. The Lords Craven, Feversham, Moray, Middleton, Melfort, and Godolphin asserted the same. The medical testimony was then taken. Sir Charles Scarborough, first physician to the King, Sir Thomas Withersley, second physician, and Sir William Waldegrave, her Majesty's first physician, all solemnly stated that they had been in attendance upon the Queen, that she had been long preparing for the event, and that she had been duly confined of a male child; then they entered into the fullest medical details in support of their evidence.

The depositions were now read, and after each person had been 'sworn in open Court to make true answer to all such questions as should be demanded,' his Majesty said: 'If any of my lords think it necessary that the Queen shall be sent for it shall be done.' This offer was not accepted: 'their lordships not thinking it necessary, her Majesty was not sent for.' The proceedings were then ordered to be enrolled in the Court of Chancery.

JOHN, LORD HERVEY.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a fallen Court:
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

As long as curiosity and a cultured cynicism constitute such important elements in the sum total of our human nature, the literature of gossip will never lack readers. Historians have written histories which have fallen dead from their hands, biographers have failed to interest the public in the deeds of their heroes, novelists have excited their imagination in vain, travellers have wandered over distant lands without arousing a desire to follow in their footsteps, yet no work purporting to be a record of the trivial events of daily life in high quarters, of the gossip of the boudoir and the ante-chamber, of spiteful personalities, of the malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness that seethe beneath the calm, polished surface of well-bred society, has ever been written without receiving a cordial reception. From the days when St. Simon descanted upon the foibles and vanities of the Court of the Great Monarch to the malicious pages of the Greville Memoirs of the last generation, the Diaries of all who have had the opportunities of observing how a king folded his neckcloth, how a queen drank her tea, how a maid-of-honour romped

with a lord-in-waiting, how a minister crushed his rival by a *bon mot*, how a bishop toadied and was snubbed, how women of the bed-chamber quarrelled, and the like, have been among the most imperishable productions of literature. The famous historians of the past may, in the future, be unread, but as long as language exists the flunkeyism of St. Simon, the invective of Retz, the quaint humour of old Sam Pepys, the wit of Grammont, the fashionable chit-chat of Horace Walpole, will always meet with an eager perusal.

Nor is this surprising. In the most brilliant of histories there must necessarily be a certain amount of dryness, but in the diary or memoirs of the courtier history is presented in its easiest and lightest garb. Instead of battles we have stories of the warriors themselves—whom they loved, by whom they were rejected, who paid their debts, who made their fortunes; instead of bills and parliamentary debates we hear how the minister bullied the king, how the king rebuffed the minister, how the queen refused to receive the minister's wife, and how bitter were the feuds in the cabinet; instead of political dissertations, we listen to the current gossip of the hour, which often throws a stronger light upon the history of the times than all the parliamentary speeches and blue-books put together. Thus to the historical and political writer the contemporary gossip of the diarist is a mine of wealth not to be ignored. What an insight does St. Simon give us into the life of the Court of Louis XIV., how Cardinal Retz brings before us the

actors in the civil wars of the Fronde, what a light is thrown upon the days of Charles I. by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, upon the days of Charles II. by Reresby and Pepys, upon the days of George II. by Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole, upon the days of George III. by Madame d'Arblay, and upon the days of George IV. and William IV. by Greville!

But of all these *Mémoires pour servir* there are few that can compare, in novelty of information, in humour, in mordant descriptions of character, in hate and cynicism, with the pages of John, Lord Hervey. Observant, clever, spiteful, the favourite of the hard Queen Caroline gazes upon the Court life of George II., and comments in his witty, worldly manner upon the scenes—civil, ecclesiastical, political, and military—that pass before his sickly view. He lifts the veil, and we see the King listening to the counsels of Sir Robert Walpole, railing at the Queen, and descanting upon the charms of the favourite of his seraglio; we see the Queen, *cette diablesse*, as the first George kindly called her, worshipping with a devotion worthy of a better cause her little tyrant of a husband, badgering the divines who led the devotions of the Court with the most perplexing and heterodox of questions, and mocking with the consciousness of power those who sought to supplant her in the affections of her lord and master; we see Sir Robert Walpole, that minister whom posterity has discovered was not so corrupt as his enemies have alleged, wide-awake to his own interests, telling the Queen how he defeated the tactics of the Opposition, bidding her Majesty pay little heed

to the transgressions of the King provided she exercises over him the empire of intellect, and winding up the conversation with one of those stories which drove his modest brother-in-law, Townshend, from the table.

We see the Prince of Wales being played upon by Pulteney and Bolingbroke, placing himself at the head of the Opposition, quarrelling in the most unseemly manner with his parents, expelled from the royal presence, and expressing his delight at the news of the approaching dissolution of his mother; we see bishops paying court to mistresses for promotion, lawyers descending to any depths for the prizes of their profession, officers struggling for a star or a ribbon, adventurers doubtful whether to pay court to the King or Walpole, the Queen or the fat German women; vanity, ambition, unscrupulous competition and sordid vice the only breath to be inhaled in this courtly atmosphere. Last of all we have that deathbed scene so terrible and yet so grotesque in its awful depravity. Who does not know it? The King bending over the couch of his dying consort, sobbing passionately, and vowing to all who hear him that he is losing the best and dearest woman in the world. The Queen bidding him check his grief, and advising him, as so many departing wives advise their husbands, without desiring such advice to be followed, to console himself by a second marriage. '*Non, non,*' replies the afflicted and high-minded monarch, '*j'aurai des maîtresses! J'aurai des maîtresses!*' '*Mais, mon Dieu,*' answers the fond but easy wife, '*cela n'empêche*

pas!' Was ever tragedy transformed into so repulsive a burlesque!

As is the chronicle so is the chronicler. *Le style, c'est l'homme.* The son of a distinguished peer, the heir to the title by the sudden death of an elder brother, holding an important post in the household of his sovereign, the cherished favourite of the Queen, a man of wit and of considerable culture, John, Lord Hervey appeared to possess all that men envy and women admire. Yet in the cup of his life there was that bitter ingredient which impregnated with its peculiar flavour every drop in the chalice. His health was delicate, he was subject to epileptic fits, and his was one of those nervous, irritable natures that regards every action with suspicion, and every person with malice. Who does not know that venomous portrait of his Lordship painted by the acrid hand of the author of the 'Dunciad'? What reader of the Georgian era does not remember Sporus, that foul and unmanly caricature of Lord Hervey in the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot'? The wit sparkles and flashes, but it is the iridescence of putrefaction, not of healthy vitality.

P. Let Sporus tremble——
A. What! that thing of silk?
Sporus! that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings!
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys;
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys;
As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the Prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks:
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad!
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.
In pun, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies,
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself, one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart.
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord,
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest!
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust!

Cruel and unjust as is the satire, it yet contains sufficient of truth to sting and cling. To prevent the frequent attacks of epilepsy that afflicted him, Lord Hervey lived chiefly on asses' milk and flour biscuits, whilst, at the same time, to conceal the ghastly pallor of his complexion, he freely rouged. We thus see the venom in the lines that branded him as 'this painted child,' 'that mere white curd of asses' milk.' The literary style of Lord Hervey, though correct and at times even brilliant, is marred by a love of antithesis which exposed him to the ridicule of the wits of his day, and thus accounts for the poet stigmatising him as 'one vile antithesis.' Yet, if we are to credit the gossip of his contemporaries, Lord Hervey was far from the shallow fribble represented by Pope, or the 'half man, half woman' described in Pulteney's libel. No unprejudiced mind

can peruse the Memoirs without coming to the conclusion that the author was a man of marked ability, well read in the classics, far-sighted as well as quick-sighted, and of considerable originality of opinion. His oratory, so far from being marked by a 'florid impotence,' has been reproached as being too grave and solemn, but he was in favour of the ministry, and that was in itself a sufficient offence to create the animosity of Pope.

Another evidence of Lord Hervey's talents, and that he was the opposite of the empty, shallow, unmeaning creature depicted by the poet, is to be found in his political contributions. It was the age of pamphlets, and we are told that the *brochures* penned by Lord Hervey in refutation of the diatribes of Pulteney and Bolingbroke in the 'Craftsman' were, in the opinion of Horace Walpole, equal to any that ever were written. The invective of an enemy is seldom worth seriously examining, but as that terrible portrait of Sporus, whenever the name of Lord Hervey is mentioned, rises vividly before the memory, it may not be idle, perhaps, to show the difference existing between the reality and the envenomed caricature. Pope and Lord Hervey had once been friends, but, for reasons which contemporary gossip could not discover, and which it is therefore useless for posterity to attempt to clear up, they afterwards became the most bitter foes, and consequently, in listening to the estimate of the one by the other, we require more than the usual grains of salt to correct the acidity of the description.

We have said that Lord Hervey was a man of considerable parts, a wit, a ready writer, a keen and amusing observer of character, but when this has been said all has been said. In a lax age his profligacy was notorious. He was a sceptic, and took the greatest delight in wounding the religious susceptibilities of those he came across. In his creed there was nothing great, nothing noble, nothing of good report; all was hollow, artificial, and insincere. As a necessary consequence of this distorted faith, he believed in nothing, except perhaps himself, and in nobody, except perhaps Queen Caroline. Throughout the pages of his Memoirs detraction is the principal feature. His enemies are of course painted in the blackest colours, their characters picked out in the *aqua fortis* of hate; but even in his descriptions of his friends there is always something spiteful and malicious, which casts into the shade the praise that may have been bestowed. Everybody is a knave or a sycophant; the world revolves upon the axis of humbug, and between the poles of venality and corruption. A politician is one who identifies his own interests with those of the country; a priest is a scheming hypocrite who makes the best of both worlds, and who would sell his soul for a mitre; justice, truth, morality, and all the other attributes of virtue, are only so many masks to conceal motives and to further the cause of self-advancement. We rise from the splenetic pages of Lord Hervey with the feelings of a sane man who has been shut up with the afflicted in mind, and who longs to mix again

with his sound and healthy fellows, so as to dispel the morbid associations of the past; or with the feelings of one confined in a hothouse, and who craves for the inspiriting breezes on the moorland.

The volumes open with the state of parties on the accession of George II. The House of Hanover has never been noted for the affection that existed between the reigning sovereign and the heir-apparent. George I. hated the Prince of Wales; George II. hated the Prince of Wales; George III. hated the Prince of Wales. The consequence was that party feeling divided the nation into two distinct sets, and each party had royalty at its head. If the king was Whig the adherents of the Prince of Wales were Tories, as was the case under the two first Georges. If the king was a Tory the followers of the heir-apparent were Whigs, as was the case under the rule of George III. Thus the death of the sovereign always caused a great flutter of excitement amongst the Opposition: the period of rewards, of office, of pensions, was to be ushered in. When the news of the death of George I. reached London, great was the delight of Pulteney, Bolingbroke, Wyndham, and the rank and file of those who had taken the part of the son against the sire, and who were now to reap the reward of their fidelity. Sir Robert Walpole was at the helm of government: he had been the confidential adviser of the late king, and consequently opposed to the Prince of Wales; he permitted no one to divide his power in the Cabinet, or to overawe him by superior talent; hence his Ministry was weak,

whilst those whom he offended by declining to give them office went over to swell the strength of the Opposition. The character of Walpole, as given by Lord Hervey, is very favourable.

'No man,' he writes, 'ever was blessed with a clearer head, a truer or quicker judgment, or a deeper insight into mankind; he knew the strength and weakness of everybody he had to deal with, and how to make his advantage of both; he had more warmth of affection and friendship for some particular people than one could have believed it possible for any one who had been so long raking in the dirt of mankind to be capable of feeling for so worthless a species of animals. . . . . He had a strength of parts equal to any advancement, a spirit to struggle with any difficulties, a steadiness of temper immovable by any disappointments. He had great skill in figures, the nature of the funds and the revenue. . . . . There never was any minister to whom access was so easy and so frequent, nor whose answers were more explicit. He knew how to oblige when he bestowed, and not to shock when he denied; to govern without oppressing, and conquer without triumph. He pursued his ambition without curbing his pleasures, and his pleasures without neglecting his business; he did the latter with ease, and indulged himself in the other without giving scandal or offence. In private life, and to all who had any dependence upon him, he was kind and indulgent; he was generous without ostentation, and an economist without penuriousness; not

insolent in success, nor irresolute in distress ; faithful to his friends, and not inveterate to his foes.'

Lord Hervey was much beholden to Sir Robert Walpole, and always regarded him as his benefactor.

On the accession of George II. it was confidently expected that the Whigs would fall and Sir Robert Walpole have to betake himself to the cold shade of Opposition. As soon as the express reached Sir Robert, informing him of the death of his royal master, he at once went to Richmond to receive his orders from the Prince of Wales. 'I am come to acquaint your Majesty,' he said, 'with the death of your father.' At first the King declined to believe 'such good news,' but when it became evident to him that there could be no doubt as to the truth of the message, he curtly told Walpole to go to 'Chiswick, and take your directions from Sir Spencer Compton.' In other words, Walpole was dismissed, and Compton, the Speaker of the House of Commons, was to reign in his stead. But the minister did not despair. Compton was 'a plodding, heavy fellow, with great application but no talents,' and Walpole knew that he had little to fear from such a rival. 'We shall be out for a time,' he said to his followers, 'but we shall soon come back again.' The prediction was speedily fulfilled.

Our second George, in spite of his open infidelities, was deeply attached to his consort, a woman of great judgment, well read, and of considerable tact, but wanting in all those softer qualities with which

her sex is generally credited. She had the sense and culture of a man, with a man's standard of purity. Provided her husband accepted her counsel and advice, she was indifferent to whom he gave what he was pleased to call his heart. The indignities that another woman would not have tolerated for a moment she bore with charming good-humour, and was perfectly content to lose her husband's affections so long as she retained the command over his intellect. Yet with that amusing blindness which makes us never see ourselves as others see us, the King was under the impression that he was the most autocratic and independent of sovereigns. He expressed the strongest contempt for all monarchs who permitted themselves to be ruled by their wives or their subjects. He sneered at Charles I. for being governed by his wife; at Charles II. for being governed by his mistresses; at James II. for being governed by his priests; at William III. for being governed by his men favourites; at Queen Anne for being governed by her women favourites; and at his father for being governed by anybody that could get at him. Then at the end of this tirade, he would turn round to his audience and ask: 'And who do they say governs now?' The courtiers were too well bred to reply, but a wag took the subject up and put it in verse.

> You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;
> We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
> You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
> Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
> Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

How this power over the King was maintained, and how great was the self-denial it demanded from the Queen, we read in the pages of Hervey. The predominant passion of Queen Caroline was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; 'but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*, which few besides herself could have had patience to support or resolution to adhere to.' Every day she remained for some seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King, 'during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it. She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon.' These interviews were made additionally heavy to the Queen from the fact of the King liking neither to read nor to be read to; hence her Majesty was forced 'like a spider to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken.' However, to all this she submitted for the sake of preserving her cherished power. 'She knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. To him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination. She looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a

weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper. She governed him by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.' The position of affairs was not lost upon so worldly an observer as Walpole. He paid his court to the Queen, he ingratiated himself into her good graces, he let her see the difference between himself and Compton, and how the one could materially help her whilst the other would be of little service. He heard that Compton had offered her Majesty an allowance of 60,000*l.* a year. 'If my office of minister be secured me,' said Walpole, 'I will make the allowance 40,000*l.* more.'

The bait was accepted; 'the Queen assured him that she believed no man so capable of serving the King as himself, that her interest, if she had any, should never be employed for any other body, and that she was sure the King's intentions were to continue him.' And so it came to pass that Walpole was restored to power, and the Tories still continued to gaze from the Pisgah of Opposition upon the Canaan of Office without being invited to take up their abode within the fertile territory. 'It was now understood by everybody,' says Hervey, 'that Sir Robert was the Queen's minister; that whoever he favoured she distinguished,

and whoever she distinguished the King employed. His reputed mistress, Mrs. Howard, and the Speaker Compton, his reputed minister, were perceived to be nothing; and Mr. Pulteney and Lord Bolingbroke, in the algebraical phrase, less than nothing.' The administration that was in office at the death of the late King was not displaced. Sir Robert Walpole, whom the King when Prince of Wales had called 'a great rogue,' remained at the head of the Treasury; Horace Walpole, who had been called 'a dirty buffoon,' was continued in his office as ambassador to France; whilst the Duke of Newcastle, who had been called 'an impertinent fool,' and Lord Townshend, who had been called 'a choleric blockhead,' still held the seals as Secretaries of State. The only change was that George II. reigned in the stead of George I.

Into the biography of Walpole we need not enter. We know how skilfully he maintained himself in power, how he manipulated parliamentary majorities, how he defeated the tactics of the Opposition, how he restored the fortunes of the nation after the collapse of the South Sea Scheme, how ably he presided over the finances of the Treasury, how he declined, and how he fell. All this can be read in an ordinary history, nor do the pages of Lord Hervey throw any very valuable additions upon the information we already possess on the subject to make us linger long over his comments and reflections. It is with the inner life of the King and Queen that we have especially to deal. Undoubtedly Lord Hervey is a pleasant companion whilst he discusses the state of

foreign affairs, the Excise Bill, the Porteous Riot, the Dissenters and Bishop Hoadley, and the numerous other political questions that pass before him; but where there is so much to choose from, we shall draw the line at the political and confine ourselves to the social.

The Queen had blessed her choleric little lord and master with various pledges of her love, and, as the Princess Royal was now of an age to enter the holy state of matrimony, the question was often discussed between the royal pair, Where was the husband to be found? 'The Princess Royal's personal beauties were a lively clean look and a very fine complexion, though she was marked a good deal with the small-pox; the fault of her person was that of being very ill-made and a great propensity to fat.' It was necessary that the consort of her royal Highness should be a Protestant, but it so appeared that at the time there was a lack of Protestant *partis* fit to mate with a princess of England. After diligent inquiry the Prince of Orange was discovered to be the only young man who could be seriously considered, and he, from the portrait that has been handed down to us, could hardly be deemed an eligible choice. He was poor, 'his estate not clear 12,000*l.* a year.' He was a dwarf, and 'as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be.' His face was not bad, his countenance was sensible, 'but his breath more offensive than it is possible for those who have not been offended by it to imagine.' It was a 'miser-

able match, both in point of man and fortune.' However, as the Courts of Europe were unable to lead to the altar any more promising specimen of their order, the Princess had to choose, not 'between this prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband, between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all; and whether she would be wedded to this piece of deformity in Holland, or die an ancient maid immured in her royal convent at St. James's.'

After careful deliberation, the Princess decided in favour of marriage; it was better to part with her guards, to descend from the state she kept, to live abroad, to link herself to a little monster, than to remain unwedded and be dependent one day upon the bounty of her brother Frederick, who cordially disliked her. 'As she apprehended,' says Hervey, 'the consequences of not being married at all must one time or other be worse than even the being so married, she very prudently submitted to the present evil to avoid a greater in futurity.' Accordingly the happy news was despatched to every Court on the Continent, and Parliament generously allowed the future wife a dowry of 80,000*l.* Early in November the bridegroom arrived in London and took up his abode at Somerset House. The King held the kind view that 'the Prince of Orange was a nothing till he had married his daughter, and that being her husband made him everything;' consequently his Majesty suffered no sort of public honours to be paid to his intended son-in-law, whilst he himself behaved towards him scarcely with common

civility. The Tower guns were not allowed to salute the Prince, nor was the guard permitted to turn out upon his arrival.

By the special request of the Queen, Lord Hervey called upon the Prince of Orange with her Majesty's compliments. On his return the Queen begged him to 'let her know without disguise what sort of hideous animal she was to prepare herself to see.' His lordship replied that he had not found the Prince so bad as he imagined; that she must not expect to see an Adonis, for his body was as bad as possible, but that his countenance was far from disagreeable, and his address sensible, engaging and noble. Nor was the bride particularly eager, it appears, to embrace her lover. She was in her own apartment at her harpsichord, and was as composed as if there had been no prince to meet her. 'For my part,' said the Queen, 'I never said the least word to encourage her to this marriage or to dissuade her from it; the King left her too absolutely at liberty to accept or reject it; but as she thought the King looked upon it as a proper match, and one which, if she could bear his person, he should not dislike, she said she was resolved that if it was a monkey she would marry him.' Imbued with these ardent and filial sentiments, the Princess Anne calmly awaited her fate. For a time the marriage was delayed, owing to the Prince of Orange being attacked by a dangerous fever. 'During this tedious and dangerous illness no one of the royal family went to see him. The King thought it below his dignity, and the rest, whatever they thought,

were not allowed to do it.' On the whole, it is impossible to conceive a more cordial and affectionate welcome of a young man into a strange family; if anything was calculated to conduce to the recovery of the Prince, it would be the tender solicitude exhibited by his future wife and her enthusiastic relations. The Dutch are a phlegmatic race, but methinks his royal Highness of Orange must have required all the national stolidity to control his feelings during the season of his happy and encouraging courtship.

Though the prologue was inauspicious, the play was duly performed. The marriage took place on the 14th of March, 1734. It was celebrated in a little French chapel adjoining St. James's House, and was packed with a most fashionable audience. 'The Prince of Orange's whole retinue was as magnificent as gold and silver varied in brocade, lace, and embroidery could make them, and the jewels he gave the Princess of immense value, particularly the necklace, which was so large that twenty-two diamonds made the whole round of her neck.' During the ceremony the King behaved very well, but the Queen and her daughters treated the whole affair with 'undisguised and unaffected concern.' The bridegroom appeared a less ridiculous figure in his splendid wedding array than was to have been expected from such an Æsop. With him nature was greatly assisted by all the tricks and devices of art; it was therefore a terrible revelation when he had to display himself in the simplicity of his hideous imperfections, for unadorned he was not the most adorned. According to the gross fashion

of his day, it was the custom when royalty was united in the bonds of matrimony for the whole Court to enter the nuptial chamber and pay their respects to the young couple when in bed. We are told that when the Prince of Orange 'came in his night-gown and night-cap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was indescribable; from the shape of his brocaded gown and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and legs.' The sight of her son-in-law thus clad in the somewhat transparent garb which slumber enjoins was too much for the maternal heart of the Queen.

'*Ah, mon Dieu!*' she said to Lord Hervey, '*quand je voiois entrer ce monstre pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelais auparavant, mais ce coup-là m'a assommée. Dites-moi, my Lord Hervey, avez-vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n'aviez-vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu! c'est trop sotte en moi, mais j'en pleure encore.*'

Lord Hervey endeavoured to console her Majesty with the easy philosophy of a man of the world. 'Madam,' said he, 'in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one's married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes, that one looks at it mechanically without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger.' Replied the Queen, who was no fool: 'One may, and I believe one does, grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey,

there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one's growing blind.'

As was to be expected, the marriage did not result in much happiness to either of the contracting parties. The Prince, immersed in politics, treated his wife with indifference, and the Princess, detesting Holland, its scenery, its customs, and its people, was only happy when the bows of her yacht were set for Harwich. In the strange home-circle which she quitted, her absence was soon forgotten. Her mother never ceased crying for three days; but after three weeks (excepting on post days) her royal Highness seemed as much forgotten as if she had been buried three years. 'So quick a smoother is absence,' moralises Hervey, 'of the deepest impressions royal minds are capable of receiving. Impressions that are only to be preserved by an effort of memory and reflection are indeed, in all human compositions, like characters written in sand, that if they are not perpetually retained by our senses they are seldom of any great duration, and are easily effaced though ever so strongly marked.'

There was one member, however, of this united family whose absence would have been the cause of anything but regret. We have said that the House of Hanover was notorious for its feuds between sire and son—and the family history of George II. was no exception to the rule. As George II. when Prince of Wales did all in his power to irritate his father—aimed at popularity, became the leader of the Opposition, kept a rival Court, and was ever a thorn in the side of the old king—so Frederick, Prince of

Wales, now pursued the same tactics, and was as much a source of anxiety and ill-feeling to George II. as George II. when heir-apparent had been to George I. Of Frederick little can be said that is favourable. With the exception of the family courage, which he possessed in an eminent degree, the baser part of human nature was the stronger within him. He was weak, mean, spiteful, obstinate, and as openly immoral in his private life as both his father and grandfather had been before him. Educated in Germany he had not been allowed to come over to England during the earlier days of his youth, and it was not until frequent remonstrances had been made to the King of the evils that would attend the heir-apparent if he should be entirely ignorant of the country over which he was one day to rule, that the father allowed his jealousy to give way to the wise counsels of his advisers.

'The Prince's character at his first coming over,' sketches Hervey, 'though little more respectable, seemed much more amiable than, upon his opening himself further and being better known, it turned out to be; for though there appeared to be nothing in him to be admired, yet there seemed nothing in him to be hated—neither anything great nor anything vicious; his behaviour was something that gained one's good wishes, though it gave one no esteem for him; for his best qualities, whilst they prepossessed one the most in his favour, always gave one a degree of contempt for him at the same time; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did; for

though his manners had the show of benevolence, from a good deal of natural or habitual civility, yet his cajoling everybody, and almost in an equal degree, made those things which might have been thought favours, if more judiciously or sparingly bestowed, lose all their weight. . . . . He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other, never having the least hesitation from principle or fear of future detection in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and if possible a more obstinate temper, than his father; that is, more tenacious of opinions he had once formed, though less capable of ever forming right ones. Had he one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable, poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this: he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that neglected him, and were neither of use nor capable of being of use to him, nor desirous of being so.'

The object of this charming youth, as soon as he had settled in London, was to cause his parents as much annoyance as lay in his power, and it must be admitted from the peculiar circumstances of the family circle, and from the tactics of the Opposition, that his capacity in this respect was not limited. He seldom spoke to the King, and was frequently brutally rude to the Queen, who seems to have hated her first-born

as cordially as did her consort. He entered into the confidences of the Opposition, and was moved as its presiding spirits, Bolingbroke and Pulteney, chose to pull the strings. His father hating literature and the fine arts, the Prince affected to be a scholar and *virtuoso*, and extended his patronage to struggling authors, artists, and sculptors, by whom he was in return praised in pamphlets, flattered in pictures, and modelled in busts. In contrast to the seclusion of the King, the Prince was to be seen constantly walking about the streets, or driving in the Park, or ogling the women from the theatre. By these arts and devices 'Fritz' was very popular with the people, who have always been fond of royalty when genial, good-humoured, and not exclusive. The London mob cheered him and fêted him, as it did the Prince of Orange, not so much because it liked the man as because it annoyed the King. It was true that Fritz was very wild, was given to dice and repudiating his losses, and that evil courses had found in him a willing disciple. Yet, it was asked, what could be expected from a young man whose home life was so unbearable, and whose father set so scandalous an example? It was not surprising that the Prince was bad, it was only surprising that he was not worse. Let royalty be only popular and its morals need never lack defenders.

As heir-apparent to the throne, it was considered most desirable that the Prince of Wales, instead of dangling now after Miss Vane and then after Lady Archibald Hamilton, should be steadied by the ties of

matrimony. Various dames were passed before the royal view, and at last the King fixed upon the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. The match was proposed to the Prince, who replied, 'with great decency, duty, and propriety, that whoever his Majesty thought a proper match for his son would be agreeable to him.' The future bride was a young girl of seventeen, tall, good-looking, 'but her person, from being very ill-made, a good deal awry, her arms long, and her motions awkward, had, in spite of all the finery of jewels and brocade, an ordinary air, which no trappings could cover or exalt.' The marriage took place April 27, 1736, amid the usual ceremonies and festivities.

An important question now arose with regard to the establishment of the Prince of Wales. Before his marriage the King allowed his son 24,000*l.* a year, which was now increased to 50,000*l.* a year, and the young couple were informed that wherever the Queen resided apartments would always be provided for them. This state of things was far from being approved of by the Prince, and as the Opposition thought they saw their way to annoy the King and the Government, the matter was taken up and brought before Parliament. The Prince was told that an unsettled allowance of some 50,000*l.* a year doled out to him by his father was unworthy of his position, and insufficient to meet the constant demands upon his purse. When George I. was king and the civil list but 700,000*l.*, the then Prince of Wales had been allowed 100,000*l.* a year. How unjust was it now, with a civil list of 800,000*l.*, for the heir-apparent to the

throne to receive but a beggarly 50,000*l.* a year! Let Parliament interfere, and a proper establishment would be granted him.

The advice was only too much in accordance with the wishes of Fritz not to be implicitly followed. When the King heard of this arrangement he was furious, and vowed that no one should come between him and his son. But Walpole, wiser than his master, and well aware that there was some justice in the demands of the Opposition, and that the country was with the Prince, suggested that a compromise should be effected. He advised that the King should settle upon his son the 50,000*l.* a year, which he now received in irregular monthly payments, and at the same time agree to the settlement of a jointure, the amount of which was to be left open, upon the Princess of Wales. After some opposition the King agreed to this counsel, and commissioned the Lord Chancellor to lay the proposal before the Prince. Fritz, however, in terms of the most mock humility, replied that he was unable to return an answer as the affair was now out of his hands. The King was nearly having a fit of the gout, whilst the Queen mourned, after her quiet, well-bred fashion, having ever given birth to such 'a mean beast, such a liar, such a spiteful cub, such a knave and craven fool;' the Princesses, also, affectionately hoped that 'their brother would fall down dead.' When the subject came before Parliament it was well supported by all the leaders of the Opposition, and it was only by the influence of Walpole and the judicious administration

of Court bribes that the Government defeated the motion by a narrow majority.

A few months after this pecuniary squabble had been satisfactorily settled, the Prince, without gaining any personal advantage, managed again to draw upon himself the hatred of his parents. The Princess of Wales was supposed to be in an interesting condition, and as both the King and Queen believed that their son was quite capable of introducing a supposititious child into the family, it was desired that the confinement should take place beneath the roof of Hampton Court. The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, merely to spite the wishes of his parents, was resolved that the Princess should be confined in London. The Queen, however, was not to be defeated in her views. Her son might have the bad grace to disobey the commands of the King, but she at least would take care to see that no fraud was committed. 'At her labour,' cried her Majesty, 'I positively will be, let her lie in where she will, for she cannot be brought to bed as quick as one can blow one's nose, and I will be sure it is her child.' The Queen was, however, to be outwitted. One evening the royal family were spending the close of the day in their usual manner. The King was downstairs playing commerce; upstairs the Queen was at quadrille; the Princess Emily was occupied at her commerce table, whilst the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey were at cribbage. Meanwhile, whilst all was quiet in the rooms of the palace, a tragedy was being acted in the corridors. The Prince of Wales had every reason to believe that the hour had

arrived when he was about to be made a father. With an obstinacy equal to his folly, and a folly equal to his barbarity, he ordered a coach to be got ready, and insisted upon his unhappy wife being driven off to London. In vain the Princess begged for God's sake to be allowed to remain where she was, and that removal at such a moment would cause her the most exquisite agony. Her husband only replied, '*Courage! courage! ah, quelle sottise!*' and told her, 'with the encouragement of a tooth-drawer, or the consolatory tenderness of an executioner, that it would be over in a minute.' In this state, and muffling her cries, she was hurried into the coach and driven off to London. On her arrival at St. James's Palace nothing was prepared for her reception, and two table-cloths had to do duty for sheets. 'At a quarter before eleven she was delivered of a little rat of a girl, about the bigness of a good large toothpick case.'

The anger of the King and Queen, when the unworthy conduct of their son was brought before them, was deep in the extreme. They declared that so open and gratuitous an insult could not be passed over, and that Fritz should feel their heaviest displeasure.

'The King has commanded me to acquaint your Royal Highness,' wrote Lord Essex (Aug. 3, 1737), 'that his Majesty most heartily rejoices at the safe delivery of the Princess; but that your carrying away her Royal Highness from Hampton Court, the then residence of the King, the Queen, and the Royal family,

under the pains and certain indication of immediate labour, to the imminent danger and hazard both of the Princess and her child, and after sufficient warnings for a week before, to have made the necessary preparations for this happy event; without acquainting his Majesty or the Queen with the circumstances the Princess was in or giving them the least notice of your departure, is looked upon by the King to be such a deliberate indignity offered to himself and the Queen, that he has commanded me to acquaint your Royal Highness that he resents it to the highest degree.'

To this stern message the Prince replied that it was with intense mortification he found that his coming to town with the Princess had displeased his Majesty, yet what alternative had he? He was in a 'pressing situation,' he had not the proper medical assistance at hand, the physicians and midwife were in town, the confinement had taken place earlier than was expected, what blame then was to be imputed to him for the course he had pursued? 'Besides this,' he wrote with a ready lie, 'if I may take the liberty to say so, the Princess desired me so earnestly at that time to carry her to London where all assistance was nearer at hand that I could not resist; for I could never have forgiven myself if in consequence of my refusal any accident had happened to her.' He begged, therefore, his Majesty not to be offended with him, and to have permission to lay himself at the Royal feet. But he asked in vain. Again and again he implored his Majesty to forgive him and to

restore him to favour, but his supplications were futile. The angered King appointed the day for the baptism of the young Princess, graciously consented to stand godfather, with the Queen and the Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Gotha as godmothers, and commanded the Archbishop of Canterbury to perform the ceremony, but the father of the child he would *not* see.

'The professions you have lately made,' he wrote to his son (Sept. 10, 1737) 'in your letters of your particular regard to me are so contradictory to all your actions that I cannot suffer myself to be imposed upon by them. You know very well you did not give the least intimation to me or to the Queen that the Princess was with child until within less than a month of the birth of the young Princess. You removed the Princess twice, in the week immediately preceding the day of her delivery, from the place of my residence, in expectation, as you have voluntarily declared, of her labour; and both times upon your return you industriously concealed from the knowledge of me and the Queen every circumstance relating to this important affair. And you at last, without giving any notice to me or to the Queen, precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court in a condition not to be named. After having then, in execution of your own determined measures, exposed both the Princess and her child to the greatest perils, you now plead surprise and tenderness for the Princess as the only motives that occasioned these repeated indignities offered to me and to the Queen your mother. This extravagant

and undutiful behaviour, in so essential a point as the birth of an heir to my crown, is such an evidence of your premeditated defiance of me and such a contempt of my authority and of the natural right belonging to your parents as cannot be excused by the pretended innocence of your intentions, nor palliated or disguised by specious words only. But the whole tenour of your conduct for a considerable time has been so entirely void of all real duty to me, that I have long had reason to be highly offended with you. And until you withdraw your regard and confidence from those, by whose instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable behaviour to me and to the Queen, and until you return to your duty, you shall not reside in my palace; which I will not suffer to be made the resort of them, who under the appearance of an attachment to you, foment the division which you have made in my family, and thereby weaken the common interest of the whole. In this situation I will receive no reply; but when your actions manifest a just sense of your duty and submission, *that* may induce me to pardon what at present I most justly resent. In the meantime it is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family when it can be done without prejudice or inconvenience to the Princess. I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my grand-daughter, until a proper time calls upon me to consider of her education.'

The young mother now essayed her art at intercession. She wrote to the King, thanking him for

the honour he had done her in standing godfather to her daughter, and trusted that his Majesty would avail himself of the opportunity to grant pardon to her unhappy husband. 'It is a great aggravation of my sorrow upon this occasion,' she wrote (Sept. 15) 'to find that by the Prince's tenderness for me, I am the innocent cause of his disgrace; and I flatter myself if I had leave to throw myself at your Majesty's feet, I could have explained the Prince's conduct in a manner that would have softened your Majesty's resentment. How much am I to be pitied, sir, that an incident so grateful to me, and at the same time so agreeable to the public, should unfortunately become the unhappy cause of a division in the family! I shall trouble your Majesty no farther than to assure you that as it is to you I owe all my happiness, so to you I flatter myself I shall likewise soon owe the quiet of my life.'

But the heart of the King was not to be softened by this appeal. He was sorry that anything should happen to give the Princess the least uneasiness, but it was not his fault. 'It is a misfortune to you,' he wrote (Sept. 18), 'but not owing to me that you are involved in the consequences of your husband's inexcusable conduct. I pity you, to see you first exposed to the utmost danger in the execution of his designs and then made the plea for a series of repeated indignities offered to me.' Nor was Queen Caroline a whit more lenient. 'The Prince of Wales,' she said, 'had behaved after a most outrageous fashion and richly deserved the punishment now meted out to him.' 'I hope,' she wrote to the Princess, 'time and due con-

sideration will bring my son to a just sense of his duty to his father; which will be the only means of procuring that happy change which you cannot more sincerely wish than I do.'

In the feud that had thus ensued, public sympathy was strongly on the side of the parents. Even those who regarded the Prince as their tool and always supported his cause, blamed his foolish and unmanly proceedings on this occasion. 'I am at a loss,' writes Bolingbroke to Wyndham, 'to find the plausibility or the popularity of the present occasion of rupture. He hurries his wife from Court when she is on the point of being delivered of her first child. His father swells, struts, and storms. He confesses his rashness and asks pardon in the terms of one who owns himself in the wrong. Besides that, all this appears to me boyish, it is purely domestic, and there is nothing, as far as I can discern. to interest the public in the cause of his Royal Highness.' This judgment was confirmed by the world at large, and the Prince, finding that all apologies and submissive epistles were powerless to soften the harshness of the King, quitted St. James's Palace and took up his abode at Norfolk House, in St. James's Square, which henceforth became the rendezvous of the leaders of the Opposition. To make the separation between father and son as public as possible, the King commanded that all the correspondence which had passed upon the occasion should be published and copies sent to the British ambassadors abroad. An order was also issued prohibiting all who attended the levées at Norfolk House from

presenting themselves at Court. 'Thank God!' said the King, 'the puppy is out of my house.' 'I hope to God,' exclaimed the Queen, 'I shall never see him again.'

But a graver trouble than unfilial behaviour was now to distress the Queen. For some time past the King had become wearied of his once favoured Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, and was completely under the thraldom of the Rubens-like charms of Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the highest fashion at Hanover, and of whom the less said the better. The consequence of this attachment was to make London simply unbearable to the royal mind, and the palace at Herrenhausen all that was fascinating and attractive. His irritable and amorous Majesty was never so happy as when cursing our island, and instituting comparisons between England and Hanover to the disadvantage of the former. He declared that no English cook could dress a dinner, that no English confectioner could set out a dessert, that no English player could act, that no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride, and that no English horses were even fit to be ridden or driven. He vowed that no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress, that there were no diversions in England, public or private, and that there was no man or woman in England whose conversation was to be tolerated—the one talking of nothing but their dull politics, the other of nothing but their ugly clothes. All which being interpreted, pithily says Lord Hervey, signified that

in the society of the stale wife the King could not forget the new mistress.

It must be confessed that both the Queen and the courtiers had to suffer at this time many a *mauvais quart d'heure*. The King quarrelled with the lords-in-waiting, bullied the Queen, rated the Princesses, and sneered at his faithful advisers of the Crown. In reading these Memoirs one is not only struck by the lax state of the morals of the Court, but of the unmanly nature of the King's infidelity. Charles II. and Louis XIV. were certainly not patterns of the domestic virtues, but they were eminently well-bred men, and would as soon have thought of behaving as our second George behaved as the one would of talking to a Presbyterian divine for amusement, or the other of granting a pension to a Huguenot. It was the royal pleasure of George II. to insult his wife precisely where a wife would be most insulted, whilst at the same time professing to be really attached to her. He amused himself by reading aloud to the Queen the letters which he had received from Madame Walmoden. He ridiculed the Queen's looks, her age, and the development of her figure. Whenever any foreign princess attracted his attention, he cooly asked the Queen to invite the object of his admiration to Court, so that he might be permitted to pay her what he was pleased to call his *devoirs*. Whilst staying at Herrenhausen he invariably made the Queen the confidante of his amours. A witty bedchamber-woman once told him that he would be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, 'as she knew he would

tell the Queen.' 'You must love the Walmoden,' he calmly writes to his wife, 'for she loves *me*.' In short, a more unmanly, vicious little animal never disgraced a crown. His Majesty was constantly accusing others of being ungentlemanlike, yet there never lived a man, whether on the throne or off it, who was so utterly incapable of understanding the duties comprised in the word. He had the manners of a taproom haunter, with the sense of delicacy of a pander.

For the first time in her life the Queen was really anxious about herself and her husband. Lady Suffolk was *passée*, and, if the King must be under the influence of an organised infidelity, it was far preferable to the neglected wife to know that her rival was one not calculated to subjugate too completely the erring husband. In spite of his Majesty's attachment to 'her good Howard,' the Queen knew that her consort, as he had often admitted, loved 'the little finger of his wife better than the whole body of Mrs. Howard.' But now Caroline was alarmed. Never had the King remained so long away from her; never had he been so incessant in his visits to Hanover; never had he been so bewitched; never had he when absent been so curt and harsh and cold in his correspondence with her. After all her devotion and all her culpable lenience, was she at last to lose her authority over her husband?

Nor was Walpole less anxious. Should the King be so completely fascinated by the Walmoden as to be indifferent to the Queen, the indirect power of the minister over the policy of the Court could no longer

be exercised. In the downfall of Caroline was involved the downfall of Walpole. And now ensued as singular a conversation as ever took place between sovereign and subject, and perhaps between wife and friend. The minister began by advising her Majesty to forget that she was a wife, but to remember that she was a queen, and to bury the woman in the politician. The King was of a warm disposition, and it was impossible that she at her advanced time of life could possess those physical advantages which her husband so much admired. The affections of the King she must leave to others; it must be her policy, as it had been her policy, to govern him, and to keep him near her by the superiority of her intellectual acquirements. Let her press the King to bring Madame Walmoden over to England, and Walpole promised, if the Queen only took his advice, that she would get the better of the new comer. 'He taught her this hard lesson,' says Hervey, 'till she wept; and her Majesty, instead of reproaching him for the liberty he had taken, promised to do everything he had desired her, and thanked him for the friendship he had shown towards her.' Was ever woman in this humour wooed—was ever woman in this humour won?

Accordingly, this charming and high-spirited advice was at once acted upon. Lady Suffolk's lodgings were made ready for their successor, and the Queen wrote to her husband to return to England, and that, in order to remove the occasion of these incessant absences, she was perfectly prepared to take Madame

Walmoden into her service. The reply of the King is unique in the collection of marital compositions: no one but George II. could have written such a pious, profligate effusion. 'He extols the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him, and the gratitude he feels towards her. He commends her understanding, her temper, and, in short, leaves nothing unsaid that can demonstrate the opinion he has of her head and the value he sets upon her heart.' How he wishes he could be everything she would have him!

'*Mais*,' pleads the fond and penitent husband, '*vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline. Vous connaissez mes faiblesses, il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous, et plût à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous imiter toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer!*'

And then, to show how earnest he is in his wish to be corrected and to imitate all the virtues, he gushes over the Queen's unsexed-like generosity, and concludes, according to his wont, by giving a full and enthusiastic description of the charms of Madame Walmoden. Sir Robert Walpole assured Lord Hervey that this letter was so well written that if the King would only write to women instead of strutting and talking to them, he believed his Majesty would get the better of all the men in the world. There is no accounting for tastes.

But the Queen was soon to be removed from these mixed scenes of outrage and affection. Her health had long been delicate from an internal disorder, the secret of which she kept to herself, so as not to annoy her husband. It appears that the King hated the sight of sickness, and never would himself admit that he was incapacitated by ill-health. He would get out of bed, choking with a sore throat or in a high fever, to dress and hold a levée, and then, when the ceremony was over, return to his bed. No matter how poorly the Queen might be, he never excused her attendance, and we are told that on more than one occasion she held a drawing-room when she was well-nigh swooning. As long as it was possible for brave woman to resist the pain and inconvenience of disease, her Majesty exhibited such courage, but at last nature asserted her power, and the rebel had to yield. She was put to bed, given 'snake-root with Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial,' and bled freely. These remedies afforded her little relief. 'I have an ill,' she said, 'which nobody knows of.' No notice was taken of this remark, as it was supposed that she felt what she was unable to describe, and more than anybody imagined. It was expected that on hearing of his mother's illness the Prince of Wales might pay a visit to the palace, and Lord Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, desired instructions in the event of such a call taking place.

'If the puppy,' ordered the King, 'in one of his impertinent, affected airs of duty and affection, dare to come to St. James's, I order you to go to the

die on a Wednesday. Still, in spite of this prediction, she thought it prudent, whilst she retained her senses, to take farewell of her family. To the King she had nothing to say.

'For as I have always,' she added, 'told you my thoughts of things and people as fast as they arose, I have nothing left to communicate to you. The people I love and those I do not, the people I like and dislike, and those I would wish you to be kind to, you know as well as myself; and I am persuaded it would therefore be a useless trouble both to you and me at this time to add any particular recommendations.'

To the Princess Emily she said nothing very particular. To the Princess Caroline she recommended the care of her two younger sisters.

'As for you, William,' continued she to the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards the Butcher of Culloden, 'you know I have always loved you tenderly, and placed my chief hope in you; show your gratitude to me in your behaviour to the King; be a support to your father, and double your attention to make up for the disappointment and vexation he must receive from your profligate and worthless brother. It is in you only I hope for keeping up the credit of our family, when your father shall be no more. Attempt nothing even against your brother, and endeavour to mortify him no way but by showing superior merit.'

We are told that these words were so deeply impressed upon the heart of the young duke that he never forgot his dying mother's injunction.

'His maxim,' writes Horace Walpole, 'was to bear anything from his brother, if he lived to be King, rather than set an example of disobedience to the royal authority.'

After a few words of general advice to her children, the Queen turned to her husband, took a ruby ring off her finger, and placed it upon his.

'This is the last thing I have to give you,' she said: 'naked I came to you, and naked I go from you. I had everything I ever possessed from you, and to you whatever I have I return. My will you will find a very short one—I give all I have to you.'

She then bade him not weep, but to marry again, and we have the '*j'aurai des maîtresses*' reply already alluded to. 'I know this episode,' says Hervey, 'will hardly be credited, but it is literally true.'

During the whole of the Queen's illness, the conduct of the King exhibited that extraordinary mixture of affection and harshness which was so characteristic of the man. He cried profusely, and owned amidst his tears that he was about to lose the best wife, the best mother, the best companion, the best friend, and the best woman that ever was born. He declared that the Queen was the wisest, the most agreeable, and the most useful body, man or woman, that he had ever been acquainted with. He felt sure that he could have been happy with no other woman upon earth for a wife, and that if she had not been his wife he would rather have had her for his mistress than any woman he ever knew. He praised her looks, her tact, her courage, her exquisite sense.

'Poor woman!' he cried. 'How she always found something obliging, agreeable, and pleasing to say to everybody, and always sent people away from her better satisfied than they came! With what grace and politeness and sweetness she maintained her dignity!'

Then he would enter the sick-room, and snub and quarrel with the very woman whose praises he had been sounding in the ante-chamber. If the invalid turned in her bed to obtain some transient repose, the King would burst forth with—

'How the devil should you sleep when you will never lie still a moment? You want to rest, and the doctors tell you nothing can do you so much good, and yet you are always moving about. Nobody can sleep in that manner, and that is always your way: you never take the proper method to get what you want, and then you wonder you have it not.'

The Queen was unable to sleep, and often fixed her eyes intently upon vacancy. 'Mon Dieu!' cried the tender husband. 'What are you looking at? How on earth can you stare like that? Your eyes are like those of a calf whose throat has just been cut!' Then, with that fussy solicitude so irritating to the nervous system of an invalid, he was always pressing the Queen to take this or that, or worrying her with needless inquiries. At last the doctors interfered, and a written prescription was pinned upon the bed-curtain ordering that the Queen was not to be talked to more than was absolutely necessary, and then always in the lowest voice.

As it became more and more evident that the days of the Queen were numbered, the religious world was most anxious that her Majesty should meet her Maker fortified by the rites of the Church. The theological views of her Majesty had always been somewhat heterodox, but it was hoped that on this solemn occasion she would be brought to recant many of her objectionable opinions. Walpole, who was present, thought it would be good policy not to fly in the face of the public, and assented to the proposal that a divine should be summoned. 'Pray, madam,' said he to the Princess Emily, in his usual coarse way, 'let this farce be played: the archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the Queen no hurt, no more than any good: and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools; they will call us Atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are.' Thus courteously invited, Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, hastened to the palace. He prayed with the dying woman morning and evening, but as she declined to see her graceless first-born the sacrament was not administered to her.

And unforgiving, unforgiven dies!

About ten o'clock on Sunday night the end came. The King was in bed and asleep at the foot of the Queen's bed. The Princess Emily was on a couch in a corner of the room. Suddenly the death-rattle sounded in the Queen's throat. Everybody in the chamber hastened round the bed. 'I have now got

an asthma,' said the Queen softly. 'Open the window.' Then after a pause, she added, '*Pray.*' The Princess Emily took up a book and began to read some prayers, but before she had repeated ten words the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her mother's lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, ''Tis over.'

With the death of the Queen these Memoirs somewhat abruptly end. To those who are so much given to making their moan over the present deplorable state of society, and who love to prophesy our social decline and fall, the volumes of Lord Hervey may be read with profit. If we are not all that we ought to be, at least we have risen superior to such an open and systematic toleration of vice as is depicted in the pages of the bitter, observant Vice-Chamberlain. Let those who believe in the 'good old times' read the 'Memoirs of John, Lord Hervey.'

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